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Bread into Roses a new novel **By Kathleen Norris**

August 1, 1936

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

5¢ a copy

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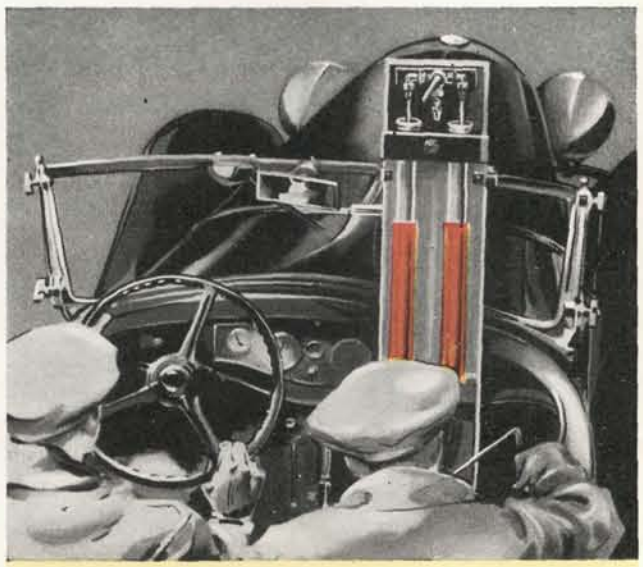

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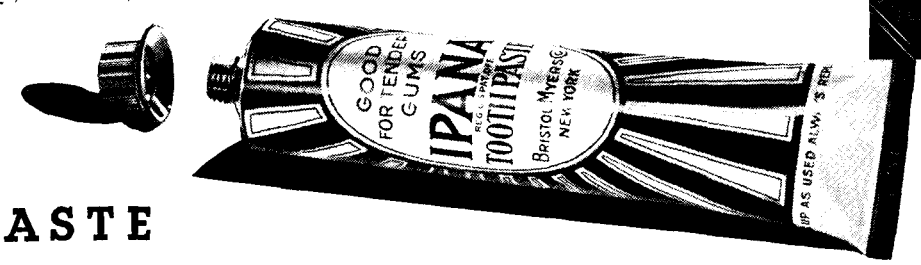
Young or old—follow this modern dental teaching of Ipana and massage. You will be safer from "pink tooth brush"—and safer from the serious gum troubles so unpleasant to have, so difficult to treat. Switch to Ipana today.

• With classroom instructions in gum massage, modern teachers everywhere are contributing to the future soundness of their children's teeth and gums.



IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

PRIDE is a dangerous thing in men like Callahan; it has power to warp and deform. And Callahan, first-grade detective, reduced to the ranks and pounding a beat again, was a proud man. Lean of face and ugly of eye, he planned his vengeance on the big shot who had broken him, on the system that penalized honesty—above all on Judie, who had tricked him. "Callahan's Revenge" and what its achievement led to are the subject of a memorable short story by Thomas Walsh.

ONE of the biggest business enterprises in the world is being set up in Washington. A single department has 25,000,000 customers. In ten years' time its reserves will amount to nine and a half billion dollars. For this is an old-age pension concern and, as such, it will keep tabs on you from now on. It will record every dollar that you earn and it will compute how much you are to get when you reach the age of retirement. It is one of Uncle Sam's mightiest efforts to provide social security, to see that everyone is "Fixed for Life." John T. Flynn explains how it works.

THE ghosts of Conrad and Melville would have turned pale. Even Peter Dunning, who was a healthy young man and very much alive, felt a little faint. The thing was a marine monstrosity—a boat possessing window boxes, a sign advertising hot dogs, the name "Delicate Tess" and a girl skipper. You might expect that all this would drive a yachtsman to drink. It had quite the reverse effect on young Mr. Dunning. His story is told by Edward Shenton.

"IT'S so cold that night I can't blow the candle out. I have to wait till the sun comes up and warms the flame." Prayin' Joe's stories are graduated, in degree of improbability, to suit his audience; and Joe is a dude wrangler. In "Beauts and Saddles" Frank J. Taylor takes you over the Western trails.

IT WAS sweltering hot, too hot to sleep, much too hot to stay at home. Mary Bates took a chance and slept in Judge Leathers' room "Down at the Office." It might not have made any difference if Bill Gaynor hadn't heard about it. That was what changed Mary's life. In a heat wave people are a little crazy and anything may happen. The story is by Matt Taylor.

THERE will be contributions by Roark Bradford, George Creel, Damon Runyon, Edwin Muller, Kathleen Norris, Kyle Crichton, Ernest Haycox and others. All for you.

This Week

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August 1, 1936

Cover by Earl Oliver Hurst

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STANLEY PAUL
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HENRY F. PRINGLE
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WALTER DAVENPORT
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Say You Love Me. **The man she left behind her.** **Page 14**

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Keep Up with the World. **Bag of facts.** **Page 50**

EDITORIAL
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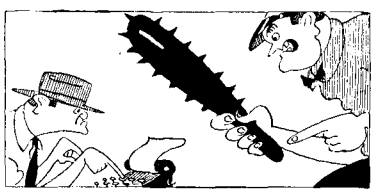
●

Any Week

HAVING looked the political situation over with some care and having taken a couple of weeks to examine candidates and platforms, Mr. Joseph B. McDowell of St. Joseph, Missouri, has arrived at a decision. "I think," says Mr. McDowell, "that we'd better all turn out for the Honorable Bill Lemke. That will be the election to end elections. That done, there'll be no more to shout for. We'll all get two hundred dollars a month, get our cut of our neighbor's dough, have all our mortgages canceled, be able to have anybody pinched who doesn't give us a big-pay job and, when the money runs out, run some more off on the nearest printing press. What more could a guy ask? 'Let's Limp Along with Lemke.'"

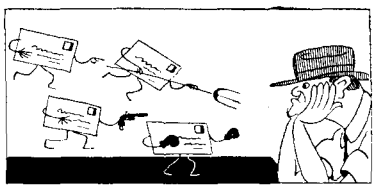
THE first moment we have free we're going to look into something Mr. T. Grosbeek of Grand Rapids, Michigan, says. Every week now, for two or three months, Mr. Grosbeek has sent us a postcard with the stark words, "So the bankers got Collier's, too." As far as we know it isn't true. But we work for a brutal taskmaster who is constantly popping into our office demanding to know why we aren't working faster. That leaves us very little time to look into our personal and professional condition. All we can hope is that, if it's true, it is a kindly, lenient and forbearing banker with a great big heart. We're tired of being bullied.



LETTERS like that get under our skin. Sometimes we get so mad that we drop in at some hotel and write ourselves a letter. The last one we wrote told us that we knew us when we were fine and clean and decent and loved our fellow men but that now we were not fit for human association. It was such a warm letter that we, forgetting that we wrote it, sent it to our lawyer for advice. He sent it back with the suggestion that we let the matter drop, that the writer evidently knew what he was talking about.

LIKE Mr. Ben D. Flourney of Macon, Georgia, for example. Mr. Flourney is splendid enough to regret that we are "not as patriotic, as farseeing and democratic as the Honorable Gene Talmadge, who," continues Mr. Flourney, "could buy and sell you if he would pay attention to cattle ticks like you."

THIS, as you can see, is not one of our good days. Almost every letter we open explodes in our face. All of our callers seem to have chips on their shoulders. One chap who "just dropped in to give us another chance to show what you're made of" (and what could be fairer?) handed us a manuscript which, said he, "you can have for nothing the minute you make up your mind to be fair to honest men."



NOBODY—not even Mr. Norman Barker of Tulsa, Oklahoma—can accuse us of doing wrong by Pike County, Missouri. Pike County is one of the places that make living desirable. Pike County is the garden spot of the— But what's the use? Mr. Barker, having read Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's story "Bushwhacker Brew," and scanned the illustrations therefor by Floyd M. Davis, comes out and accuses us of libeling that earthly paradise. "My mother was born in Pike County," writes Mr. Barker, "and I so nearly had the honor of being born there that I want to tell you that there are people from that neighborhood who have lived there and will be cherished in memory and history for centuries after your scurvy writers are forgotten."

SO YOU see how it is. We just got a telephone message from Mr. Paul G. Jewell of Fort Smith, Arkansas, telling us (just in time) to go right ahead with "your excellent work." Further along Mr. Jewell says: "Everything is going to be all right. Landon and Roosevelt are going to run a dead heat and you will be moved into the White House by public acclamation."

AND Mr. Archie D. Gibbs of Norwich, New York, having read our editorial wherein we said that, written today, the Constitution would be very different from the document composed in 1787, agrees completely. "You're darned right," says Mr. Gibbs. "If we were to write a constitution today it would require at least 100 volumes of 1,000 pages each. It would cover every subject from the care and feeding of babies to regulations for deep-sea diving. Nothing would be left to the courts, common sense or imagination. What this country needs is a little brevity now and then."

SO WE take the hint.

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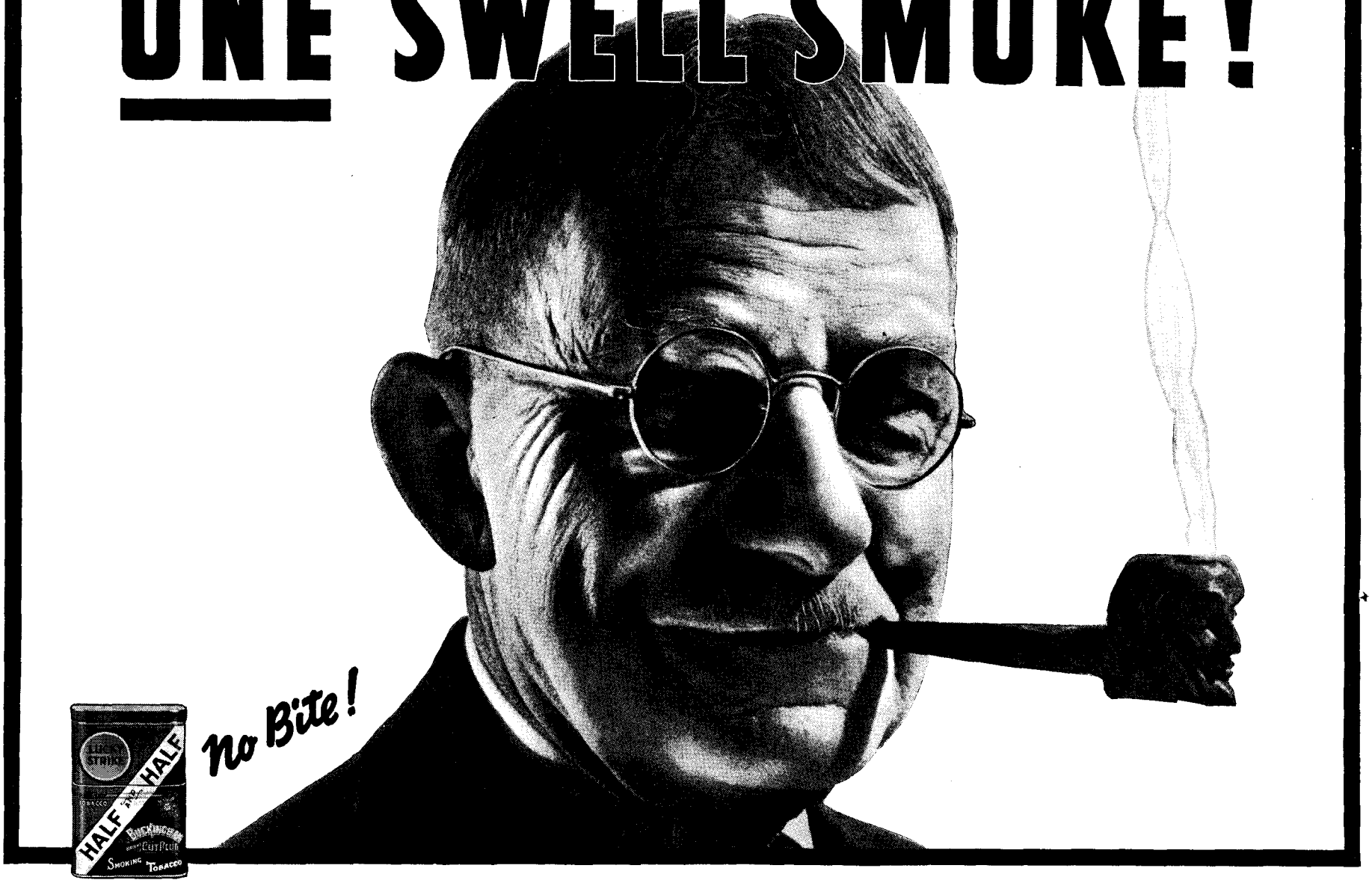

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It had indeed been a typical Shanghai day, but Susannah no longer found it exciting

Bread into Roses

Beginning the compelling romance of a woman torn between loyalty and love

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

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THE glare of burning mid-afternoon lay over the world and over the ship and poured in through the western port to flicker blinding reflections from the restless water across the crowded and cluttered cabin. Eva Farjeon lay stretched flat and straight on her bed, with her eyes shut against the trying light, and an expression of weary endurance upon her pretty, middle-aged face. Susannah stood at the porthole, looking out at the scene which lay below it.

At four o'clock on a July day the steamer Queen Augusta was pulling herself free of the waters of the Whangpoo and starting her long journey back to San Francisco. The usual excitement of departure was over; a few bored deck stewards were sweeping mashed flowers and torn telegrams from the decks, and dropping them overboard into the littered, dirty water; a few inexperienced travelers were making meticulous arrangements regarding deck chairs. But most of the passengers had disappeared into their cabins for a welcome interval of unpacking and rest and settling down generally to the tedium of the trip. Stewards' bells were ringing busily; trunks rocked and banged as they were bumped along the narrow passages.

The Farjeons were seasoned travelers. Mother and daughter, they had slipped away from the cheering and waving crowd above as soon as the little tender had brought them to the ship half an hour earlier. Eva had taken two aspirin tablets, had jerked bags and flowers and coats from one of the beds to stretch herself there; Susannah had scarcely changed her position at the porthole.

"The last of the Bund, Mother. I wonder when we shall see it again," Susannah said, not turning her head.

"I don't care if we never see it again!" Eva said.

Her daughter looked at her, moved her lips as if she were about to speak, thought better of it, and again resumed her study of the sluggish waters of the Whangpoo. This was the busiest hour on the river; steamboats, junks, barges were jumbled upon it in mad confusion, whistles and screams tore the hot lifeless air; between the narrow banks the shipping of all the world plowed, drifted, paddled to and fro.

The long water front, its godowns and warehouses heaped with bales and barrels, boxes and crates, was fringed with black barges, upon whose dark unsavory decks every activity known to Chinese ignorance and poverty was in full swing. Fighting, washing, laughing, cooking, sleeping, tending babies, tending ducks or dogs, combing hair, combing rope, and

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ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

always and above all and through all drinking tea, the dark-skinned mysterious men and women lived their appointed lives in complete indifference to watching eyes or to any possible reminder of contrast. Their laughter cackled above the lazy splash of water and the scraping of city feet.

"They're probably as happy as we are," Susannah Farjeon said.

"I didn't hear you," Eva said ungraciously.

"It was nothing."

Back of the eternal agitation of the piers and the fringe of countless little food stalls black with dirt and age that were today steaming in the heat, the low silhouette of the city of Shanghai arose; into the narrow, black mouths of its streets rickshas drawn by bent and running men vanished like morsels of food sucked into a hopper.

It was all disappearing now; it was all merging into an indistinguishable haze. The lower banks of the river, clustered thick with black labyrinths of houses that had been tangled together for hundreds of years, like the filthy heart of an old hive, were beginning to slide by. Destroyers lay at anchor, trim in brass and paint; the flag of England, the flags of America and Japan, hung limp in the heat. Odorous small craft moved about like black rats swimming in the dirt of the river.

"FRIGHTFUL days in the old city when it's as hot as this," Susannah said musingly.

"Frightful days anywhere," her mother added promptly. "Do freshen up, Sanna," she added in a gentle complaining voice, "and go upstairs! Your white crepe is there somewhere—Amah brought it after the trunks had gone. I think I stuck it into the brown hatbox."

"It's so hot, Mother," the daughter said. "I think I'll stay down here and read until it's time to dress, and then maybe slip up and write some thank-you notes. No one's on deck now."

She had spoken dreamily, as if half to herself. Her mother opened suspicious eyes.

"Where's Johnny?"

"I don't know," Susannah answered briefly. She crossed the little stateroom, pulled out the upper drawer of a wardrobe trunk and looked into it vaguely. "There are packages of books here," she said. "I'm going to open them. Some are from darling old Woodsey, I think, and the Palmers sent books, and Jean brought me the new Marie Antoinette."

"Keep the cards from the flowers," Eva commanded, closing her eyes again. Presently she spoke clearly, seriously, in the silence.

"Sanna, is anything wrong between you and Johnny?"

"How d'you mean, wrong? Oh, Lord, look! Candy from old Joe Potter," Susannah said, opening packages. "And we've been so indecently rude to that poor man. Here are almonds from your beau, Mother. 'Compliments of J. J. Sweet, R. N.'"

"The idea!" Eva said, flattered, and smiling feebly at the card Susannah put into her hand. "Poor old fool! He had the girl in the shop write the card," she commented.

"Probably sent the chit boy down for it and had it all wrapped. Don't look gift horses in the mouth, darling. Daisies from Phyllis. 'Just a breath from my Hung-jao garden.' Wouldn't you know that Phyllis, who could buy up the whole city and never know it, would send us a handful of withered daisies!"

"Gift horses, ahem!" Eva observed.

"Well, of course. I take that back. It's awfully decent of people to pay any attention to our comings and goings at all; we never entertain, and we're eternally arriving and departing." Susannah pushed an open trunk back against a wall-like little closet, put a handful of toilet articles on the shelves of the little washstand, tossed books to the unoccupied bed. She sighed as she did so; they would be sixteen days on the steamship, and with all that the little cabin held and must hold, she knew there would be small chance of order ever being established in that time. Three trunks, two hatboxes, five bags, the roll of rugs, the typewriter, her mother's extra coat, her own fox scarf, the roped box that had winter underwear and cloth dresses in it, all these and the incidental scattering of books and ash trays and candy boxes and small possessions generally would keep the place in a state of incurable confusion.

"What's Johnny doing?" her mother asked presently.

"I don't know."

"You saw him when you went upstairs?"

"Oh, yes."

"Where's his cabin, Sanna?"

"I don't know, Mother. I don't even know the number of it. I'm all turned round anyway. When I started downstairs I was making off for the second cabin."

"IF IT wasn't for Johnny that's where we'd be this minute, in the second cabin," Eva Farjeon said. "And I'd be in my good hundred and fifty dollars."

"The rooms in the second cabin are exactly as good as any of these on D

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It had been springtime when Pat came to Peking; the dreaming old Chinese city had supplied an incomparably romantic background

Deck," Susannah observed. She looked out of the port again. "Getting down the river," she observed encouragingly. "Paddies and water buffalo and marshes. We're almost to the Fort."

"I can begin to feel the motion. The light, jumping about that way, makes me feel horrid," Eva complained.

"You know you can't feel any motion yet!" Susannah had extracted two gowns; she put them on hangers and placed them where they swayed to and fro gently with the motion of the laboring great ship. "We don't have to dress tonight; we can wear these," she said.

"I don't want to wear my yellow, Sanna."

"Why not?"

"Because it's the only decent sport dress I have for Kobe and Yokohama. We shan't have time to do any laundry work between here and there. I'd much rather get into my old crepe—it always looks decent—and save the yellow."

"WELL, why don't you, Mother? Or the coffee lace; that's always nice. Why don't you do what you want to do?"

"Because I don't want people to think I haven't sense enough not to know that you don't dress on sailing night."

Susannah laughed briefly and a little mirthlessly.

"You've been practically commuting on this line for thirty-seven years," she observed amusedly. "Everyone's aware that you know the ropes, that you were brought up in China, and that your husband was the late Captain Lynn Lorimer Farjeon, U. S. A. All Shanghai knows it!"

"Yes, and my father was naval attaché for seventeen years," Eva completed it in quiet complacency. "But everyone on *board* doesn't know it," she added.

"But what do you care what these people think, darling? It looked to me like the dullest crowd I ever saw. Not a person we know."

"Well, you and Johnny'll pick up some young people. You always do."

"Ha!" It was an oddly unsatisfactory monosyllable. Susannah had finished the superficial settling-in now, had taken off her wilted white tennis silk, her shoes and hat, and had stretched herself out on her own bed, her forehead wet with perspiration, a pile of books slipping against her elbow.

SOMEHOW the worst hours she and her mother ever knew were spent in their rooms at this time of the afternoon. Mornings took care of themselves; in the evenings there always were other persons about; there was always something to do. But in the dull, quiet afternoon, when they came in to lie down and rest and talk, it was as if the masks they always wore slipped a little, or perhaps as if the mask the future always wore slipped a little, and what they saw frightened them. Susannah was twenty-seven now, Eva just twenty years older; increasingly of late years both mother and daughter had had reason to fear that beyond that bright mask of their plans, their visits and invitations and pleasant opportunities, there was no future at all.

Just of late, however, Eva's misgivings had been laid to rest. Feeling this keenly, it was with real reluctance that Sanna presently came out of a few moments of somber reflection to say:

"Mother, listen. You've got to know this, and you might as well know it now. It's all off between me and Johnny."

Mrs. Farjeon received this blow without the movement of a muscle. Susannah had turned on her side, one hand cupped her cheek against the pillow; she had evidently settled herself for a talk. Her mother lay motionless, her eyes fixed upon the girl's face, her whole being one stunned interrogation.

"It's been off since last night at Bernardine's," Susannah added, and was silent, expectant in her turn.

The storm broke with only a few faint drops.

"How do you mean, Sanna?" her mother asked gently.

"We had a talk last night, and it's—well, *off*," Susannah persisted, trying to laugh.

THERE was a pause. Susannah's cheeks were very red.

"I don't know what you mean," her mother said then in nervous disapproval of her flippancy.

"I mean my engagement to Mr. John Ashburton Wardell," the girl said.

"You've had a quarrel? Sanna, how can you be so foolish as to take chances now, when you're on your way home actually to be married!"

"I didn't take them," Susannah murmured, with a faint accent on the first word. "He did."

"Johnny?"

"Yes. You see, Mother," the girl said, speaking carefully, as if her throat were a little sore, "his lady love has been in Shanghai for ten days. She got in on the President Hoover."

Eva Farjeon had raised herself to a sitting position, had dropped her feet to the floor. Her face was keenly anxious.

"Susannah, let me understand you," she said. "Has there really been a break between you and Johnny?"

"Absolutely. He's going to marry Ethel Mallock."

Mrs. Farjeon fell back upon the pillow again, her eyes closed. She spoke in a whisper as if to some unseen listener above.

"Oh, this is what I get for going up to Peking for three weeks! Oh, fool that

(*Continued on page* 36)

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ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

She rose to her knees, stretched out her slim arms toward Truro and, in a voice fraught with feeling, murmured: "Safe! Safe at last!"

Pinky Batchelder meets the perfect man—again. More excitement in the career of the fast-moving Pinky and the fast-thinking Skipe Albro

Just a Little Kiss

By Stanley Paul

PINKY lay on the sandy headland looking seaward into the westering sun. She was alone. She wanted to be. For Ricci Alvaro of Hollywood was coming.

Not to see Pinky. Oh, no. To be a guest star at the little summer playhouse on the Cape. But that didn't matter. For Pinky, lying lazy in the sun, felt intimacy, a sense of possessiveness, almost, in that she, being here on this lonely spot, would be the first of all the town to see his yacht stand in for the harbor.

Pinky had fallen in love with Ricci Alvaro four years ago, when she was thirteen, and when she had seen his first sensatiocnal picture.

Door to Desire! Ah, how well she remembered it. Subsequently she had seen it seven times. And ever since the news of Ricci Alvaro's coming had reached the little colony Pinky had been living in a never-never land of her own fabrication.

It was Pinky—not Madeline Carol, the lead—who had supported the famous moving picture actor. There had been other pictures of his, but none quite so thrilling as Door to Desire.

It was Pinky who had played Mirilla, the beleaguered convent sister who, renouncing her vows, had fled into the storm with Don Angelo, the cavalier. Braving wrath, outdistancing pursuit, held securely upon his white charger, she and he had attained, in one wild night, sanctuary . . . and love.

Even now, overcome by vicarious emotion, she rose to her knees, stretched her slim young arms toward Truro and, in a voice fraught with feeling, murmured: "Safe! Safe at last!"

Then to her feet, with only the cry of a curlew to answer her words, she went on with even more feeling: "Ah, Don Angelo! To feel the strength of your arms. To kiss you. My love!"

A TALLER shadow than her own cast its outline beside her. A voice spoke in mock solemnity. It said: "It is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done! It is a. . . ."

Pinky wheeled.

"Skipe Albro!" she said. "How'd you know I was here?"

"Instinct," said Skipe.

She looked at him. There he stood. The boy friend of other years. Skipe Albro himself, slim, straight and tall, with a clean line to his jaw and a sandy, short crop surmounting a genial grin.

"H'are ya, Garbo?" he said.

(Continued on page 47)

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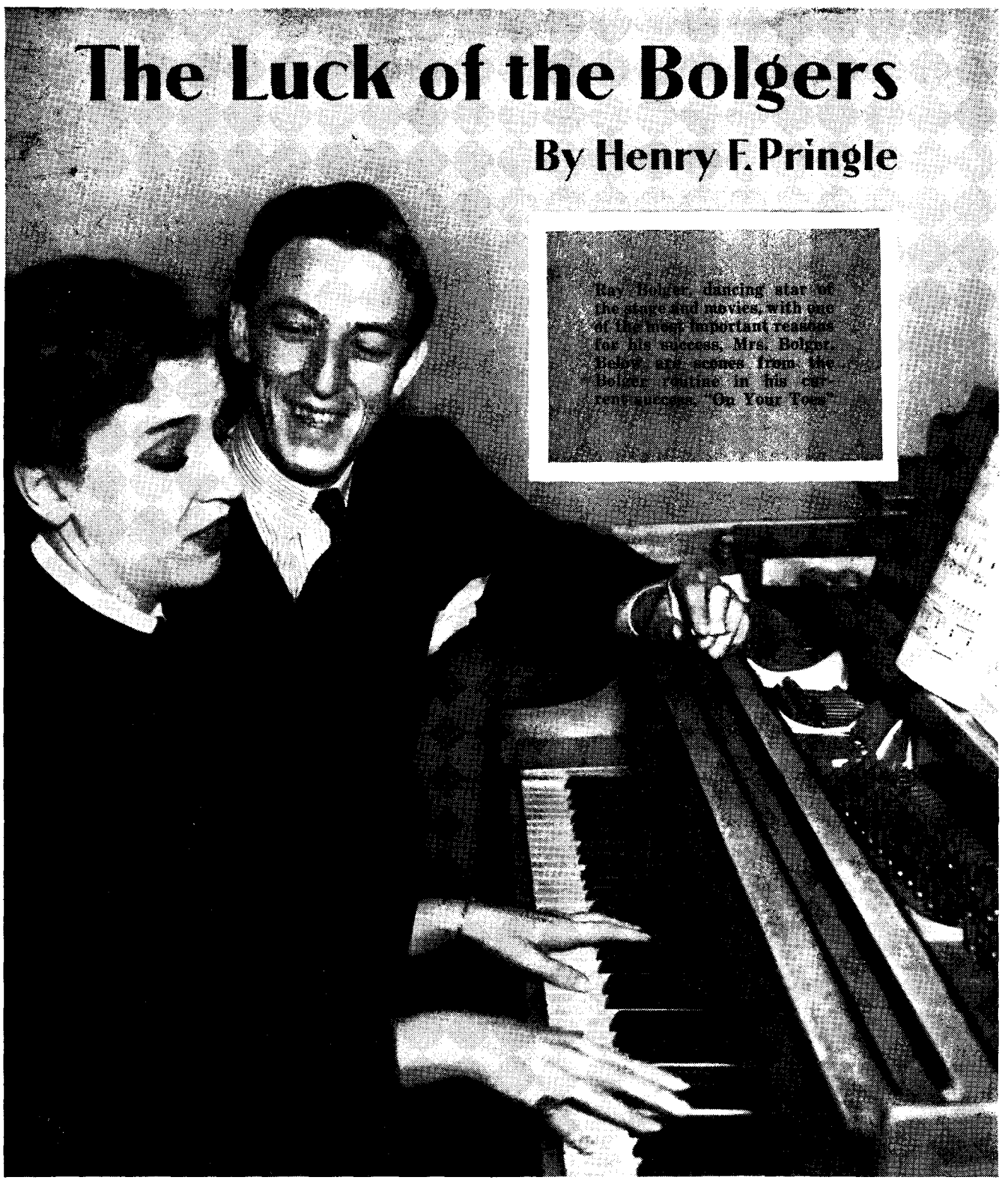
The Luck of the Bolgers

By Henry F. Pringle



Ray Bolger, dancing star of the stage and movies, with one of the most important reasons for his success, Mrs. Bolger. Below, are scenes from the Bolger routine in his current success, "On Your Toes"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff
Photographer

The story of Mr. Ray Bolger, proving what heights can be attained by a man badgered at breakfast

RAY BOLGER, who used to be billed on the New England vaudeville circuits as "Rubberlegs from Dorchester," was married seven years ago to a lady who is a tartar. Now he is a star on Broadway and has been hired by the movie barons, at the customary incredible salary, to be Eleanor Powell's dancing partner. He also did a scene in the recent screen extravaganza, The Great Ziegfeld, which was such a hit at the preview in Santa Barbara that it caused these same movie barons acute anguish. I shall go into that later.

The connection between Bolger's current eminence and his marriage to a tartar is one of those cause-and-effect phenomena so dear to the hearts of physicists and other scientists. It is essential to point out first, however, that Mrs. Ray Bolger, who was Gwenn Rickard of Los Angeles until she was married to Ray, is very deceptive in appearance. She is blond and svelte, with quite nice blue eyes, and in no way appears to fit dictionary definitions of a tartar: "A person of irritable and violent temper. . . . One who is too strong for his assailant." The definition, perhaps, is a shade strong to be applied to Mrs. Bolger. But she gets what she wants and she sees to it that Ray gets the songs, dances, scripts, productions, headlines and—by no means the least—the pay checks to which he is entitled.

It is possible to quote, on the highest authority, a characteristic conversation at the Bolger ménage which, while Ray is in New York, is up on Central Park West. It is, let us say, one o'clock of an early spring day. Ray, having been rehearsing for the April opening of On Your Toes the night before, has emerged for a combination breakfast-lunch. Mrs. Bolger is wearing one of those tricky hostess-gown arrangements which are an excellent eye-opener for a sleepy husband. She fixes his coffee.

Mrs. Bolger: Well, dear, how was the rehearsal last night?

Mr. Bolger: Oh, very good, indeed, darling.

Mrs. Bolger: Any changes made in the show?

Mr. Bolger: Nothing to speak of, dear.

Mrs. Bolger: Raymond! Tell me at once exactly what changes they dared to make!

Mr. Bolger: Wholly trivial, Gwenn darling. Let me see: they *did* cut out one of my songs and that third dance routine of mine was shortened just a little and—

Mrs. Bolger: The idiots! Now you have them change it all back at today's rehearsal. Do you understand me, Ray dear?

Mr. Bolger: Yes, my love.

So the nefarious attempt to slash the

(Continued on page 35)

Backstage, Bolger gets in a moment of recuperation in between his appearances

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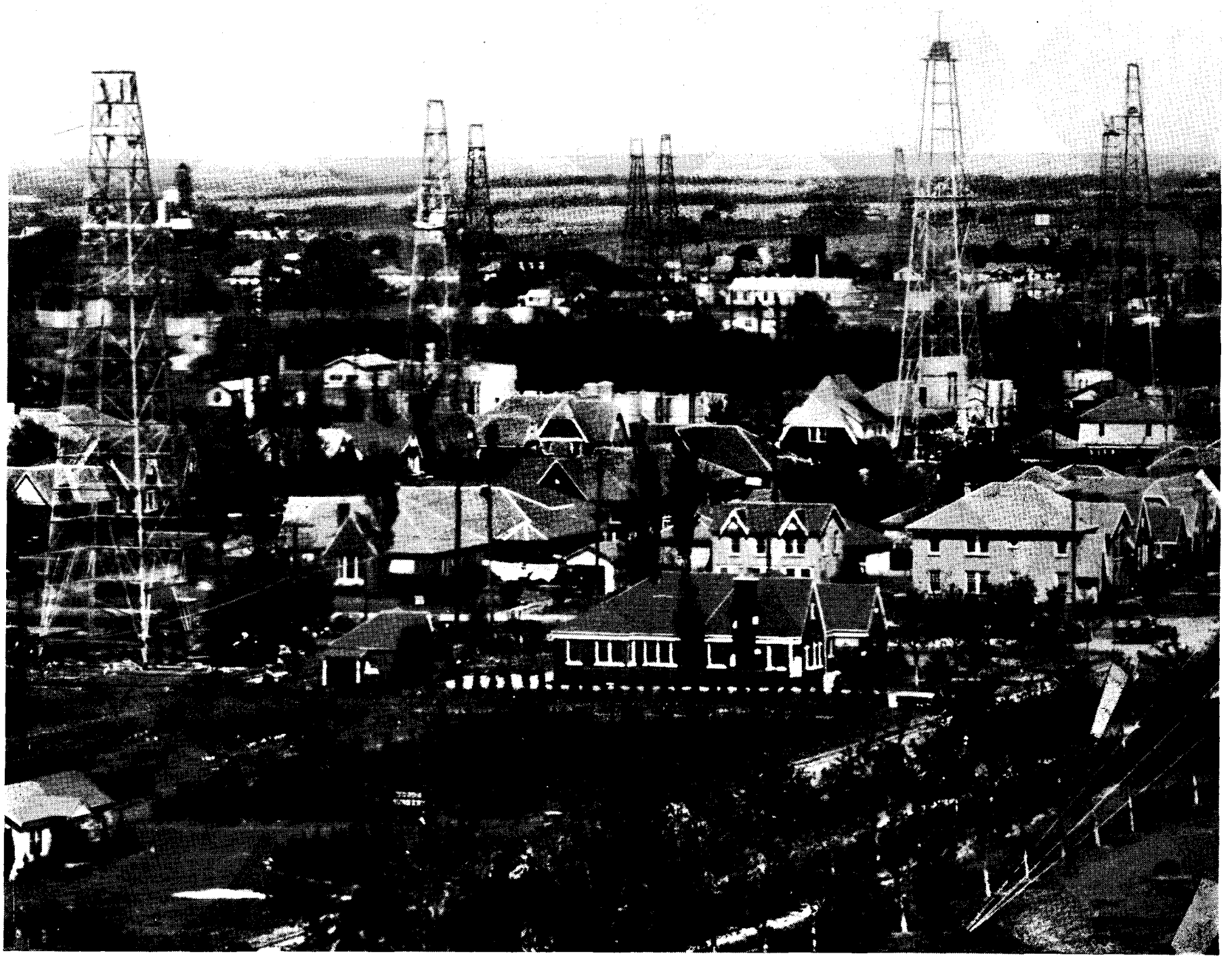

MEYERS PHOTO

Oklahoma City's oil-well derricks rise among the bungalows and gardens of the residential districts

Oil Will Find a Way

By Walter Davenport

"It's a shame," said the geologists. "There's lots of oil under Oklahoma City, but of course you can't drill there." Which shows how much a geologist knows. Derricks blossom now where roses bloomed before, and figuring percentages has taken the place of contract bridge. Even the state government is going out after its share. Have a look at the city of black gold

WHERE he drills and what comes of it has never bothered Swede. For thirty years, starting as a slush pit punk and a roughneck's apprentice, he has been in oil. He began his career with his ears filled with good advice—advice which had come from his father and which, oddly enough, he accepted. Not only did he accept it but he put it to work, making it unnecessary to repeat here that Swede was an extraordinary person.

The advice he got from his Old Man was not the conventional blustering of questionable wisdom. If, having ignored his advice, you came to grief the Old Man would not have wasted his time in admonishing; he would have promptly and wordlessly beaten you up to keep you mindful of the woe that inevitably befell those who didn't do what they were told in the way they had been taught. The Old Man had come up over the same rough road, having been initiated in turn by his Old Man, who started as a mule skinner's punk at Titusville, Pennsylvania, the site of old Colonel Edwin Laurencius Drake's original oil well, sunk in 1859.

Swede's Old Man's advice went something like this: The oil field is no place for a gentleman; you'll find plenty of gentlemen sitting behind desks in the owner's office. You don't want people in the field to say about you "ain't he nice;" you want them merely to say, "ain't he *tough!*" And mean it. Sometime during your first week in the field somebody is going to give you a chance to demonstrate whether you are to be respected; and that moment is the crisis in a driller's career. Fumble it and you may as well turn gentleman. Master it and your future is in the bag. A born punk will die a punk but you can't lick a born man. Be a man if you can; if you can't, get out of the oil fields.

Thus a summary of Swede's Old Man's advice. Being a man, Swede was big enough to take it. And being still a man, a hundred pounds heavier, thirty years older and heavens knows how many wells wiser, you will find him today punching seven-thousand-foot holes in the bowels of that part of the earth known as Oklahoma.

Many and gory are the stories they tell about Swede. His face is fluted with

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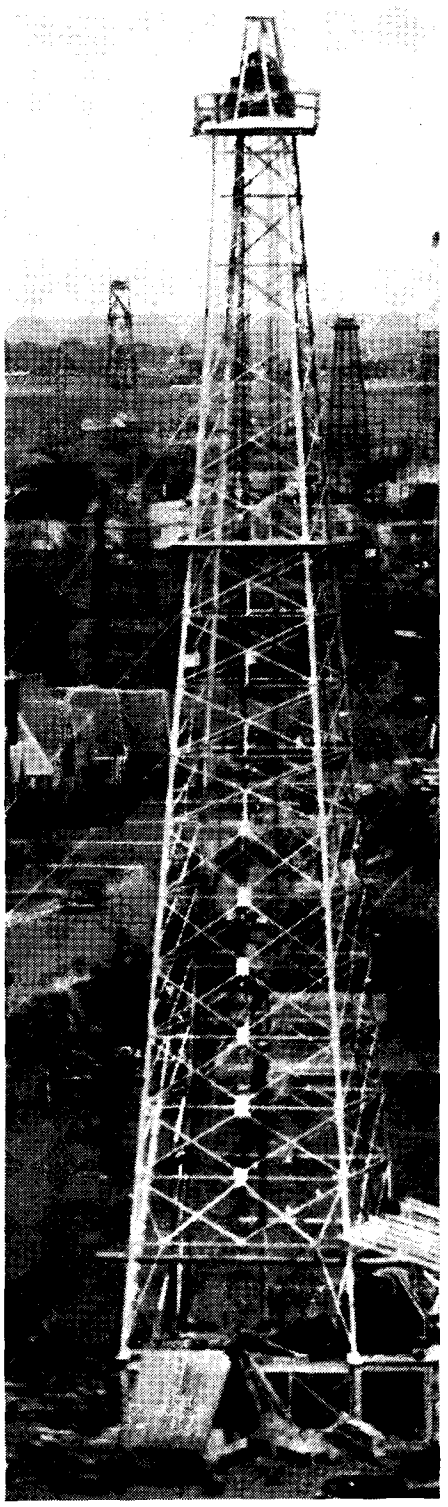

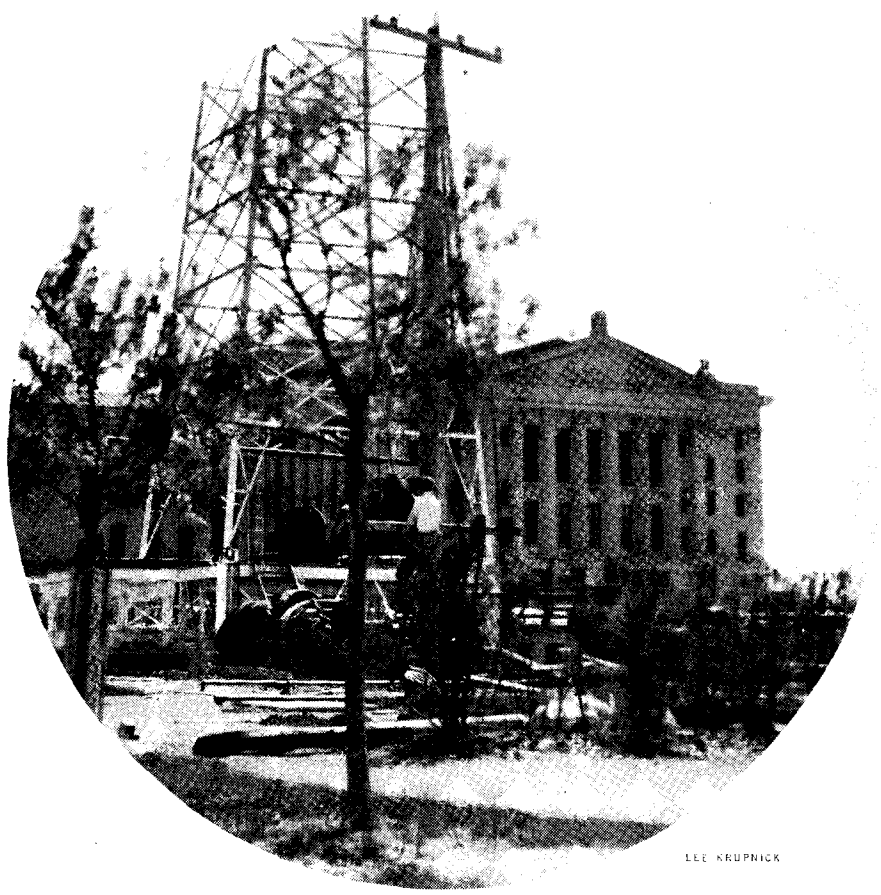

A State Capitol Park well helps balance the budget

the creases of time, weather and knives. All the furies of nature have bounced off his chest. From the very beginning he made men respect him. Or where men were incapable of respect, he made them fear him. Before he had completed his first two days in the fields he had served notice.

Off to the side of the hole which, you hope, is soon to be a gusher, is the slush pit. Sometimes it is just an oblong trench in the ground. In these days, and particularly if there is big money behind the drilling, it may be an expensive iron box. Whatever it is, it is the catchment basin for the mud, sludge and water that are pumped from the hole during the drilling. Its contents will tell you what the spinning bit at the end of your drill is biting into. And from that you learn where in the earth you are—how near to oil, if any.

Your slush pit will contain a variety of interesting things—but no fish. Apprentice punks learn this early and it fell to the lot of Swede to find that out the very first day. Guilelessly he was peering into the slush pit for oil fish, having been told by a driller's roughneck to look intently and report upon what he saw. If the tails of the fish drooped it would mean that the drilling must go on, but if their tails were elevated, tilting toward the sky, it meant that the drilling had gone too far. As Swede, very young and the Old Man's words fresh in his ears, leaned over the slush pit a timber end hit him between the shoulders. And as he clambered out of the choking muck he heard them laugh—the roughnecks, the mule skinners, the tool-dressers and even the boss—the tool-pusher—himself. Great fun.

What? No Dome Wrench?

But on the second day, with the hot wind blowing so hard that the flying sand had the blood running from his eyes, when they sent him for a dome wrench, Swede was prepared. Somehow he knew there were no dome wrenches just as there were no oil fish, although his Old Man had told him none of the secrets. It is when a man is unprepared that you can measure his capacity to stand the gaff, the Old Man always said. And of course there is no dome wrench, as there is no sky-hook, bucket of steam or gas-magnet. In the oil fields the dome is that great arch or anticline of rock under which lies the oil sand. The field often takes a name from its shape, as Teapot Dome. Yet Swede trudged the two miles through the sirocco and, as tradition demanded, they gave him a two-foot steel spanner. And then the two miles back to the roughneck who had sent him.

"Here's your dome wrench," he said when the laughter had abated a bit.

"Take it back," roared the roughneck. "Now you know there ain't no such."

"Sure there is," said Swede, swinging. "This one's your'n."

What a two-foot spanner will do to the human face that one did. But thereafter Swede was respected and, rather quicker than most punks, he was promoted.

Since that day of self-establishment, Swede has blown himself to all the life a man can find in thirty years of wandering the uncharted roads. And here we were watching him from a friend's front porch, solemnly drilling for oil in a neighbor's back yard. His face is the color of his brown overalls; the skin thereon just as tough. If he ever wears a collar it will have to be nineteen inches in circumference and very low. Six thousand, six hundred feet—a mile and a quarter—below his hobnails, the big, burred bit at the end of his drill had ceased to cut, and he was hauling it up for a dressing.

Above him, a towering skeleton of steel, its four legs sunk and locked in fifteen feet of concrete, rose the derrick, a hundred and ten feet high. Eighty feet aloft, swaying at sickening angles on a ledge half as wide as the length of his brogans, stood one of Swede's roughnecks, a cigarette in his teeth, a snag or hook in his hand. The tail of a twister was whipping the earth, filling the air with flying paper and small gravel that smacked and rattled against the porch screening. Up there the roughneck met it as it came, swaying with it, leaning against it, holding himself to the steel with his hook as he lit another smoke. His name is McCord.

With Swede at the throttle of the donkey engine, McCord aloft with the gale ballooning his flannel shirt, and three roughnecks at the well mouth, they were hauling up the drill shaft in ninety-foot lengths. The boys at the well mouth would affix the clamp below the collar of the shaft, throw the leader over the mighty hook at the end of the lift cables and step back. Swede throws his weight against the lever; the cable drums revolve and up comes the next section. When three thirty-foot lengths of drill shaft have slipped vertically by, he stops his engine, yanks another lever. And the huge wrenches, guided by the roughnecks, uncouple the shaft. Then McCord goes to work.

What holds him up there on his ledge, the wind bending him like a bullrush, we aren't sure. As the shaft is uncoupled below it becomes all his. With his hook and his gloved hand he takes command. If that ninety feet of steel tubing topples away from him or gets out of control, it is going to be bad luck for somebody. If it sways over against him it will brush him off his perch as easily as he wipes the sand out of his face. It might crush him against the steel lattice work, reducing him to pulp. It has been known to send a man's body to earth minus his head. It has torn a roughneck's legs off.

But as for McCord, he might be tossing off a pint of beer at Dominick's dance hall or mopping up a couple of gallons of corned beef and cabbage. You may as well know that McCord claims the hot-coffee-drinking championship of the southwestern oil fields—sixteen cups, black and as fast as the Greek could jerk them, in seven minutes and three seconds. On top of seven double hamburgers. So snagging ninety feet of teetering tube is just buttercups for McCord.

He snags the towering spindle (six or eight inches in diameter) with his hook, spins it with his gloved hand, takes four or five mincing steps along the narrow ledge and turns it loose. He talks to it: "Git over there, baby; take a rest." He coaxes it: "Be nice, be nice; git along nice and watch poppa." He reassures it: "Trust poppa, trust poppa; poppa won't let nobody hurt you."

He commands it: "Listen, you big—do what poppa tells you or I'll bend you around this here derrick—you big—"

Brucie Was a Gentleman

It is when McCord commands and talks oil to ninety feet of shaft that Swede beams. Down where we sit with the wind taking on speed and voice by the minute, we miss the best of the oil talk, but Swede and McCord have been together a long time. Swede can tell by McCord's expression what sort of language is going on up there. And it pleases Swede.

"I gotta talk to the boys sometimes," Swede explains. "These boys—my boys—ain't the kind to say: 'Oh, please pardon me my manners.' And I never once heard an old oil hand say: 'Alfred, I will thank you for the lend of a length of rat-hole pipe.' No, sir, you don't find many parlor-sittin' fellers in the field—not among the old hands anyway. No, sir, not many like Brucie. I worked with Brucie down in Ranger, Texas, where all a fellow had to do was to stick his finger in the ground to bring in a gusher. Brucie was a gentleman-like. He had to kill a educated feller with a razor one night and soon as he done so he lit out because he was working for that feller's pa. But on his way out he stopped at the pa's house and said, 'Excuse me.' Course, they didn't know till next morning what Brucie was so polite about. But it just goes to show he never forgot his good manners. No, sir, they ain't many like that. Old hands like McCord up there don't say: 'Pardon me the asking, but is any of you chappies got my gold watch which was just now stole off me?' "

But in Oklahoma City, where we met Swede, it was a trifle different. Here they were drilling in the best peoples' back yards. A few months ago, if you wanted to see the lads poking into the earth's entrails for oil you would have had to go five or ten miles out of town. Out there Swede wouldn't have had the manners of his boys on his mind so much. Out there the lads could have addressed themselves to one another and the universe at large in soul-satisfying terms, leaving nobody in doubt. Swede told us that the hardest-talking man he ever knew was a feller named Jobbins. And Jobbins let go one day at the boss. The boss survived but two passing buzzards dropped dead.

"But in the city here," said Swede, "being the boss, I got to speak to the boys now and then. I got to tell them they ain't out yonder where nobody but another oil man can hear what they say. For instance, you're sitting there on a family porch so close that my boys can

(Continued on page 45)

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ILLUSTRATED BY DON BENDER

He held the door open for her and would have kissed her if she hadn't ducked

Say You Love Me

By Lucian Cary

As a usual thing, it is the man who goes to New York—the girl he loves stays behind. But this is a story of old Minnewaska, where the young ladies have a few ideas of their own

DICK SHERWOOD had the unconscious arrogance of a young man whose family owned the home town. Besides, he was a Psi Chi. And being a Psi Chi at Minnewaska is like being the Gaekwar of Baroda in Paris.

Dick was so sure of himself that toward the late spring of his senior year he did an unconventional thing. He fell in love with Maggie Brown.

Maggie Brown was a co-ed who did not belong to a sorority approved by Psi Chi. She didn't belong to any sorority at all. She was working her way through Minnewaska. She and a couple of other girls ran a shop in Main Street and lived in the flat over it. Maggie designed, made, and sold clothes for co-eds. That was the name of the shop—"Clothes for Co-eds."

Dick Sherwood was a little proud of recognizing that Maggie was a wow. He admitted to himself that anybody could see she was pretty. But no one else, at least no other important fraternity man, had observed that she was more of a person than any other girl on the campus.

Maggie was inclined to kid him at first, not taking him seriously. She referred to him mischievously as the Prince. The implication seemed some-

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times to be that he was a stuffed shirt; and at others that she was Cinderella. She was hard to see, too. Dick wasn't used to waiting for girls. They always waited for him. But he waited hours for Maggie Brown and then got scarcely more than a chance to drive her around the block and back.

He gave her a heavy rush for two weeks before she kissed him back. He told her he loved her and was startled at the emotion in his own voice.

"You know," she said, "I begin to wonder if under the Psi Chi veneer you aren't the kind of man I've dreamed of meeting—the answer to a workinggirl's prayer. But it can't be true—can it? I mean it's just that this is spring."

AFTER that she let him drop in at the flat she shared with Bernice and Smithie. Once, when the others were at the library doing heavy reading, Maggie cooked a steak and they ate it sitting side by side at the kitchen table. It was as different as possible from spending the evening at the Frazers'. The Frazers had a big house and a butler and were slightly more correct than anybody in Washington or London. Maggie was a gamin. But Maggie made all the other girls Dick had ever known seem a little dull.

Dick parked his car around the corner in the dark the next night and waited for Maggie and wondered how he could tell her that he couldn't take her to the Psi Chi formal. She might, with reason, expect that he would. He could tell her that he had asked Alicia Frazer weeks ago—before he had ever met Maggie. But though that was true it was also an alibi. Alicia knew he was giving Maggie a rush. Everybody in Minnewaska knew it. But he couldn't take Maggie to the Psi Chi formal because that would be contrary to the policy of Psi Chi. Psi Chi had its social prestige to maintain. And Psi Chi prestige was not maintained by asking stray girls with no sorority connections to its spring formal. Dick had explained it many times to recalcitrant sophomores. There were things a Psi Chi did not do.

But Dick didn't know how to explain this to a girl as forthright as Maggie. He pondered the odd fact that you could tell a girl she was a liar and a thief, a tramp and a bum. But you couldn't tell her she was socially inferior. There were some things you couldn't say.

He was still planning how to be tactful when Maggie came around the corner. He jumped down and held the door open for her and would have kissed her if she hadn't ducked.

"Not here," Maggie said.

HE DROVE out around the lake. Maggie asked for a cigarette. He lit a cigarette for her. He would have been completely content to drive thus with Maggie beside him if it hadn't been for the Psi Chi formal. He had to get that out of the way. He had to say something.

He stopped the car at a place they knew. They sat there looking at the lake. The moon was almost gone. He put his arm around Maggie and she let her head lie on his shoulder and looked up at the sky.

"I wish you were going to the Psi Chi formal with me," Dick said.

"You don't mean you're asking me," Maggie said.

He couldn't say he wasn't asking her. He said nothing.

"You're a sap to ask me," Maggie said. "What would you do if I accepted?"

"Take you," Dick said.

"Your brother Psi Chis would be horrified," Maggie said. "I'm from the wrong side of the tracks."

"And you don't care."

"Oh," Maggie said, "I have cared at moments. You don't like being barred from anything—even something you don't want. Whom are you going to take?"

"I asked Alicia Frazer three weeks ago," Dick said. "Before I knew what it was like to be in love with you."

"Then you couldn't take me," Maggie said.

"I could tell her," Dick said. "She's disappointed in me."

"Because you're playing around with Maggie."

"She knows it," Dick said.

"She will never admit that she minds," Maggie said. "A girl like that couldn't admit that she was jealous of me."

They shared kisses and a cigarette before Maggie insisted she had to go home. Dick stopped the car in the dark side street. They weren't attracting any more attention than they had to.

Maggie hopped out of the car. "This Frazer," she said. "She's handsome. I'm not sure she's not beautiful."

"Like a glacier in Alaska," Dick said.

"You would know about that," Maggie said. "I'm talking about her looks."

"She's good-looking," Dick admitted. "Wait until you see her in the dress I designed for her," Maggie said. "For the Psi Chi formal."

Dick decided, going home, that she had known all the time that he was taking Alicia Frazer to the Psi Chi formal. Alicia had probably told her when she ordered the dress. He was glad Maggie was so wise, so reasonable, so understanding. He had sometimes thought there weren't any reasonable women. But there was Maggie Brown.

THEY didn't fight until the last moment, until the night before Commencement. Dick sat waiting in the car for her. It was late. His father and mother were down to see him graduate and he couldn't get away from them. Maggie knew he'd be late. He waited half an hour by the clock in the car. Then he got out of the car and walked around into Main Street. The shop was dark but the windows above showed a light. He ran up the stairs and pounded on the door. Smithie opened the door.

"Maggie," Smithie cried. "It's the Prince."

Dick went in. They'd been sitting around the dining-room table with a pitcher of beer. Bernice poured Dick a glass of beer.

"Here's to Maggie," Bernice said. "May she set New York on its ear."

Dick didn't know what she meant.

"Our Maggie is going to New York," Smithie said. "Hemphill's have sent for her. She's graduating from clothes for co-eds. Hereafter it's clothes for Park Avenue."

Dick got Maggie away. He didn't stop to ask himself why he was so sore. He drove grimly out to the place they knew so well. He parked the car.

"So," he said, "you're going to New York."

"To Hemphill and Hemphill's—in Fifth Avenue. Isn't that a break?"

"What about me?" Dick asked. "You know I love you. You know I don't want you to go to New York. I want you to stay here and marry me."

"I can't marry you now," Maggie said. "I've got to take this chance in New York. I've got to find out if I can make good in New York."

"So you were just stringing me along," he said.

She put her hand on his arm. "You

She made him sit down in the only easy chair. "Here's to Minnewaska," she said

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know I wasn't," she said gently. "You know I love you. But I've got to go to New York."

"If you loved me," Dick said, "you'd stay on and marry me."

"And hate you in six months for locking me up in a little town. And elope with the traveling salesman from Milwaukee."

Dick got so mad he did not pause to consider what he was saying. Maggie got mad, too. They weren't speaking when he drove her back to the shop. Maggie got out of the car.

"Good night," she said.

"Goodby—forever," Dick said.

He knew before he got back to the Psi Chi house that he didn't mean it. The next day was Commencement. His father and mother came down to see him graduate. He planned to go and see Maggie after he'd had dinner with them at their hotel. But Dick's father had some kind of collapse. Dick had to get a doctor. His mother said it had happened before. His mother told him that his father hadn't long to live.

It was midnight when Dick was free to look for Maggie. He saw that the windows above the shop were lighted. He ran up the stairs and Smithie opened the door.

"Where's Maggie?"

"She's gone," Smithie said.

"Gone where?" he asked. But he knew.

"To New York," Smithie said. "She took a train two hours ago."

DICK went home to Danville with his father and his mother. His brother Bob came home from prep school; and his sister, Jane. Then his father died, leaving a hopelessly entangled estate. Dick saved the Sherwood homestead from the wreck. His mother had some money of her own—enough so Bob and Jane could go to college.

Dick got a job in a Chicago advertising agency through a friend of his father's and lived in a cheap room and avoided Psi Chis. He hadn't the money or the time to get tight with them. He worked evenings and Sundays, learning how to write advertising copy. He worked for a year and a half and got his salary up by a series of small raises to fifty dollars a week.

His sister, Jane, wrote him about Maggie Brown. Jane wrote that the smartest shop at Minnewaska was "Clothes for Co-eds." It got a lot of things from Hemphill's in New York. They said that Maggie Brown, who had started the "Clothes for Co-eds," was getting twenty thousand dollars a year from Hemphill's. Jane, too, wanted to be a designer of clothes and live in New York.

Dick saw, two days later, a photograph of Maggie in Hemphill's ad in a magazine. He opened the magazine and there was Maggie looking at him the way she'd looked when last he had seen her. The caption read: "Croquis by Maggie."

He knew that croquis meant sketches. He guessed they thought it smart in New York to use the word to mean designs for dresses. He sat there for ten minutes staring at Maggie's face—with the slightly turned-up nose and the wide mouth and the eyes he had not forgotten. Then he went into Jackson's office and quit his job.

He landed in New York on a withering day in August with less than thirty dollars. He had to have a job at once—something to start from. He went to a small agency run by a man whose idea of business efficiency was to hire men for half of their worth and let them go as fast as they got better jobs. Dick took thirty-five dollars a week and got a room in Greenwich Village for six dollars, and called up Hemphill's.

They told him Maggie Brown was out of town. They said she'd be back in a few days. Hemphill's was only a few blocks from Dick's office. He took to walking by and looking at the window they kept full of Croquis by Maggie. There were sports clothes that week.

The fourth evening, he was walking by, about half past six, when Maggie came dashing out of Hemphill's. He didn't intend to meet her on a street corner the first time. But she saw him.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried. "You're in New York and you didn't call me up."

HE ASKED if he could take her to dinner. She said he could tomorrow night. She would have to go back to Hemphill's after dinner. But she could take an hour off.

It was only when she had said "Goodby—until tomorrow night" that he saw the big coupé with the top down standing at the curb and the unnecessarily elegant man waiting for her. He watched the car going up the Avenue. He could see the back of Maggie's head as that car went up the Avenue.

He left his desk promptly at five o'clock the next afternoon and rushed home to his room to get a bath and put on a fresh shirt and things. He met Maggie at Hemphill's front door and they went to a place around the corner that she suggested. Dick suspected she'd chosen it because it wouldn't cost him much. It was a sort of tea shop that offered a table-d'hôte dinner for eighty-five cents and didn't offer cocktails at any price.

He sat there staring at her after they'd ordered their dinner, and thinking she was nicer than he'd remembered her, and feeling anxious to admit that he was no longer in her class and not knowing how to begin the subject without dragging it in.

"I hear that you're a great success," he said.

"I've made good so far," she said. "But I haven't done anything wonderful."

"I hear you're making twenty thousand dollars a year."

"I'm not," she said. "I'm not getting anything like that."

He noted that she did not say how much it was. It was probably only fifteen thousand.

"I like your dress," he said.

She did not pretend to think nothing of it herself.

"It's a pet dress," she said. "It looks so simple and it's really quite trick. I have to be well dressed. I get things for half and less but even so I spend all my money for clothes."

They ate cold consommé, and she asked him to tell her about himself. He told her what had happened to his father's estate.

"It makes the offer I made you the night we quarreled look funny," he said.

"Not funny, Dick," she said.

"At least," he said, "I understand why you refused it. You knew you could do what you're doing now."

"I didn't know," she said. "But I thought I could. I wanted to try."

"I'm making thirty-five dollars a week, now," he said.

"But you're in New York," she said. "You'll have a chance to use the experience you had settling your father's estate. You'll make more."

HE WAS confident this was true. But he would not be sure of it until it happened. And until he was sure he could not be anything but self-conscious with her. She was nice to him. She could afford to be. He couldn't stand that. If there was any condescending to be done he wanted to do it. He had lost all his boyish pride in being a Psi Chi and a Sherwood. He had nothing to take its place.

He walked back to Hemphill's with her. She turned and held out her hand.

"You'll call me up—soon—won't you?"

"Yes, of course," he said.

He thought it was fine of her to look at him in that wistful way, as if it would mean as much to her to see him again as it would mean to him. Maggie was a success. But she would always be kind.

Dick walked all the way down Fifth Avenue to Greenwich Village and the hot little room where he lived. He took off his coat and his tie and opened the window as wide as it would go and sat there with his elbows on the sill. She was the only girl he had ever loved and he had lost her. He knew. He could tell from the way she had treated him. She had treated him as people in the big city treat friends from the old home town to whom they feel they must be kind. She was probably in love with the man who had driven her away in the big coupé.

He got up and found paper and envelopes and sat at the little portable typewriter. He wrote five letters to advertising agencies and went out and mailed them in the box at the corner before he went to bed.

He didn't call her up the next day or the next. Then she called him.

"Dick," she said, "I used to be a good cook—didn't I? I'm going to cook a steak at my apartment. Will you come and eat it with me?"

He knew what that meant. She knew he hadn't got his first week's salary. He hadn't worked a week. She wanted to save him the cost of buying her a dinner.

"I—" he tried to make his voice sound as if he were pleased, "I would be delighted. Shall I stop by for you at Hemphill's?"

"No," she said. "I'm getting away early for once. Come to my apartment in Charles Street at half-past seven."

She wasn't going to let him in for so much as a taxi fare. He asked her where Charles Street was and she told him. He was a little surprised to find she lived in Greenwich Village. He would have guessed Park Avenue.

WHEN he got back to his room after work he found an answer to one of the five letters he had written. It was from the head of a good agency.

"Your experience in Danville was so interesting to me at this time that I have just talked to Jackson in Chicago about you over the telephone. You are too young but it might be worth your while to come and see me."

Dick put the letter in his pocket. It was heartening to have that letter as he set out to find Maggie's apartment.

He found the address in Charles Street. It was an old red brick house. Her card was over one of the mail boxes in the hallway: Margaret Brown. He pushed the bell and the latch clicked promptly. She called down the stair well from somewhere above—"All the way up."

He climbed three flights of stairs. Maggie stood in the doorway. She had put on a smock over her dress. She took him into a large shabby room with a studio light. There was a drawing table with paper and a sketch and pencils and brushes. She made him sit down in the only easy chair and brought in a cocktail shaker.

"Here's to Minnewaska," she said.

"Here's to Maggie," he said.

She had to rush back into the kitchenette. He sat there staring at the room. It was shabbier than he'd expected and the more he looked at it the shabbier it seemed. It was spotless and in New York that meant it had been thoroughly cleaned since morning. He got up and glanced at the sketch on the drawing table. It showed, in three or four quick lines, an idea for a dress. It was just the kind of sketch he had seen many times in the flat over the Clothes for Co-eds Shop. A new pencil lay beside it.

Dick stood in the doorway of the kitchenette. Maggie was putting the steak on the broiler.

(Continued on page 41)

Philbert — By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"It seems you never want to practice your music until Philbert is taking his shower!"

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With Dignity

The story of a little man whose heart, it would appear on the evidence at hand, was in the right place

By Richard Wormser

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWIS

MR. EBERHARDT wanted a cigar. He had been wanting it so badly, and for so many minutes that seemed like hours, that he was walking up and down his room, with his hands clasped behind his back. Twenty-five paces up; twenty-five back. Mr. Eberhardt was not used to waiting for things he wanted.

He cursed Reynders with all the curses he could think of in English and German. This was not the first time his valet had done this. Reynders was given to going off on periodic drunks like this. They didn't last long, but they always left Mr. Eberhardt in some sort of difficulty. There was the time in San Francisco when Mr. Eberhardt was waiting to go to a train, and Reynders had disappeared. Mr. Eberhardt had had to take a later accommodation, and only the brilliant bribery of a Pullman conductor by Reynders, sweating to get his job back, had gotten a drawing-room for them.

Mr. Eberhardt considered the possibilities of getting a cigar by some other agency. He could ask the maid to go, of course. But Mrs. Petty's rooming house did not have bells; the guests, all of them in show business, just stuck their heads out the door and yelled when they wanted something. Mr. Eberhardt would not do that. His voice made people laugh when he yelled, even people in show business. That was the one thing he could not stand; laughter.

He could go get the cigar himself. The store that carried his own special kind was only two blocks away; one block to Broadway, one up. He was no coward; he'd just go.

Mr. Eberhardt shrugged into his fur-lined overcoat, with its lining of baby mink. He put his derby on with two precise taps to get it at just the angle. He picked up his cane. He would go get his cigar himself. He would go downstairs and hail a taxicab, and drive to the cigar store, and the driver would go in and ask for three of Mr. Eberhardt's specials. That was all there was to it. And then he would go on to dinner in the private dining-room of Luigi's, by himself.

It was ridiculous for a man with nearly a hundred thousand dollars in the bank to go without a cigar just because a servant got drunk.

MR. EBERHARDT opened the door without much difficulty. His cane flicked the light switch off. He went downstairs, swinging his cane, whistling.

Reynders always opened doors for him; he was out of practice. That was why the front door baffled him so. He tried twice, and tears of rage swelled up into his eyes.

Then the saxophone player who lived in the top floor back swung in from the night. He did not see Mr. Eberhardt, but ran on upstairs. Mr. Eberhardt slipped out.

The streets were jammed with taxis, crawling along. Mr. Eberhardt went jauntily down the stoop and stood on the curb between two parked cars. He raised his cane to a cab; the driver did not see him but went on by. It happened a second time, a third.

Heavy footsteps behind him halted. An Irish voice said: "Tryin' to get a cab, little man?"

Mr. Eberhardt controlled his rage. "No!" he snapped.

Mr. Eberhardt turned on his heel, and walked rapidly towards Broadway. Insolent police! In Germany such things would not be tolerated. Calling a citizen "little man!" Last year Mr. Eberhardt had paid five hundred dollars income tax.

It was dark on the side street, and he made good time to the edge of Times Square. Half the distance covered. He turned north, and instantly was in the careless throng of Broadway cheapskates, eddying about, looking for a movie.

A man jostled him with his knee, and sent Mr. Eberhardt's derby over one eye. Mr. Eberhardt swung his cane, regardless of the crowd, and tapped his hat back into place again. The cane flicked the leg of the man who had jostled him; the stranger didn't even feel it.

But a woman turned, and squealed: "Ooh. Look at the midget!"

MR. EBERHARDT tried to hurry. But he was surrounded by a forest of male knees, female hips. His lips tightened over his teeth; his face got livid with fury. Then the worst happened, the thing that had not happened since he was nineteen years old. A crowd of small boys saw him.

They were newsboys, ragged little urchins of the theatrical district, sharp-eyed, sharper tongued. They ringed around Mr. Eberhardt. One of them cried: "Gee, guys, it's a dwarf!"

A dwarf! He, the most perfectly formed midget in show business! He was too angry to speak.

"Is dat a real diamond, fella?" another of the newsboys asked. His dirty hand touched Mr. Eberhardt's tie.

Mr. Eberhardt swung his cane, tried to cut his way out of there. A kid said: "Ain't he the tough little bozo!" and struck the cane down.

A girl's voice said, sharply: "Leave that gentleman alone. Go on, you brats!" They scattered. The girl did not bend over; her hand tucked itself under Mr. Eberhardt's arm. She was not tall, as outsiders went; perhaps five feet one or two. "Can I help you, sir?" she asked. A good girl, respectful.

He found his voice. "I was just going to the cigar store, if you please."

She walked alongside him, clearing a path as deftly as ever Reynders had

(Continued on page 53)

A girl's voice said sharply: "Leave that gentleman alone. Go on, you brats!"

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Music in the Air

By Newcomb Hall

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

"I—I don't feel well, Ed," she said. "Will you get me a glass of water?"

ED GATES' hand shook as he fumbled around with the phone, trying to dial Florence's number. His eyes, fixed on the letter on his desk, were glassy. It had come not a minute before, apprising him of the fact that his Great-uncle Jasper had been gathered unto his fathers, leaving him the staggering sum of five thousand dollars. When he finally got Florence and asked her if he could come right over, his voice sounded as if he were talking out of a rain barrel.

Outside the office he fell into a cab and began to figure out what he would say when he asked her to marry him. But, somehow, Penny Anderson's angry face kept obtruding itself. In this moment when he should have been mellow in the knowledge of his new fortune, he found himself bitterly restaging their parting.

Yesterday he had told Penny that he was going to settle down and marry Florence Evans. He had said that he was getting along—twenty-eight—and the urge to mate with a resolute, sensible girl was strong within him. And this, coming from Mr. Gates, whose soundest idea for some years had been a rosy and altogether nebulous plan to amass enough money to take him to the South Seas, where he figured to do something big in the coconut-growing line, caused Penny to blow up.

"Florence!" she cried. "That culture-stalking parrot! If you think she gives two hoots in a cyclone for you, just ask her to call off her sailing next week. All that woman cares for are things like that old piano—her precious Gumbach—and then only if she thinks they're worth a little money."

"She told me about that," Ed said dreamily. "That Gumbach's been in her family for years. It's wonderful to find a girl nowadays who cares so much for tradition."

"Oh, rot, Ed! I've known Florence since our freshman days at college, and she honestly cares for nothing but money. That old Gumbach wreck somehow represents culture to her, but she'd sell it in a minute if she could find a buyer. . . . Oh, Ed," she said brokenly, "it was so idiotic and beautiful to hear you talk about sailing away to grow coconuts that I feel as if I'm at the wake of a particularly dear little boy. Have you asked her to marry you yet?"

Ed shook his head. "If I had a bank account," he said morosely. "If I had something to offer her—"

And now, just twenty-four hours later, he knocked upon Florence's door with something to offer her. His Great-uncle Jasper had not died in vain.

SHE opened the door and Ed saw that she was in the midst of packing. He took her cool hand and looked upon her cool, placid face. She was thin, tall and blond, with an eye as bland as an oyster. "Edward," she said, without excitement, "I've splendid news. I'm sailing tomorrow on the Isis, instead of next week. Isn't it too, too marvelous?"

"Tomorrow!" Ed said, dismayed. "Why, listen, Florence. I've had a break. My Great-uncle Jasper died—"

Florence's frown effectively silenced him. "Edward," she said sternly, "I hope you aren't going to bring up that silly business about quitting a good job to go off someplace to raise coconuts."

Ed shook his head. "No, it's not that. But now that I've got a little money I thought maybe you'd call off this trip and we could get married."

Florence studied him coldly. "Why, Edward," she said distantly, "don't you think that's rather selfish of you?"

"But," Ed pointed out weakly, "I asked you to marry me, too, Florence."

She appeared to weigh that, then she smiled palely. "That's the reason, dear Edward," she informed him tolerantly, "that I'm not going to be cross with you. And I'll tell you what I've been thinking this morning. This summer, I'm going to let you keep my piano. And," she added roguishly, "if you take good care of it perhaps, in the fall, there'll be a nice dream come true for you!"

Ed suddenly felt sick. He tried to protest but Florence would have none of it. He saw now that Penny had been right—she was always right. She had tried to save him from folly but he had plunged ahead like a fool. His neck was in the noose, with a good thousand pounds of obsolete piano weighing down his feet. He groaned and yearned for Penny.

But, manfully, he didn't call her. He didn't see her until the next day at noon, when, unexpectedly, she turned up at Florence's sailing, looking like a June morning. Ed was thankful when Florence unbent at the final parting only to the extent of shaking his hand; and when the last goodbys had floated out to sea quite naturally Penny climbed into the cab beside him.

"My Uncle Jasper died and left me five grand," Ed said in a sepulchral voice. "I've got five grand and I've got to stay here and take care of her piano."

It wasn't Penny's way to say, "I told you so." She patted his hand and said, "I know; she called me last night and told me about it. If you like, Ed," she added softly, "I'll stand by and help you get it moved."

Ed looked at her gratefully.

An anthropoidal gentleman by the name of Patrick Mulcahey, with a crew of affable gorillas in denim, was already awaiting them in a van before Florence's late dwelling.

AND forty-five minutes later a large, black piano dangled amid a jungle of ropes three stories above the street. When Mr. Mulcahey descended to superintend his crew in the delicate business of lowering Florence's treasure, Ed was left alone; Penny was poking around in the kitchenette. Ed looked sadly at his fate. It was no longer a piano to him; it was a symbol of defeat.

He turned as Penny came up beside him. She eyed him gravely, standing like a child with her hands behind her.

"I—I don't feel well, Ed," she said. "Will you get me a glass of water?"

He turned and bolted for the kitchen. He was turning off the tap when he heard the crash and felt the house quiver. His heart jumped up in his throat. He ran back into the room, where Penny was leaning far out of the window. Ed looked down. Fifty feet below him the Gumbach was a pile of kindling wood and twisted wires. Slowly he drew back into the room, and at that instant Mr. Mulcahey burst up the stairs.

"Buddy," he roared, "she done it! She busted your piano, and I and all my men seen her do it. Look, she had a knife, and she leaned out as nice as you please and cut that No. 5 rope—"

Penny didn't deny it. She produced a savage butcher knife which she had been holding behind her back. "I found it in the kitchen, Ed," she said simply, "and it seemed the only thing to do."

Ed looked at her for a long time, his face bewildered. Then, as slowly as the sun dissipates the fog, he began to look up. He beamed. He looked upon Penny Anderson pridefully.

"Of course she cut the rope!" he said. "And pray, Mr. Mulcahey, why not? As a matter of fact, I just bought her that piano—as a wedding present! It's hers, every stick of it!"

Penelope, her shining eyes on him, nodded in complete agreement.

She leaned over the sill and gazed upon the remnants of the precious Gumbach. "Thank you, dear," she said over her shoulder. "Look at it. Won't it be lovely, in the fall, blazing on our hearth? Won't it be simply—uh—cozy!"

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The Last Signal

An exceptional baseball story. Not because a Harvard boy wins the big game. That's old stuff. But this Harvard boy knows how to spell!

By Heywood Broun

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

PROFESSOR BRADFORD read the last page of the examination book and sighed. He knew the lad's father; he had known his father before him. Indeed, the Bradfords and the Wigglesworths had often conversed down through the ages and occasionally married. He himself was probably a remote uncle of the boy, and a fine upstanding youngster he was as he rose to his feet in the classroom to say, "Not prepared, sir." If Professor Bradford's memory served him right this Chauncey Wigglesworth pitched on the baseball team. Well, it was nice to know that there was something in which he was proficient. "English 35-A (six plays of Shakespeare's)" was not within young Chauncey Wigglesworth's alley.

Nevertheless, Professor Bradford was gravely tempted to give a Wigglesworth a break. The final answer made that difficult. The query on the examination paper had been, "Was Hamlet truly mad?" Unfortunately, Chauncey Wigglesworth had not understood too well. He had proceeded on the assumption that he was being asked, "Was Hamlet really good and sore?"

Professor Bradford sighed a second time; then without further ado he did his duty by marking a large blue F upon the examination. And yet Professor Bradford might well have paused had he but known that with one stroke of his pencil he was practically signing Chuck Wigglesworth to play professional ball with the Yankees.

THE matter was not formally decided until a little later when Chuck and his father talked it over after dinner.

"What's the use of my finishing out my college course?" said young Wigglesworth. "I'm not going to graduate and I won't be allowed to play baseball next spring anyway. I'm already on probation. Old Soup Noodle Bradford attended to that by giving me an F in Shakespeare. I'm out from Bradford to the dean to the Yankees. Charlie, who's coaching the battery men this year, says they'll pay a ten-thousand-dollar bonus and the same for the season if I sign. Of course, Charlie'll get a couple of grand, but the rest will be mine and you know that the family's busted."

"I won't have you do it," insisted the head of the house of Wigglesworth. "You have no idea of what you'll be facing. I believe you'll be the first Groton boy ever to turn professional. And on top of that you're a Harvard man and a Wigglesworth. If you were going into professional baseball from Lehigh or Yale or Holy Cross that would be a different matter. But you'll have to stand for a lot of ragging. What will your friends at the Fly say? And who's going to break this to Aunt Martha? More than that, do you realize that when your team, or club I believe is the locution, is on the road you will have to share a room with whatever fellow the manager chooses to pick for you?"

Chuck Wigglesworth laughed heartily. "Don't you worry, Dad. I can take care of myself and I do know the facts of baseball."

He turned out to be wrong in both boasts when he joined the Yankees one week later in St. Louis. He drew Hardcoal Harry Haggerty as his roommate.

"This is the man who's going to teach you how to pitch," said Madden. "You take your orders from him until I choose to give you some myself."

Hardcoal Harry lied about his age but even on his own estimates he was the oldest player in big-league baseball. In fact, he wasn't really a player. Although

(Continued on page 26)

"Here's the pitch," the announcer cried. "A wild pitch! No, it isn't a wild pitch"

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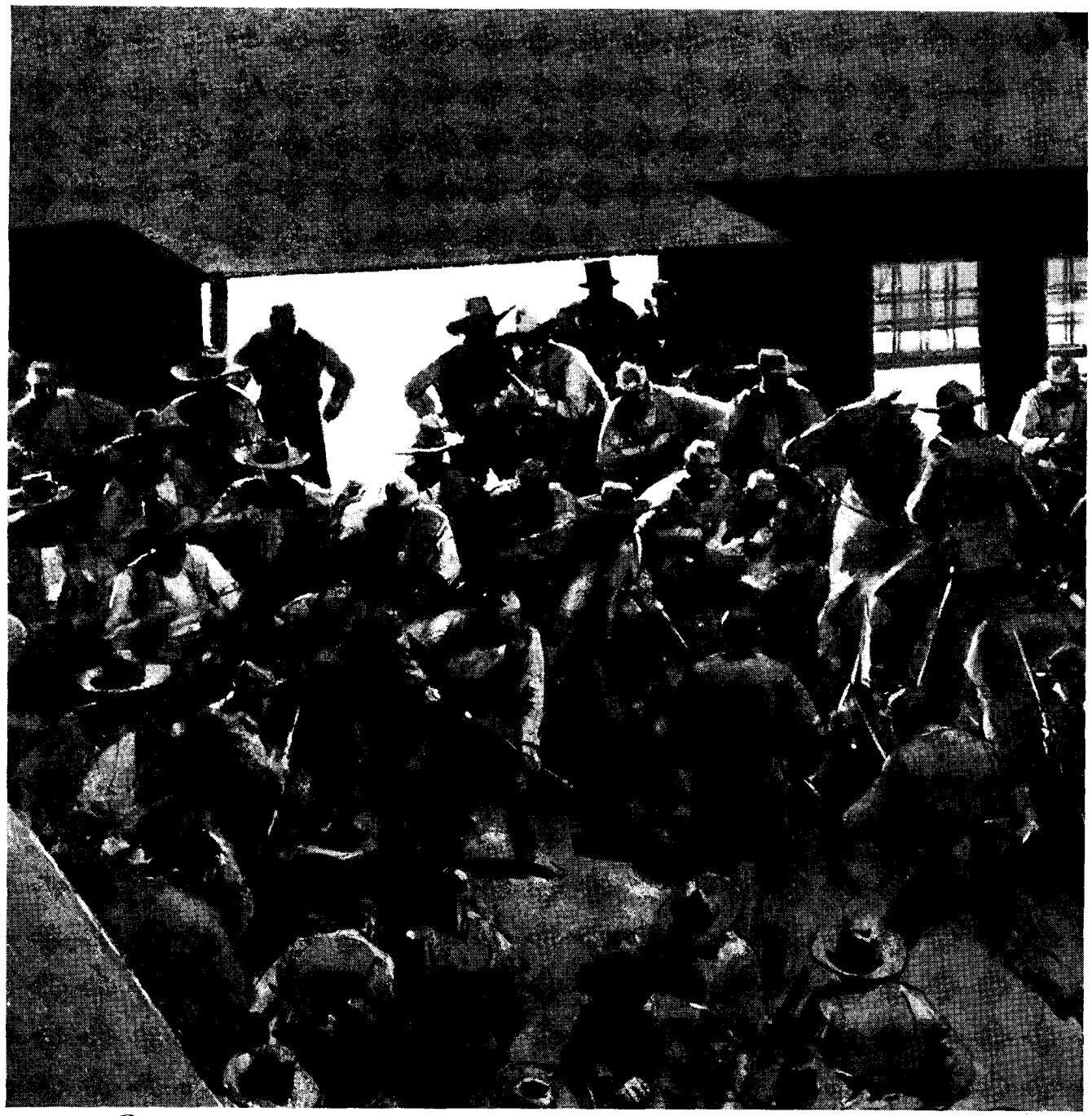
Trouble Shooter

By Ernest Haycox



ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

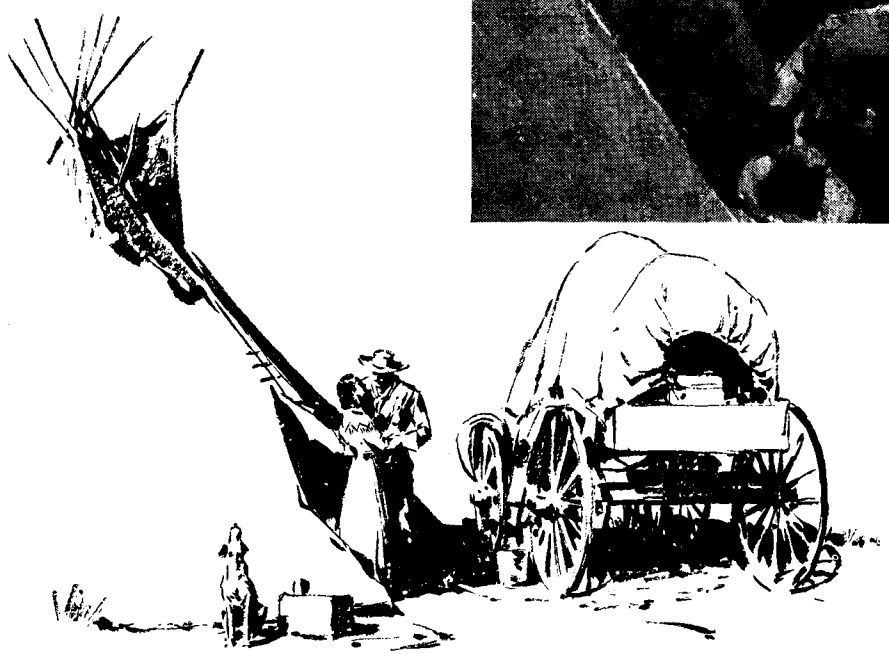
The Story Thus Far:

TWO great railroads—the Central Pacific, driving eastward, and the Union Pacific, laying rail westward—are fighting to reach Salt Lake first. Lawless elements, directed by "Big Sid" Campeaux, a gambler, are obstructing the Union's progress. To Frank Peace, a young engineer, is given the task of combatting the troublemakers. So busy is he that, although Eileen Oliver, to whom he is engaged, is always near by (her father, Bardee Oliver, opens a little store at each railhead and she accompanies him), he can see her for brief moments only. He does, however, due to force of circumstances, see much of another girl: Nan Normandy.

Nan Normandy has come West with Campeaux. To Peace she confides that she is searching for her long-lost father, but she declines to discuss Campeaux.

Another man, Ben Latimer, is interested in Eileen. And another man—Leach Overmile, one of Peace's friends—is in love with Nan Normandy. Leach suspects that Peace is secretly in love with Nan. But Peace announces his impending marriage to Eileen.

Two men, wearing masks—two men whom Peace believes are Brett and Cordray, who take orders from Campeaux—rob Bardee Oliver's store, shoot Phil Morgan, one of Peace's men, and wound Bardee Oliver. Peace rushes to the store. In the excited crowd Peace sees Eileen and Ben Latimer. One glance at them is enough—he knows that they are in love. Going out, Peace finds Overmile. "Give me some cartridges," he says. "We'll find those men."



VII

PEACE loaded his gun with Overmile's cartridges and put it in a coat pocket, the long fingers of his right hand gripping the butt. He said again, "We'll see, Leach."

Overmile's arm stopped him. "Wait a minute, Frank."

"What for?" growled Peace.

Wild as the Texan was, he had a saving coolness. He saw the temper of his partner burning like a white flame, its light rushing out through Peace's powder-gray eyes; and he understood how little caution there was in the man at that moment, how terribly Peace's fighting impulses hammered at his head and swelled his big muscles. Roused like this, Peace was altogether past realizing that a bullet could kill him. Overmile remembered Julesburg. He remembered Benton, and Nick Moylan's grade camp.

"Maybe it's Brett and Cordray we want," counseled Overmile. "I don't much doubt it. But they know your way, Frank, and they'll be waitin' for you. We don't step into no traps. That's what Ed Tarrant did, and I think that's what Phil did. Both times the bullet was meant for you. We walk easy."

"Come on, Leach."

"Look at the street."

Casement's chosen Irish tramped the boardwalk as usual, turned restless by the excitement; and down by the Club saloon Collie Moynihan's gray head bobbed and disappeared somewhere along the ceaseless flow. Peace found nothing in the faces of those men to warn him; they were tough, but they were loyal. Then, looking farther up the light-slashed street, he caught what Overmile meant. Wagons were rolling in from the Uinta slopes, loaded with graders and tie-camp hands.

He said, "Come on, Leach," and went forward. Lou Queed stood in a near-by doorway, a stiff figure cut against the glow of his joint; his glance clawed across Peace. Overmile stretched his long legs and got beside Peace, softly murmuring: "You and me—we got damned few friends." His shoulder points lifted and fell. His gun hung low from his right hip and his fingers kept brushing its butt. The thin cotton shirt he wore clung to his flat muscles, stretching as they stretched. Those wagons rolled through the street, the graders and the tie cutters springing into the dust and hurrying on. The jam in front of the Club's doorway slowly got worse. Peace rammed into the crowd and pushed against it. Collie Moynihan's rash Irish face caught his attention, and Collie's head slowly moved from side to side. The arriving men surged in, packing that little area densely.

Overmile used his knees and elbows to keep up with Peace. It was like walking across loose sticks of dynamite—and Peace didn't seem to know it. They wheeled into the Club, Overmile expelling a long breath. The orchestra slammed its music across the hall, and girls' white faces and white shoulders went round and round till they were blurred; and the smell of sweating bodies and smoke and whisky laid a rank stench before Overmile's sensitive nostrils. His swift-searching glance located Roy Lovelace behind the blackjack table—and ran beyond and stopped. Both Al Brett and Jack Cordray were sitting in at Diamond Jim's poker game. The three of them together. With the other chairs at that table empty.

He murmured, "Careful, Frank," and obediently tagged after Peace, who cut a straight path through the rising confusion and got to that table. Diamond Jim jerked his head back and ran a hand nervously along his heavily oiled mustache. The worry in his eyes was very plain. But neither Brett nor Cordray seemed to be aware. Brett laid three cards in the center. "Three, Jim," he murmured and put his hands down on the green felt surface. Overmile watched Brett's shoulders faintly lift; he watched Brett's chest faintly arch. The man was cocked.

PEACE drew back a chair; he sat down at the table, beside Diamond Jim and opposite Brett. Overmile kept standing until Jack Cordray's sallow features rose to him and showed a thin glint of venom. Overmile took a seat then. Al Brett was directly at his right elbow, but he wasn't interested in Brett; his impartial mind had adjusted and balanced the weight of this game. Brett

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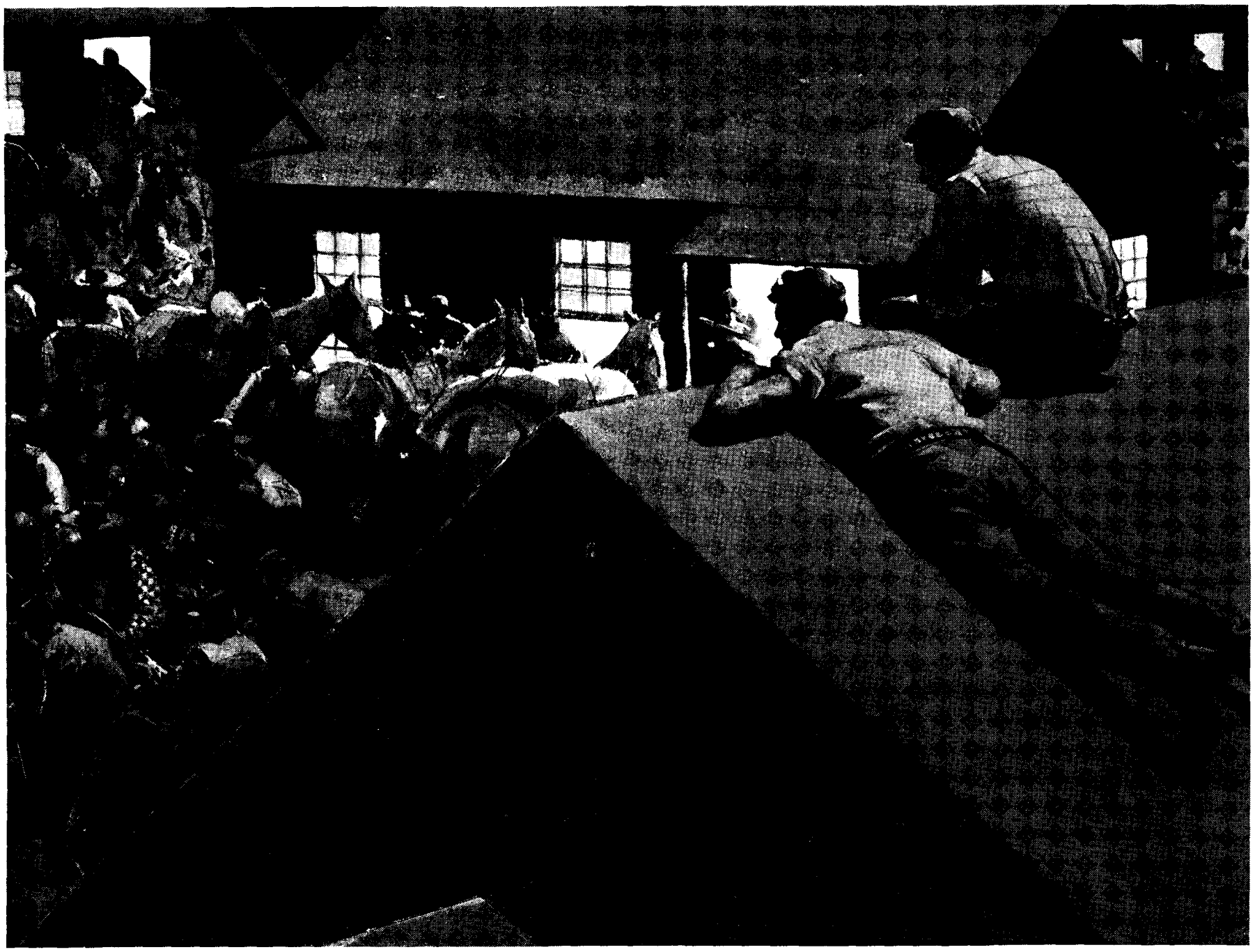

Millard said, "Clear this alley." The troopers stepped across the walk, spreading against the mob

was Peace's problem. Jack Cordray, across the table, belonged to him.

Brett said, "How are you, Frank?" His skin was as pink as a girl's and some secret thought released his rash grin.

Diamond Jim gathered up the cards, uncertainly speaking: "Gentlemen, who's playing?"

Peace pulled a handful of silver dollars from his pocket and stacked them on the table. But Overmile drawled: "I'll rest out."

Brett's sky-blue eyes turned an insolent humor on Overmile. "All Southerners are born tired."

Overmile let it go. It was Jack Cordray's gaunt fingers and Cordray's eye pupils he watched. The man was cocked. One crazy impulse or one quick word would do the trick. Cordray was that kind of wolf.

Frank Peace picked up his cards one by one, as Diamond Jim dealt them. He was loose in the chair, slouched a little, his knees touching the underside of the table top—deliberately placed that way. The motion of the crowd in here kept changing the angles of light, the hum and the crackle of talk kept drumming against his ears. The music stopped with a final crash. One of Campeaux's floor men yelled, "Promenade to the bar," and couples wheeled around the table. A girl's arm came more distinctly into his vision and focused it and he saw the frail Rose look at him with something charged in her long-lashed eyes.

He pushed his stack of silver forward. "Open," he said. Cordray coughed and bent forward. Peace stared at him and saw a man half dead. In Julesburg a bullet had ruined Cordray; that memory, with its tenuous toxic desire for revenge, was all that kept the man breathing.

Brett dropped his chips into the pot. "Stay with you," he said evenly. "I always have and I always will. You bluff a lot of people, Frank. But you don't bluff me."

"Your luck," pointed out Peace evenly, "has so far only been fair."

"It'll change," grinned Brett.

"CARDS, gentlemen," suggested Diamond Jim, and caught his breath.

Peace said, "One." Brett's high blood laid a fuller flush on his skin. Restlessness kept pulling at his lips; it kept drawing at the corners of his eyes. All this was on the man's surface, and Peace wasn't fooled. Behind that lay fixed and tremendous desire. "Bet ten dollars," murmured Peace. The sweat of recent exertion had dried across Brett's forehead, gluing dust to it; and dust was plain along the yellow edges of Brett's hair.

"Call," said Brett, and laid down a pair of kings.

Peace tossed three deuces to the table, and raked in the center pile. Brett's lip corners stiffened. "What are we playin' for," he challenged recklessly. "Pins?"

A huge call threshed the turmoil. "Any damned scoundrel here from Kentucky? Stand up! I'm from Tennessee!"

Brett looked fretfully back of him to the big, red-bearded man swaying in the center of the hall. A deeper, thicker talk rushed in through the Club's doorway and the pressure of bodies out there sagged its canvas sides. Brett was smiling again.

Peace said: "Been sittin' here long, Al?"

"Not long," retorted Brett boldly. "Just came in from a little walk."

"A fast walk, judging from the dust in your hair."

"Maybe," said Brett.

A man strolled toward this table, drunk and curious; he stopped behind Brett's chair. But somebody ran across the room and dragged him back, murmuring: "Don't be a damn' fool!" Brett's lips quit smiling; change shuttered across his eyes.

"Here," he said angrily, rashly. "I've got a handkerchief in my pocket. I'll take one end—you take the other. We'll draw, and shoot away. To hell with this crawlin' around!"

There was a row of faces beyond the table, dimly at the edge of Peace's narrowed vision. He saw that row fade farther and farther back. There wasn't any music going; he couldn't hear much talk around him. Blood slogged steadily through him; his underlip made a thick roll across the gathering violence of his face. He put his left arm across the table, the big bone of his wrist sliding out from his shirt sleeve. There was a heavy, ink-colored tuft of hair running down the back of his hand.

"All right, Al. Drag out the handkerchief."

Cordray coughed again, the force of it wrenching him around the chair. Overmile remained in that same bland attitude of waiting. But a color rushed solidly across Brett's skin; he held his fists on the table and refused to move them. His recklessness veered away; he was at once reserved and thoughtful.

"You've turned killer," he muttered. "I didn't notice it before."

A FLOORMAN walked across the hall and bent at Brett's side. "Sid wants to see you."

A long, heavy breath spurted through Brett's nostrils. He dragged his hands back from the table, never letting them drop below its rim. He stood up. "Come on, Jack," he said. Cordray got uncertainly to his feet, like a man knocked groggy.

"What are you afraid of?" taunted Peace.

Brett said, more careful than he had been: "Not now, Frank. Not now." Cordray came around the table and Brett preceded him across the room, thus using Cordray as a screen against the possibility of violence.

(Continued on page 42)

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The modern, attractive dining car of the new Union Pacific tourist coach train serves meals that are really inexpensive and actually earns a profit

Everybody's Limited

By Charles F. A. Mann

Nobody can tell America how to travel. If we don't like to sit on red plush we'll go by bus, by plane, by boat or by car. One bright railroad executive got the idea of discarding the red plush and making train travel cheap, quick and attractive. The result is paying dividends. He did more: he made train travel fun. Come for a ride on the Union Pacific's Challenger and see for yourself

THE American railroads are going democratic with their lower fares, and are about to launch a campaign to get the average citizen back again. Ten times as many people have fifty dollars to spend on travel as have two hundred dollars. This larger, but less wealthy, group seems to keep on traveling for business and pleasure on the basis of the lowest possible fare, and in a thousand degrees of discomfort and delay in spite of any traditional monkey-shines the railroads perform in the sacred name of profits. They keep moving about the country to do their little business and visit Aunt Kate and Uncle Henry, rain or shine and winter and summer. They refuse to squander a week's wages in our antiquated dining cars for a few meals en route, and either tote the old lunch box, eat in drugstores, or patronize the news butcher.

In potential passenger mileage, on an annual basis, the great middle class of Americans holds ten times the potential business for railroads as does the over-rated group that rides in Mr. Pullman's Standard Sleepers and sips a snifter of potent drink in the Club Car. The latter class is expensive to handle; requires huge investments in non-profit-earning cars and twice as many employees, and actually yields little aggregate net profit in the year's accounting.

It is Bill Smith and his wife and kids, those inarticulate good citizens that were frozen off the trains and converted into the fabulous millions of buyers of automobiles that form the source of revenue in the future. American transportation is in one of its most fascinating stages, for each unit—the air, the highway and the rails, and even the water—is assuming its rightful place in the favor of our 125,000,000 travel-minded citizens, and the smart boys in each field are going to make new fortunes in the vast realignment process now under way. The family car is not going to be a unit of transcontinental transportation, and neither are the streamliners going to be the local passenger carriers. The airplane has its place on long hops, and will move into it, despite all objections. Each has a place and each is learning to stick to its place. But the worst mass of obstacles to overcome are the railroad managers who still howl at the moon and wait idly for some courageous president to get busy.

We cannot take leave of this past era in railroading and jump into the new without reference to the sacred cow of railroading—the nefarious 3½-cent-per-mile basic passenger fare generally in vogue for the past half century on American and Canadian rail lines. We tried diligently to find the cause of it, but only from a whimsical old-timer did we even get near the reason. In his opinion it was based on the average rate charged for moving a consignment of fat steers from Montana or Texas to the Chicago stockyards. The rate per steer of average dimensions, less cost of feeding the animal en route, would justify charging a 150-pound passenger, on the same route, 3½ cents per mile. But we think the steers got the better ride.

Ever since trains began running on schedule the basic idea of rates was the simple fact that your ticket, be it a tiny pasteboard the size of two postage stamps or a ponderous coupon ticket four and one half yards long, permitting you to visit every city from Youngstown, Ohio, to Eureka, California, on a half-year voyage by rail—entitled you to a seat on the old red plush and nothing more.

It mattered not how long you were to be on the train, or what the temperature, the condition of your neighbor's

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the other end of the car, but more mirrors.

When the war came along, a 50% surtax was added to Pullman travelers. Next, when the terrific speed of forty-five miles per hour came along, you paid another fat surcharge for riding on the "fast" 20th Century Limited and the more rough-riding Broadway Limited. In over a quarter of a century, just three hours have been cut off this famed run, and now even the Pacific Coast has trains running twenty per cent faster on runs two and one-half times as long and over the Rockies at an 8,000-foot elevation.

The High Cost of Discomfort

In short, this 3½ cent per mile fare on American railroads has been a fantastic myth. It has simply been the cattle-car fare for straight day coach riders and actually meant that you paid nearly 6 cents per mile, or about the highest in the world, for less comfortable accommodation than that in a third-class hotel.

"Dinner, 35¢," ushers in the end of the home-packed lunch box

And, in the matter of eating, a weird system hanging over from the fabulous nineties, with the Waldorf style and price list moved to the railroads, has kept most travelers out of the diners and their noses buried in their own feed bags filled up at home. With small patronage, the high prices remained and the result was another unprofitable tradition in railroading.

After the depression began, railroad managers saw the sixteen thousand sleeping cars gradually become more unpopular and their upper berths virtually unsalable. The public doted on the planes, and the network of bus lines making large profits grew rapidly until a whole group of railroad officials believed that their salvation lay in gobbling up bus lines and ditching most of the passenger business, except, of course, their flag-bearing "limiteds" with extra fares. However, the vanishing of passenger trains would leave a lot of passengerless express, mail, milk, merchandise and other trains still on their runs at passenger-train speeds. Another situation to howl about. So most railroad officials just sat and waited—like Buddha—with folded arms.

Knowing the public's desire for more comfort in sleeping cars, Pullman began air-conditioning its first-class sleepers after Mr. Willard had put the first air-conditioned car ever built on his B. & O. It was Mr. Willard who began America's most comforting experiment in rail travel—air-conditioning.

Meanwhile, out in Omaha, one big-league railroad executive, Mr. William H. Jeffers of the Union Pacific, had an idea that out of all this tangle of experiments with low fares, air-conditioning and comforts for the coach passenger, some sort of public policy on railroad transportation should be evolved and put into action immediately.

Mr. Jeffers was the man on whose shoulders fell the job of hauling sails on the Union Pacific when the bottom fell out in 1929. Mr. Jeffers slashed everything to the bone on the Union Pacific with quick and often cruel impartiality. While other railroads were having a hard time deciding what to do, Mr. Jeffers was saving the Union Pacific cash and getting his system ready to jump into the middle of the swing just as soon as we could get our breath and get going again.

A few simple facts formed the basis of his procedure. Events during the depression showed that America, as a nation, kept right on traveling, so why not keep 'em traveling on the railroad? We've spent millions building up demands for standardized, low-priced items in this country, why not do the same with transportation? Turn mass production into transportation, at reasonable American standards of comfort, and the greatest boom ever known in American railway travel will result. The good days are ahead, not behind.

Why Not Ask the Public?

Discarding the theory of making millions out of Pullman travel, Mr. Jeffers made a simple but unique decision: "Why not send somebody out and ask the American traveler what *he* thinks is wrong with our trains and service, and what *he* would do to improve it?"

Simple, isn't it? But like all great things that are simple, nobody had ever before done that with the thought of making positive plans for revamping the whole psychology of a railroad, its employees and officers, and creating a new service to sell the public.

Another idea Mr. Jeffers had was that

(*Continued on page* 30)

Mothers with babies find the new accommodations especially helpful

breath, your health or your status as a leading citizen of the Old Home Town; you were entitled to one half of a slab-like seat with a cast-iron back, and that was all.

Now if this ruffled you, or your resistance was weak, you could spend another cent per mile and ride in one of Mr. Pullman's creations, with seats about as hard, but capable of being converted into a bed at night. And you could wash your neck and excavate the cinders from your ears at the dormitory-style washroom, with its brass basins, while the rest of the male population gazed absently on. (And at that hole in your undies or the sinful little lady tattooed on your arm!) The ladies got less room, in their communal washroom at

An interior view of the newest in day coaches. At the right is one of the hostesses who help to make day-coach travel more pleasant

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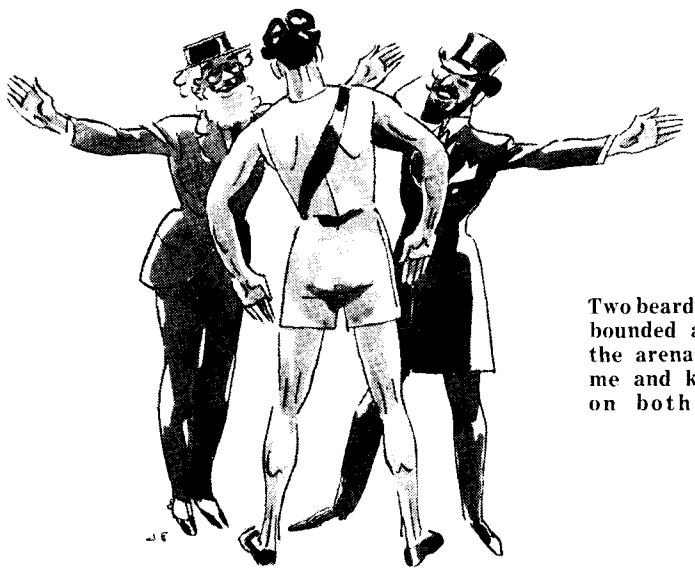
Fifteen Hundred Years Later

Back in '96 Jim Connolly won the first Olympic championship in fifteen centuries. Here's his thrilling story of the trip to Athens and of that first American victory—the hop, step and jump

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHAN BULL



Two bearded Greeks bounded at me, at the arena, grabbed me and kissed me on both cheeks

IN THE fall of 1895 I entered Harvard as a freshman and after looking over the athletic situation decided to go out for track. As a boy I had done some track work but during the previous five years had only dabbled in it.

In my first meet I won the freshman broad jump and placed second in the high jump. This naturally attracted the attention of the coach, who advised me to forget other sports and concentrate on track.

My people had been seafaring folk for many generations, and they were great ones for going places. I found college life at Harvard pleasant enough, but a bit static to a fellow who liked to keep moving. One day I read that the Olympic Games were to be revived at Athens in the spring of '96.

Now there was something: The ancient Olympic Games! And Greece! And Athens! Especially Athens. Marbled Athens, violet-wreathed Athens, where the Peripatetic philosophers discoursed in the market places and where, without doubt, blind old Homer wandered, led by a dog on the end of a string and chanting his tales of adventure to the inn customers for his bed and board.

A trip to Athens in the spring was something worth looking into. One day, after sprinting practice on the board track, I said to the coach: "Do you suppose Harvard will be sending a team to the Olympic Games at Athens?"

"Games at Athens? What games? What Athens?"

What Athens! I wasted no more breath on him. Later, having decided to go to Athens on my own, I went to see about a leave-of-absence to make the trip.

The chairman of the athletic committee was no friendly soul. I took one peek at him, piped down on any talk of violet-wreathed Athens, the ruins of the Parthenon, and old Homer rolling out his sonorous periods before the market square inn. I put in a badly worded request for a leave-of-absence to take in the Olympic Games at Athens.

And right away he saw—well, what he said was: "You know you only want to go to Athens on a junket!"

A pilgrimage to Athens, a junket! Competing for my country in Olympic Games, a junket! I held myself in and he went on: "Here is what you can do, if you feel that you must go to Athens. You resign and on your return you can make application for re-entry to the college and I will consider it."

To that I said: "I'm not resigning and I'm not making application to re-enter. I'm getting through with Harvard right now. Good day." It was ten years or so before I again went inside of a Harvard building, and I went then as a guest speaker for the Harvard Union.

I thought then and I still think of Harvard as a great educational institution, one of the greatest, but in my day there were too many faculty members who knew it all.

Off for Athens

I think I was the first American to announce that he was positively going to compete in the Games. Garrett in the discus and shot-put, the broad and high jumps; Jamieson in the four hundred meters; Lane in the one hundred meters, and Tyler in the pole vault, were the Princeton entries. Of the big athletic clubs, only the Boston Athletic Association came awake. They entered the great Tom Burke in the one hundred and four hundred meters; Arthur Blake in the eight hundred meters; Thomas Curtis in the hurdles; Ellery Clarke in the high, broad and hop, step and jump; and Bill Hoyt in the pole vault.

I decided to compete for the little Suffolk Athletic Club of my own home town of South Boston, and I was paying my own expenses.

There were ten track men in all, and track men only, on that 1896 team. We sailed from New York on March 20. The Games were four weeks away, or so we thought.

That Olympic steamer trip had a bleak beginning for me. On the day before I left home I had wrenched my back, and for eight days after we left New York I had to use my arms to help myself get out of a chair. I had a horrible fear I would not come around in time for the Games; but lo and behold, one sunny magical morning just before we reached the Mediterranean I woke up with every pain and ache gone. I was feeling loose as ashes for the rest of the trip.

The steamer was not roomy enough for any real training. About all the fellows could do was to get into their gym gear and bounce up and down on deck. After twelve days, the steamer dumped us off at Naples. We searched the city for a park in which to train but found none.

We were leaving Naples, and the hotel bus had taken us to the railway station. A man in uniform picked me out from our group and asked me if I would please come with him. He spoke English of a sort. He led me to a police official in the station, where I learned that the police had recovered a wallet I had lost or had had stolen. The money was gone from the wallet and they wanted me to wait over and prosecute the thief.

I had no time to prosecute and said so. I was taking the train to Brindisi at—there was a big clock on the wall, and I pointed at the clock: "Otto! Otto!" I said, meaning eight o'clock. They kept urging me to stay, and I kept yelling: "No, no! Otto! Otto!" They all but pinned my arms behind my back to get me to stay. At one minute to eight by the wall clock, and me hoping it wasn't slow, I broke away and ran for the train. It was a big railway station and I did not know which track. I grabbed a porter and shouted: "Breen-de-see! Otto! Otto! Breen-dee-see!" He yelled "Si, Si, Si!"—and came running with me. Another porter, a young and agile-looking one, shouted: "Brindisi! Ah!" And hit up a faster pace for the train. The first porter was soon yards in the rear.

That second active one soon shouted something and pointed down a platform, where a train was moving out. I sprinted down the platform with chaps in uniform yelling and gesturing wildly at me not to try to leap on the running board of the coach from which most of the team by now were yelling for me to come on, come on. I never ran faster in my life, not even in spiked shoes. I finished my sprint with a running long step for the running board. I made it. And Tom Burke and Tom Barry and Arthur Blake grabbed me and hauled me through the compartment window.

As it turned out, if I had missed that train I would not have reached Athens in time to compete in the Games.

When Calendars Disagree

From Brindisi, we took a steamer down the Adriatic, stopping for some hours in Corfu, and disembarking at Patras. It was a ten-hour ride from there across Greece to Athens.

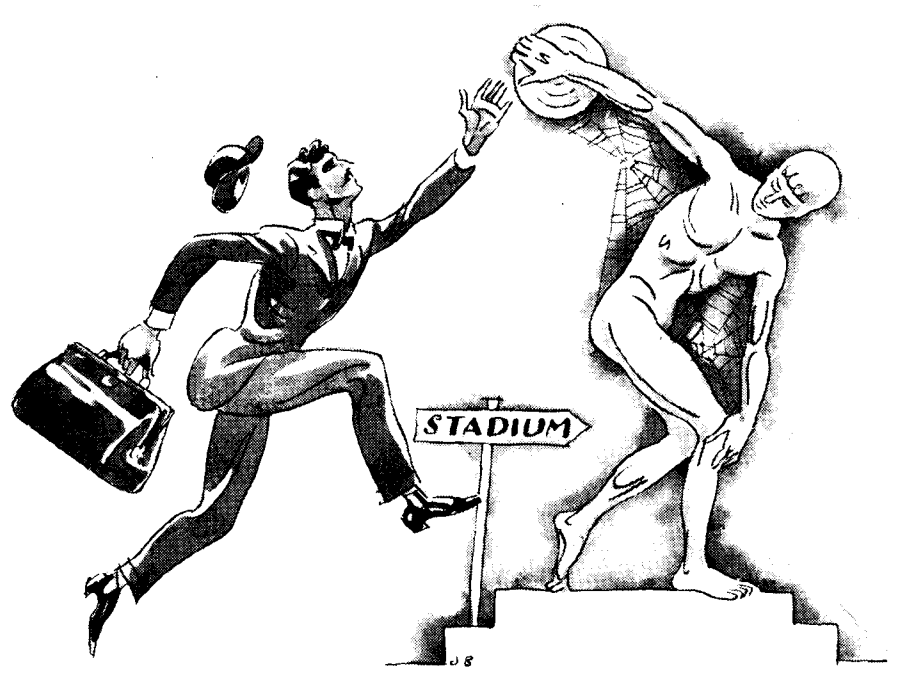
It was after nine o'clock at night when we reached our hotel in Athens. Tom Burke, Tom Barry and I roomed together. At about four o'clock we came wide awake together. Our hotel, the D'Angleterre, was across the square from the Royal Palace, and when we looked out of the window to see what all the racket was about, there were soldiers parading and a powerful band whaling away. Every soldier in Greece must have marched by our window that morning and every band in Greece must have been drafted to play them on.

It was too late to bother with any more sleep, so we had breakfast, remarking what a lucky thing it was that we had twelve days to get in shape after that long seventeen-day trip. Then two members of some committee came in and handed us programs for the Games.

We glanced casually at our programs. And then less casually. Here was a business!

The athletic officials back home who had given out the data for the opening of the Games had made a mistake of twelve days, the difference between the

(Continued on page 28)



We had to compete on our very first morning in Athens

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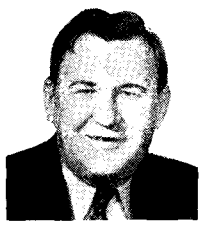
We Went to Motorists for these Facts and Figures

50% More Miles . . . Cleaner Engines . . . Lower Repair Bills with Mobiloil



Samuel A. Snelling
Chicago, Ill.
REALTOR AND BUILDER

"I'll say Mobiloil saves money—I add only 1 quart to a thousand miles—and even after a year of steady driving my engine has that new-car feel! Evidently your engineers keep up with changes in engine design!"

B. G. Mielziner
Cleveland, Ohio
FURRIER

"I'll drive miles out of my way for Mobiloil! Nowadays I don't know what sticking valves are . . . and my savings on oil alone run $40 to $50 a year. I never have to add oil between changes."

W. B. Little
Evanston, Ill.
GARAGE OWNER

"Last fall on a 3,600-mile trip I used Mobiloil —changed oil once, at 2,000 miles, and didn't have to add *any*! Some mileage!"

Frank F. Otto
Downey, Calif.
HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

"We've been using Mobiloil in our three school buses and are thoroughly satisfied with the oil consumption. We have had no delays due to mechanical breakdowns — and we give the credit to Mobiloil!"

Eugene Jerome Munier
Albany, N. Y.
RAILROAD ENGINEER

"I've been a railroad man 44 years and drive my own car between train trips. The oil that gives me the best results is Mobiloil."

Albert W. Waterman
South Portland, Me.
HIGHWAY COMMISSIONER

"We use Clearosol Process Mobiloil in our motorized city equipment—and our records show that lubrication and maintenance costs have fallen appreciably—even under strenuous service conditions."

Profit by the Experience of Thousands of Car Owners... Save Money in Your Car with Mobiloil!

YOU PUT OIL *in your* car for the same reason these people do. Why not get the same remarkable performance and economy they report?

Their voluntary statements are *proof* that Mobiloil, made by Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process, *does* deliver more mileage... keeps engines cleaner and lowers repair bills!

Everybody knows summer driving means hotter, harder work for your engine. Right now is the time when you'll appreciate the savings Mobiloil gives.

Drive in at the familiar Mobiloil sign, or the Sign of the Flying Red Horse, and have your crankcase filled with the correct grade of summer Mobiloil specified by the 1936 Mobiloil Chart. You'll be money ahead this summer!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.

Chester C. Sayre
Pittsburgh, Pa.
HORSE TRANSPORTATION

"My hauling calls for long, non-stop trips with 'society' horses: to Louisville, Albany, Baltimore, etc. Checking up on these runs shows I've used only 2 qts. of Mobiloil compared to 4 to 6 qts. of previous oils. A real saving!"

F. L. Conaway
Topeka, Kansas
BREAD SALESMAN

"I start out at 2 in the morning—cover 8 towns —and make 70 stops a day. But Mobiloil's kept my repairs to less than $50 in over 66,000 miles of driving!"

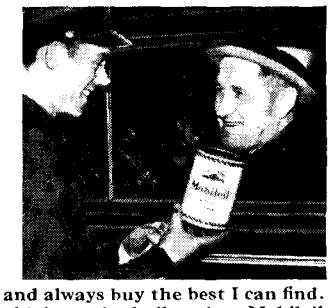
Frank J. McDonald
Boston, Mass.
PROP. FILLING STATION

"90% of my customers use Mobiloil, say it saves them 10% to 40% on oil alone!"

Frank J. Bartik
Cleveland, Ohio
FOUNDRY SHOP SUPT.

"Mobiloil goes 3 times as far as other oils I've used. In 26,000 miles last year—my rings and valves were in fine shape. Believe me, you can't beat that oil for economy!"

T. E. Pesha
Detroit, Mich.
CREDIT MANAGER



"I'm fussy about my oil and always buy the best I can find. Last summer I tested a higher-priced oil against Mobiloil and didn't get the satisfactory service Mobiloil gives me. I've found it's in far better condition after 1,000 miles of running than oils of much higher prices!"

Carl E. Fruehauf
Cleveland, Ohio
PROPRIETOR HARDWARE STORE

"I guess every salesman that comes to town tries to sell me oil for my car and delivery truck. But I'm staying with Mobiloil. When I find a good thing I stick to it. Mobiloil has cut my oil expense way down and reduced my repair expense, too!"

Frank H. Dalian
5811 Field Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.
MOTORIST

"My 1928 Hudson was using 2 or 3 quarts of oil every 1,000 miles. Then my service man told me about the new Clearosol Mobiloil and drained and filled my crankcase. Now I drive 1,000 miles without adding any oil at all!"

Ralph Rose
Long Island, N. Y.
TRUCK DRIVER

"Before I started using Mobiloil, I had to add a quart of oil every 500 miles. Now I save $1.20 a month on oil—and never have to worry about carbon!"

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM

GARGOYLE Mobiloil

America's Favorite Motor Oil

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The Last Signal

Continued from page 19

on the active list he hadn't caught any part of a game for a couple of seasons. Harry was strictly a coach and bullpen receiver. Gnarled was the word for Harry. Every finger on his right hand had been broken at one time or another and from constant hunching to give signals he had the perpetual aspect of a man waiting for somebody to say, "Won't you sit down?"

He had a big diamond ring on the little finger of his right hand and he wore his underclothes to bed. In some respects Chuck found Hardcoal Harry an even tougher taskmaster than Professor Bradford. With Harry everything was detail. It wasn't enough just to grasp the cosmic significance of something. You had to go out and do it over and over again. And he didn't say much. Sometimes he would hold Chuck Wigglesworth for as much as an hour doing nothing but throwing his fast ball and trying to get it over. "Lay it here," said Hardcoal. And again, "Lay it here."

"Well," said Madden, at the end of a week, "how about our Back Bay beauty?"

"A year away," Hardcoal answered. "Maybe two. Nice fast ball and a fair curve, but strictly a thrower. I'm beginning to think these colleges are a waste of time. What do they learn them? No control. No change of pace. Nice kid though. Keeps his trap shut."

Just to make sure that Hardcoal was right, Madden threw Chauncey Frothingham Wigglesworth in against the Tigers two days later. The Tigers walloped the life out of Wigglesworth and the rooters were even more punishing. When he passed the first two batters there were loud falsetto cries from the bleachers of, "Fiercely fellows, break through. Is dear old Harvard to be beaten again!" These were mingled with, "Mercy! Percy!" and, "Who said that pitcher's name was 'Chuck'?"

MADDEN took pity on the recruit at the end of the fifth and yanked him. He had yielded eight runs and eleven hits and passed six batters. That night Hardcoal was less reticent than usual. He patted Chuck on the back when they got to the room after dinner and said, "That wasn't so bad as it looked, kid. You got off wrong and Duke didn't catch you right."

But the next day in the bullpen it was the same old grind of "Lay it here" and "lay it here," again. Hardcoal wouldn't let him throw anything that wasn't straight as a string all afternoon.

The days were arduous and the nights were long and dreary. Chuck was out in the bullpen so much that he hardly had a chance to get acquainted with any of his teammates. He saw them at meal times but there they went after the steaks and the chops a little too earnestly for much conversation.

Dining out with Harvard alumni didn't work very well either. He was forever being introduced to young girls who thought it was so quaint that he was a professional ballplayer. Sticking in the hotel room and listening to Hardcoal's portable radio was better than that, although not so hot.

Wigglesworth was a good deal less than bookish, but even so Hardcoal amazed him. He never read anything, not even a menu. Once he asked Chuck to read a piece from an evening paper. It was under a cut of Harry himself. "Read it aloud, I mean," said Hardcoal. "My glasses is home and I've got the astigmatism."

When he requested another reading a few days later Chuck answered him sharply. "Why do you keep forgetting your glasses?" he asked.

Hardcoal didn't answer for a full thirty seconds. He drummed his stubby fingers on the table. "Oh, hell," he replied, "you might as well know. Everybody else does. I can't read or write. I don't know one letter from another—not even those on my baseball shirt. When I was with Toledo I did get to know one season how to spell hens. That's what we were—the Toledo Mudhens, but on the shirt it just said Hens. Of course, I've forgotten now. Yankees is too tough for me. I've been here two seasons but I haven't dared tackle it. When Madden assigned me to room with you he said, 'If you teach that kid how to pitch maybe he'll teach you to read and write.'"

"And that's a swell idea," said Chuck. "That beats listening to Uncle Don on the radio. Done and done."

Two weeks later Chauncey Frothingham Wigglesworth, Jr., wrote to his father as follows:

"Either call 'em straight, Copper, or get out of here!"

"DEAR DAD: I am beginning to have a good time because I have a new job. My present poast will surprise you. I am a sort of a tutor. My job is to teach Hardcoal Harry Haggerty how to read and write. He is teaching me to pitch. Last week we hit on the idea of combineing the two things. All our battery signels are spelled out by Hardcoal. He spells c-a-t for a curve, and f-a-t is the fast ball, and so on. We've got a very fancy one for emergencies which goes b-u-g. The system may sound elaborate but Harry's a whizz as long as he uses short words.

"The vowels are the five fingers of the right hand when it is held palm out and consinants (we call them 'the long letters') when he gives me the back of his hand. By closing his fist twice he gets up to ten right away, and so on. Having nothing else to do out in the bullpen we practice on spelling and pitching all afternoon. You wouldn't believe it, but I'm getting a great kick out of being an educator. I must stop now and read to Hardcoal. He's all hot and bothered to know how Treasure Island turns out. Your loveing son,

CHUCK."

Late in August when the Yankee pitchers were under a great strain holding a two-game lead, Hardcoal said to Madden, "I think the kid could win us a game right now against one of the weak clubs, but you gotta let me catch him."

"Suppose we ever got you on base, Harry," said the manager. "What would you use for transportation?"

Hardcoal answered profanely. He had practically been driven out of active service two seasons before when a comical baseball reporter said in his story, "Hardcoal Harry Haggerty goes down to first as if he were pulling Paul Whiteman in a ricksha."

TWO days later Madden threw Wigglesworth and Haggerty against the Browns and Chuck won 3 to 2, giving only one base on balls and allowing seven hits, one of which was a home run. Hardcoal struck out four times.

"Say," said Madden in the clubhouse, "what kind of signals were you using with the kid? I couldn't make head or tail of 'em. And I notice you never once went out to talk to him."

"I don't have to walk out," said Hardcoal proudly. "I just spell it to him."

"What the mischief are you spelling with these days?"

"My fingers, of course. He didn't miss nothing but once."

"You mean that wild pitch into the dirt that Finneran struck out on?"

"No," said Hardcoal. "That was all right. It was that home-run ball he threw to Casey. I most positively gave him 'gut.'"

"Cut out the pig Latin and put me wise. What are you talking about?"

"'Low inside'—that's 'gut,' but he broke it across the plate. That was no wild pitch to Finneran. That was 'bug.'"

"Come again."

"I could see Finneran was set to hit at anything and so I made him wait a little to anxious him up and then I gave the kid our flash for 'Bust it into the dirt so he can't possibly get a piece of it.'"

"Harry, you old son-of-a-gun," said Madden, "you've done the impossible. You've took a Harvard man and made something out of him."

And it was in that same mood that Madden faced the Yankees in the clubhouse six weeks later. They had just been knocked off by the Cubs in a sandlot game in which four Yankee pitchers had been knocked out of the box. The series stood at three and three. Evans had a lame arm. Floyd had the grippe. Madden rapped on a locker for attention. "We're up against it," he said. "We've got to gamble. The battery for tomorrow's game will be Wigglesworth and Haggerty. No cracks!"

"OH, BOY! oh, boy! oh, boy!" said the radio announcer next afternoon. "What a ball game, and I don't mean maybe! This Harvard kid, Chauncey Frothingham Wigglesworth, is pitching some baseball. Old Hardcoal Harry isn't hitting much, but he's in there holding the kid up. But now they're in difficulties. This may be the blowup.

"Folks, if you tuned in late, this is Tom Howard broadcasting from Wrigley Field in the final game of the World Series. This is the last half of the ninth and the Yankees are leading two to one. We've got Jones on third and Fasala on second for the Cubs. There are two out and Murderer Mann is up with three balls and two strikes. This next pitch is going to mean a lot. Maybe they'll pass Mann, but that would bring up Clancy. Mann doesn't want a pass. He's anxious to get his cut at the ball. He's swinging that big black bat of his ready to crown anything Chuck has to offer just so long as he can reach it.

"Hardcoal makes him wait. Now he's crouching. He gives Chuck a signal. Wigglesworth doesn't seem to like it. He just stands there. Haggerty gives it to him again. He starts the windup. Here's the pitch—a wild pitch! No, it isn't a wild pitch. Hardcoal blocks the ball with his body. It hit the dirt in front of the plate. Oh, I forgot to tell you Murderer Mann swung at it for a third strike. Hardcoal's throwing to first. He got him. The game's over. Yankees win the game and the series. Chuck is running into the plate. He and Haggerty seem to be quarreling about something. He ought to be thanking Hardcoal for stopping that wild one. The kid shook his finger in Hardcoal's face. But now he's thrown his arm around the catcher and they're running off the field together. I'll try and get 'em in front of the microphone and make 'em tell you what they were quarreling about."

The radio announcer did not succeed in this intention and it is doubtful whether the fans would have made head or tail of the exchange even if it had gone over the air.

"Why did you hold me up on that last signal?" screamed Hardcoal Harry.

It was then that Chuck shook his finger in his face and answered, "How many times do I have to tell you that 'b-u-g-e' doesn't spell 'bug!'"

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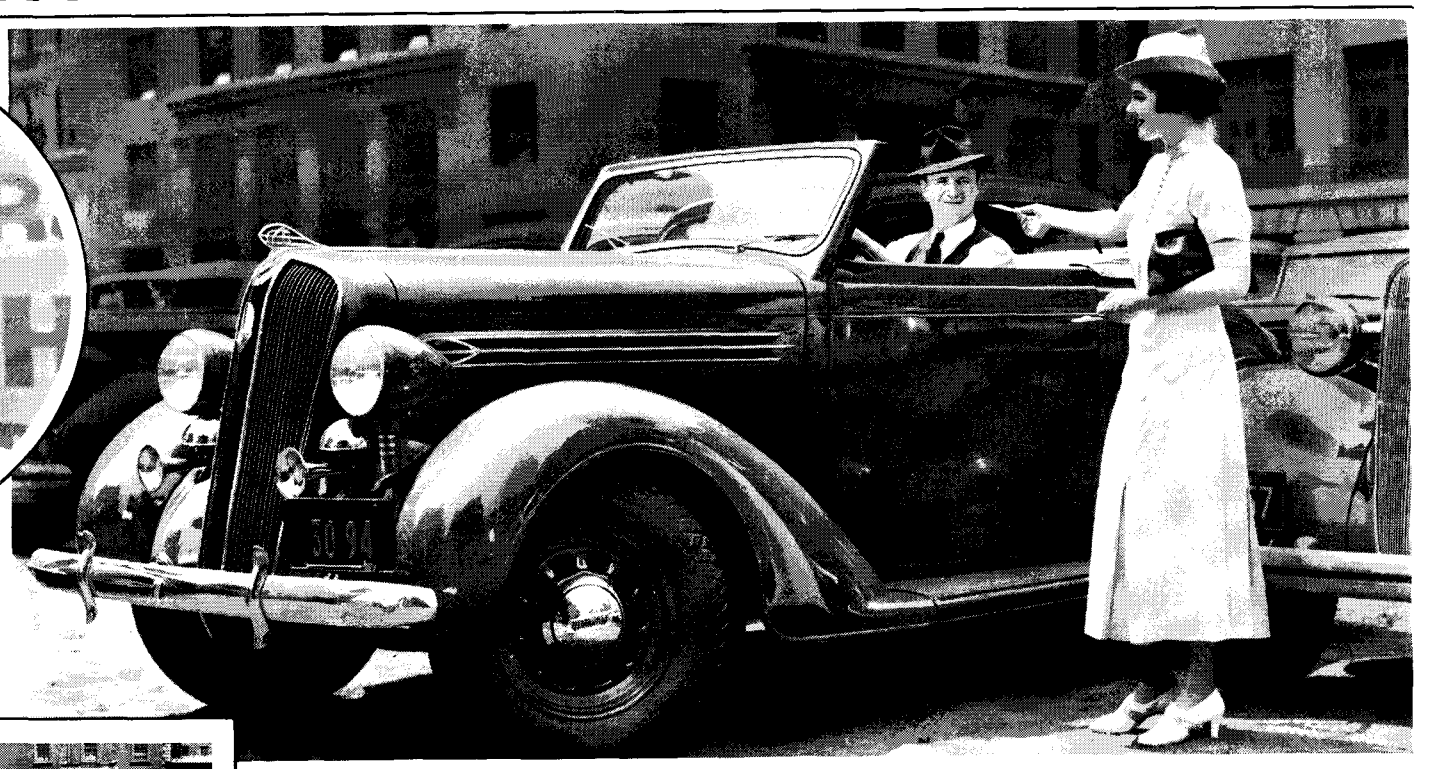
"I Drive 'All Three' 1,000 Times a Week!"

"MY JOB IN A PARKING LOT SOLD ME 100% ON PLYMOUTH"

FRANK H. MATTIX is working manager of one of the world's busiest "parking lots"...38th and 39th Sts., on Madison Ave., New York City. All day long he handles cars...particularly "All Three" low-priced cars.



"I SPEND eight or nine hours a day," says Frank Mattix, "parking automobiles—the majority are low-priced cars—for owners who leave them with us on the lot. So I drive 'All Three' at least 1000 times a week...starting engines ...turning, backing, stopping on a dime.

"That Plymouth engine always starts easily, even in the coldest weather. It's the easiest handling car I ever drove. And Plymouth's *double-action* Hydraulic Brakes put it all over the others for quick, smooth stopping.

"And another thing I've noticed, Plymouth owners almost always brag about 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas...and rave about the splendid performance of their cars a lot more than the owners of the Other Two."

Drive "All Three" before you buy. They're priced about alike...but Plymouth is still the only one with a Safety-Steel Body and *double-action* Hydraulic Brakes. See your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

TUNE IN ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE AND ALL-STAR CAST, TUESDAY NIGHTS, N. B. C. RED NETWORK

EASY TO BUY

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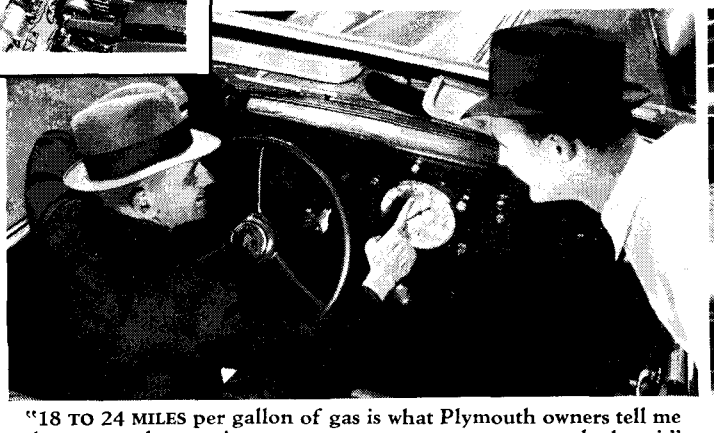
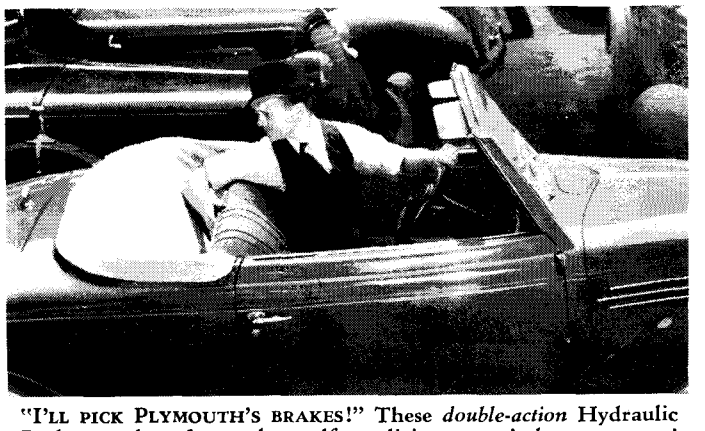
$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA



"18 TO 24 MILES per gallon of gas is what Plymouth owners tell me they get...that car is a great money-saver any way you look at it."



"I'LL PICK PLYMOUTH'S BRAKES!" These *double-action* Hydraulic Brakes are the safest made...self-equalizing...won't drag or swerve!

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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Fifteen Hundred Years Later

Continued from page 24

Greek calendar and ours. And so, on this morning, our first day in Athens, some of us would have to compete!

Zoops! We looked through the program to see which of us were out of luck. There were trial heats for the one hundred meters and four hundred meters. Well, trials weren't so bad. We looked further, and lo and behold, here was trouble ahead for Garrett and Connolly. Trials and finals both would be held in the triple saute—the hop, step and jump—and the discus.

The discus was a new event to Garrett. He had yet even to see a real discus. He was hoping for that twelve days to get used to one. As for me, I had not competed in a hop, step and jump for three years. I had not had a spiked shoe on since the previous October—six months.

However, Greek or Gregorian calendar, the Games were on. Tom Burke and I took a walk around the square to stretch our legs, sat in to lunch, and started for the stadium.

Athens that day was surely the liveliest and most colorful city in all the world. The Greek enthusiasm for the Games had been mounting for months. Now from windows, balconies and flagpoles everywhere bright-colored banners and ensigns were flying. The streets were jammed with Greeks in tight black or white drawers, puffed out white frilled shirts, and gold-braided black velvet coats that stopped short of the waistline behind and had their front almost all cut away.

White Marble Stadium

Up to this time we hadn't seen even a picture of the stadium. What we saw now was a long, gracefully-proportioned structure of pure white marble. Marble slabs set on edge marked the running track. Shoulder-high solid marble blocks extended from the marble walk surrounding the running track to the first row of seats.

A tunnel through the seats at the left-hand corner of the stadium bowl led into an open, fenced-in walk of two hundred feet or so to the dressing quarters. Here we found many small booths enclosing a graveled oblong court.

Down the longitudinal way of the court was a long table, and at each end of the court was a refreshment room. Everything to eat or drink in the refreshment line was free to the competing athletes. The food was light but the drinks were various and copious.

The idea was to refresh an athlete after the fatigue of competition; but as we entered the court—the start of the Games still an hour away—two bearded Germans already had their whiskers buried in beakers of beer. There was a spacious bathroom, with attendants, silver mounted plumbing, and Turkish towels twelve feet long.

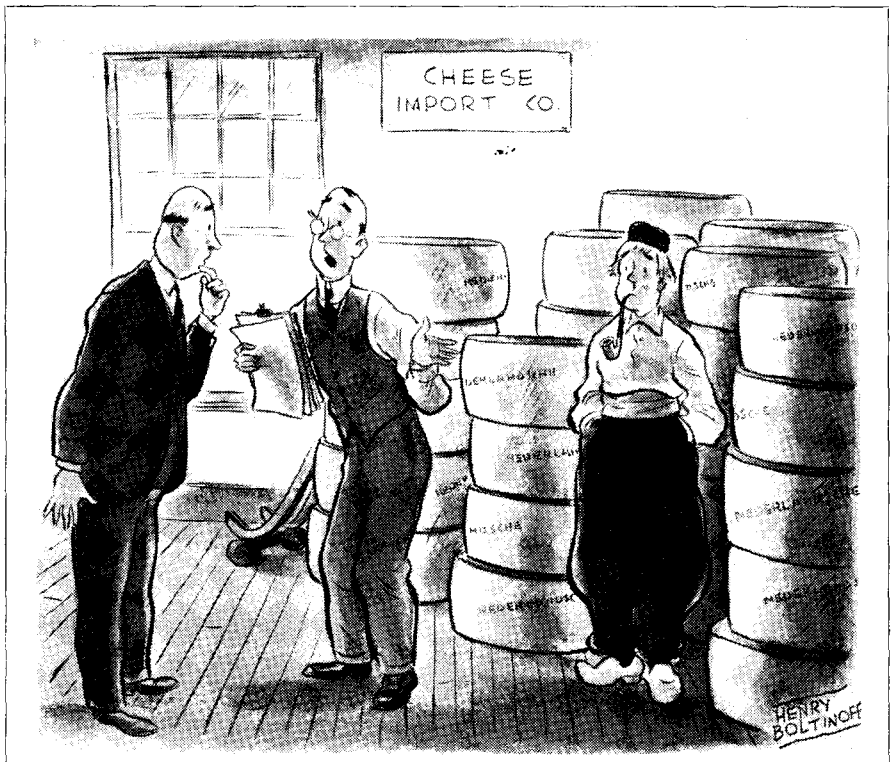
A man with a silver bugle entered the dressing quarters with a rush and blew a stirring call. It was the call for the one hundred meters.

Lane, Curtis and Tom Burke qualified in their trial heats, and then came the bugle call for the triple sauté—my event. It was to be trials and finals both.

As one after the other jumped, I noticed that they were all doing a hop, hop and jump and not a hop, step and jump. And that recalled to me Irish and Scottish athletes of my boyhood, who frequently took two hops instead of a hop, step and jump, claiming that the two hops and jump and not the hop, step and jump was the ancient form of it in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland.

It occurred to me while waiting my turn in the stadium that the two hops and a jump was not only the ancient Irish and Scottish form but very likely the ancient Olympic form. Later that week I was informed that the two hops and a jump was unquestionably the ancient Olympic form, and that it was also the only jump on the ancient Olympic program. The Greek Committee of '96 were allowing a hop, step and jump, yes, if a visiting athlete preferred, but they regarded it as a modern and corrupt form of the ancient "long jump."

We were not allowed to use a tape to measure our run that day in the stadium, but some of us had paced the length of our run beforehand, thinking that might be allowed. When it came my turn to jump, I went back to the end of the running path. I waited to gather myself together, and while waiting I had a good look above and around. The stadium held plenty of color that day. In our country, it is the women who dress up an athletic meet. This day it was the men and women both. There must have been twenty thousand men wearing red fezzes, and a tassel hung down from every fez. And there was the rest of the native Greek costume that went with the fez. There were many groups of the military in uniforms. One big group was made up of a liberty party from our cruiser San Francisco, which then lay in Piraeus, the port of entry to Athens.



"What shall I do with him? He came with the shipment of Dutch cheese!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

The stadium was packed solid and there was a great multitude packed in solid on the hill slopes outside. There were seventy thousand spectators on the hill slopes outside the stadium and eighty thousand inside—so the Athens paper said next day—one hundred and fifty thousand in all.

I gripped my hands for the last time—I had the right feeling now—and started for the take-off. And now a curious thing happened to me. I had intended to do a hop, step and a jump, but what I said to myself as I waited there was: "Me, too, for the two hops and a jump." And there is one for the psychic corps. What ancestral or other influence it was took possession of me that day, so that instead of a hop, step and jump at which I had been a champion and record-holder, I shifted at the last moment and did two hops and a jump which I had not practiced since I was a boy and had never before used in competition.

As I landed in the pit a tremendous cheer went up. There had been no great cheering before that from the seats. Out of a corner of my eye I could see some San Francisco bluejackets standing up and waving their caps. "How far?" I asked Prince George of Greece, who was standing over the measures.

The First Victory

"It is not allowed to tell how far until after the competition, but I will say that it was a most disgusting jump," was his answer to that. He spoke English pretty well but he frequently got his adjectives mixed. I got quite chummy with him later. Disgusting was his word for wonderful.

By and by I took my second try. Another roar went up. An Englishman named Perry was leveling off the pit after each jump. After my second try I said to him: "They ought to tell how far each man jumps. Then a fellow won't be breaking his back when there's no need of it."

To that he said: "As far as the measurements go, there's nobody within a yard of you."

I jumped no more that day. I could see for myself that I was in there; and so I sat there comfortably in my trousers and sweater, my back against the marble footstool and watched the others jump. When the measuring was all over, they told me I had won by three feet three inches over the second man.

A band of two hundred pieces was grouped at the foot of a lofty flagstaff in the center of the arena. While I stood there telling myself that I had won, that two hundred-piece band went into action. Before I woke up to what the band was playing, I saw the San Francisco's Liberty party standing at salute. I came wide awake then. That big band was booming out the opening notes of The Star-Spangled Banner, and two Greek sailors were slowly hoisting an American flag to the top of that high staff. The one hundred and fifty thousand spectators sat or stood in hushed attention.

It was a moment in a young fellow's life. I had won an Olympic victory for my country, and atop of that I was the first Olympic victor in 1,500 years. South Boston, I thought happily, will be pleased to get word of it.

I walked across the stadium toward the tunnel to the dressing-room. The King and Queen were seated in the front row of the bowl. The King waved his program at me; the Queen bowed. I saluted, but kept on walking across the stadium, or not exactly walking. My feet may have hit the ground here or there, but mostly I felt myself being floated across the arena on a roaring wave of sound.

Arrived at the opposite side of the arena, two bearded Greeks bounded at me, grabbed me and kissed me on both cheeks. I had never seen them before, but it was all right. Other bearded men headed for me but I ducked for the entrance to the tunnel. Here, a group of photographers and artists—seven or eight of them—held me up and snapped cameras and sketched me.

I passed through the tunnel. Crowds rushed down from the hill slopes to crowd against the fence that guarded the open-air walk to the dressing quarters. *"Nike! Nike!"*—Victory! Victory!—they kept yelling.

When I was dried out, and dressed, I went back to the stadium to see how Bob Garrett would make out in the discus. He made out. He won, a remarkable feat for a man who had never seen a discus before that day in the stadium.

The Rebirth of the Olympics

Tom Burke easily won his heat in the 400 meters. He won the finals of the 100 and 400 meters later.

The two hops and jumps and the discus were the great field events of the '96 games, even as—so we were told—they were in the Ancient Games. They put on both events on the first day to draw the big crowd. Their third great event, the Marathon Run, was kept for the last day of the Games.

The Games lasted five days. Tom Burke, one of the great runners of all time, won the finals of the 100 and 400 meters: Bill Hoyt won the pole vault; Tom Curtis won the hurdles and Ellery Clarke the high and broad jump. Garrett also won the shot-put. That long trip to Athens without training facilities was too much for Blake in the 800 meters. A jumper, a sprinter, or a hurdler can lay off for weeks, yes, and months, and come out and do a good performance, but a distance runner needs some preliminary loosening up.

That American team of ten men won nine of twelve track events, and the track events were the great thing.

The people of Greece from King George down gave the visiting athletes a great time after the Games. There were seven days of receptions and indoor and outdoor parties. Night and day, there was no let-up.

The great thing about the '96 Olympic Games was the enthusiasm of the people of Greece. It was like a sacred festival to them. Before leaving Athens, the entire American team signed a petition that the Olympic Games be held thereafter in Athens. Practically all the visiting athletes were for it.

That was how we felt about Athens in '96. There was the place for the Games, and there was the spirit. The fact that the '96 Games were the first after 1,500 years may have had much to do with the enthusiasm of Greece.

After forty years, and having had such a whale of a time in '96, perhaps I am seeing things now through the purple haze that time does lend to our visions of youthful days. Perhaps. But Athens, after 1,500 years—there certainly was the time, the place, and the right people.

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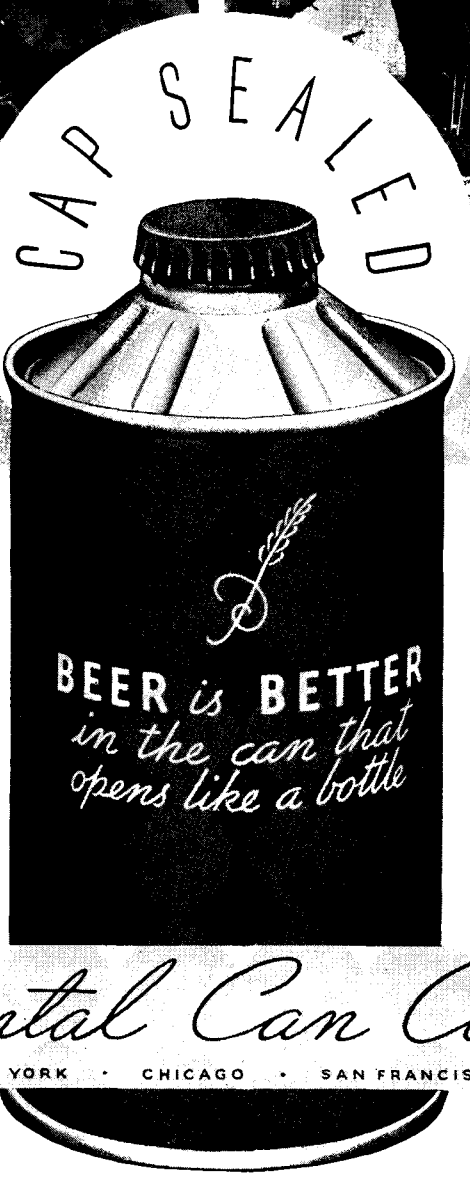
THERE's nothing like good cold beer to top off any summer activity.

And now you can take it along in handy, lightweight Cap Cans. Compactly packaged with half the weight and half the space; and there's no bother of deposits or returns. The Cap Can opens like a bottle without a special opener, pours like a bottle from a clean, cap-protected opening, and you can drink right from the can in the old familiar way.

Be sure to ask for your beer in the Cap Can.



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Everybody's Limited

Continued from page 23

railroad managers were too far removed from actual contact with the public to know what it was all about. How long since an American railroad director has ridden a day coach?

So he hired an able, very charming and talented woman, Miss Avis Lobdell of Portland, Oregon, to go out and ride the trains and interview hundreds of people and report to him personally, as his special assistant.

She roamed the system from Portland to Los Angeles, Cheyenne, Omaha and Denver, asking questions, sending in caustic reports on the indifference of employees and shattering the nerves of everybody connected with the passenger business with her "busybodying," as they termed it. A female terror riding the rails in search of something to report to her boss.

Loud guffaws arose in railroad circles and rival managers declared flatly that Old Jeffers must be crazy; he is ruining the business by air-conditioning day coaches; such luxury is too good for 1½-cents-per-mile day-coach riders; imagine hiring a *woman* to snoop on the staff; what will the Brotherhoods say when some conductor gets turned in for not being courteous to a passenger or not having his uniform spotless and his person scrubbed to perfection; what does a woman know about railroading, anyway?

And so it went, but, after all, the finest way to clean up a situation involving the use of methods used to clean and care for a home, the finer points of bringing home comforts to passengers, and the delicacies in encouraging women travelers back onto trains, can best be sensed by a keen-eyed woman. So Mr. Jeffers quietly made railroad history in America, and electrified the morale of his railroad in an unusual way that cut through a trainload of red tape, policies, orders, bulletins and edicts from the head office. The idea worked and its fruits came quickly.

What the Traveler Wants

In fact, the results of this work started three years ago came so swiftly that the Union Pacific, alone of America's great railroads, about the middle of June actually *ran short of passenger equipment.* And this despite the fact that six streamliners were put in service, equivalent because of their speed to the addition of ten complete new trains!

Out of the mass of ideas uncovered by Miss Lobdell, a few big items stand out—not complicated schemes, but simple desires of passengers for simple comforts:

1. They all objected to the petty larceny charges for cups, pillows, etc., and constant pestering by the train crews for tickets and by the news butcher and his constant yelping of the sale of his junk.

2. They would ride the train if the fares were low, seats comfortable, sanitary, and washrooms large and clean, and they weren't particularly worried over Pullman first-class travel, though many wanted a tourist car berth to sleep in at night.

3. They were unanimous in demanding clean, air-conditioned cars, and wanted light colors and brightly decorated interiors.

4. They felt the lack of any personal attention, once on the train, and resented the hard-boiled attitude of the train crew.

5. They would never again bring lunch boxes and would eat in the diner if the prices were low. And they hated to feel obligated to tip, but would gladly hand out a nickel or dime for the petty services of train crews and diner employees.

6. They all balked at not dimming the lights at night, and the train crews walking and talking noisily up and down the train at night and slamming doors.

7. They demanded a separate smoking-room and washroom for men and women in each car.

8. They felt that a porcelain wash basin, free pillows, powdered soap and clean towels, and ultra-roomy toilets were just as much the right of coach passengers as of those who rode in the Pullmans.

Poor old Pullman would turn over in his coffin if he could hear the ugly things the average American says of his sleeping cars. They blame him for creating a class distinction on railroad cars, and swear it was the Pullman people that encouraged the railroad operators to make their day coaches as miserable as possible, so everyone would pay another heavy fare, and migrate back to the sleepers!

"Pipe down, Flatfoot!" F. WILKINSON

The first step was to get de luxe air-conditioned day coaches, with free pillows and all, on each main-line train. Next came the silvery stainless steel lunch wagon, with icebox and steam table, on rubber-tired wheels, rolling up the aisle to serve 25-cent breakfasts; 30-cent lunches and 35-cent dinners to everybody in tourist sleepers and day coaches. The thing was so good that nine other railroads in the country have adopted the same idea, and we gather from Sir Edward Beatty and S. J. Hungerford that the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National railroads will soon be doing the same for the people of Canada, and they admit that Mr. Jeffers is teaching the whole of North America a bit about revising the railroad industry! Good news travels far, especially if it makes the cash register click.

For Ma, Pa and the Kids

While the traffic department thought the whole idea was silly, and another point in "breaking down the rate structure"—their standard howl—the low average rate on the Union Pacific of only 1.7 cents per mile for *all classes of travel* succeeded in boosting the net operating revenue nearly *$2,000,000 in 1935 on account of passenger traffic alone.*

As all good ideas tend to evolve toward something perfect, the next step in revolutionizing passenger travel was to combine all the perfected features developed into one complete train, operated exclusively for tourist and coach passengers. First-class passengers are barred from it, and it operates on limited schedule right behind one of America's most famous trains, the Los Angeles Limited. Christened the Challenger because of its tradition-breaking setup, it was started last summer as an experiment in breaking down the class-consciousness bred on the three-class trains operated in the West, where coach, tourist and first-class passengers ride on the same train. The best thing to do is to take a trip on "Everybody's Limited" and pick up some choice reactions from a class of people that had been driven off the railroads by high fares and ill treatment.

It is nearly eight o'clock in Los Angeles Union Station and tracks five and six are blocked with two very long and heavy trains, getting ready for the 2,300-mile hop to Chicago. One train is all sleepers and club cars. We count thirty-eight passengers in that ten-car train, one of America's best known, and best equipped, most of 'em bored Hollywoodites and cold-visaged business people that probably won't speak to one another all the way across the continent. On the other track is a nine-car train crammed to the roof with a mass of humanity, such as one might find at a church social or at your local movie. Ma, Pa, the kids and all the relatives are there. Everyone is kissing everyone else goodby; the young couple are being showered with rice and the girl is goggle-eyed kissing the folks that came down to see her off on the honeymoon.

A traffic man from the uptown office has just told the conductor of the nine-car train that there are 224 tickets sold tonight. And on the Limited there are thirty-eight, and all the uppers are empty. After splitting with the Pullman Company on those sleepers, it is easy to figure which train makes the most money.

Women's Rights

Five minutes after the Limited leaves, the Challenger departs. Three or four hundred on the platform wave us goodby and a few redcaps are still trying to get off the train after waiting for the old ladies to find that ten-cent tip in the depths of their ponderous handbags. The five day coaches each have a colored boy as porter. They all look like West Point grads and are perfectly trained.

Miss Florette C. Welp, a registered nurse from one of Omaha's biggest hospitals, is the charming hostess on the train. Fortunately for us, she is aboard and ready to tell of some of the amusing experiences she has had. She began the service last summer, as the world's first railroad stewardess, and functions as a companion to old folks and children traveling alone, a nurse in time of need and a particularly valuable aid to mothers with babies at feeding time.

Upon the shoulders of Miss Welp has fallen the job of setting a tradition for all others to follow. In eight months her work, and that of the nine other hostesses, has proved of such value that five more Union Pacific trains carry stewardesses this summer.

Our train has two coaches directly behind the lone baggage car that are reserved exclusively for women, another "first" in railroad practice. Miss Welp has a nice little studio couch and a built-in bureau in one end of the ladies' lounge in the second car. She also keeps the keys to lock these two coaches and keep all strollers out of them at night. It seems that the dear ladies, together in these cars, without a pestering male around, don negligees and kimonos and proceed to assume the most comfortable positions and otherwise appear as they would *not* in front of a man. They have a grand time taking down their hair and creaming their faces and letting the stewardess worry over the midnight yelps from their babies at feeding time.

Even the train crew and porters have to get permission from her to walk through; and at night they get off the train entirely and go around these cars to get to the head of the train.

The unique feature of cars reserved exclusively for women has resulted in more than sixty per cent of the total travel on the train being women and children, a record held by no other railroad. No men's smoker on these cars,

(*Continued on page 32*)

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"Circumstances Alter Cases"

"Well, boys, I certainly would urge both of you to get as much Life Insurance as you can afford—but be sure it is the kind best suited to your needs."

SOUND advice—"the kind best suited to your needs." A real life insurance man analyzes the needs of his client and then fits a life insurance program to them. For instance, the bachelor with no dependents may find that a Fifteen or Twenty-Year Endowment Policy will give him exactly what he wants—a fixed amount at the end of the period.

The young married man is confronted with different conditions. Shall he buy a definite amount of protection for his family which will be paid in full during the period when he is likely to enjoy his highest earning capacity? Or shall he select insurance offering the same amount of protection at a lower annual cost, but with premium payments continuing for life?

A man who has rounded 40 and who has various responsibilities may wish, through Life Insurance, to set up a financial program which guarantees security for his family, completed education for his children, mortgage redemption, and independence for himself at retirement age.

A modern Life Insurance Program is flexible. It can be adjusted to meet present requirements and reshaped later to meet altered circumstances.

Talk to a Field-Man. He will be glad to help you plan the kind of Program that you want now. Telephone the nearest Metropolitan office and ask him to call—or mail the coupon.

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

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Everybody's Limited

Continued from page 30

and there is a baby's bottle heater and milk cooler on each one.

In the three mixed coaches following these are both men's and women's lounges; and in all coaches there are colorful interiors, rubber-tile floors, with carpeted aisles and electric drinking fountains. The funny part about the passengers is the way they react to luxury, though they travel on 1½-cents-a-mile tickets. Rarely does an orange peel fall on the floor and everyone keeps his section neatly arranged. The busy porters keep the cars spotless, and the old ladies beam at having a houseboy look after their environment just as thoughtfully as if they were home.

The biggest surprise is the diner. Gone is the austere type of diner, flowing in white linen and heavy cast silver that drove the colored boys crazy trying to polish each piece after every meal. Instead, you have an ultra-modernistic Coffee Shop on wheels, with bright decorations, heavy modernistic blue, orange and silver carpeting, and snappy rubber-topped tables with modernistic designs. Each seat has a hatrack, and a vase of flowers stands beside each table. Cool, clean and with more luxury than in a diner; you expect the worst. But lo and behold, like everyone else who feels the same and starts gingerly to peruse the menu: dinner—35 cents! That is too much. You call for a drink, and for 30 cents you get the country's choicest fluid produce. Instead of being empty, these diners run solidly filled from early till late, being used as a club car during the day for bridge and afternoon tea. These are the famed Coffee Shop Diners—soon to become commonplace on many railroads in the United States—pioneered with the idea that people have been kept off the trains because of high-priced meals. Dinner is 35 cents, luncheon 30 cents and breakfast 25 cents. A limited à-la-carte is offered for the fussy passenger, with prices proportionate. Steak or chops, 40 cents, for instance. The 25-cent breakfast consists of ham or bacon and eggs, any style, toast or hot muffins and coffee. The dinner is roast chicken, or other meat, two vegetables, hot rolls and coffee.

Night Life on Wheels

These diners *pay a profit.* It's all simple arithmetic. The mass production of meals like these, catering to from 400 to 700 a day, as against one hundred a day in the average diner, makes it possible to simplify service and buy in quantities with the caviar and charlotte russe cut out. The waiters make more money out of five- and ten-cent tips than they could in regular diners with seven-course meals. All records ever made on dining cars in the world were smashed last winter when over 700 meals were served in a single Coffee Shop Diner in one day.

The simple, colored cotton mats used instead of tablecloths, the lighter silverware and gay dishes all keep the atmosphere perfect. If some of the napkins are snitched, the steward only smiles, for it is good advertising to have a napkin with the name of the train in bold letters across it in every home! If you ask for a couple he will give them to you with the company's compliments.

The reaction of some of the folks at dinner is amusing. One old man, partly deaf, but with a rascally look in his snappy black eyes, looked at the menu and yelled for the waiter.

"Listen here, young man, is this a trick? Can I actually eat off'n this card what it says, for thutty-five cents?"

"Yes, suh, you sure can. What'll you have?"

"Well, doggone! Gimme a bourbon and sody and bring me what it says on the menu—I can't read anything but the price without my glasses."

All of which amused him vastly, and he kept fingering his glass and looking around to see if anybody was as tickled as he was.

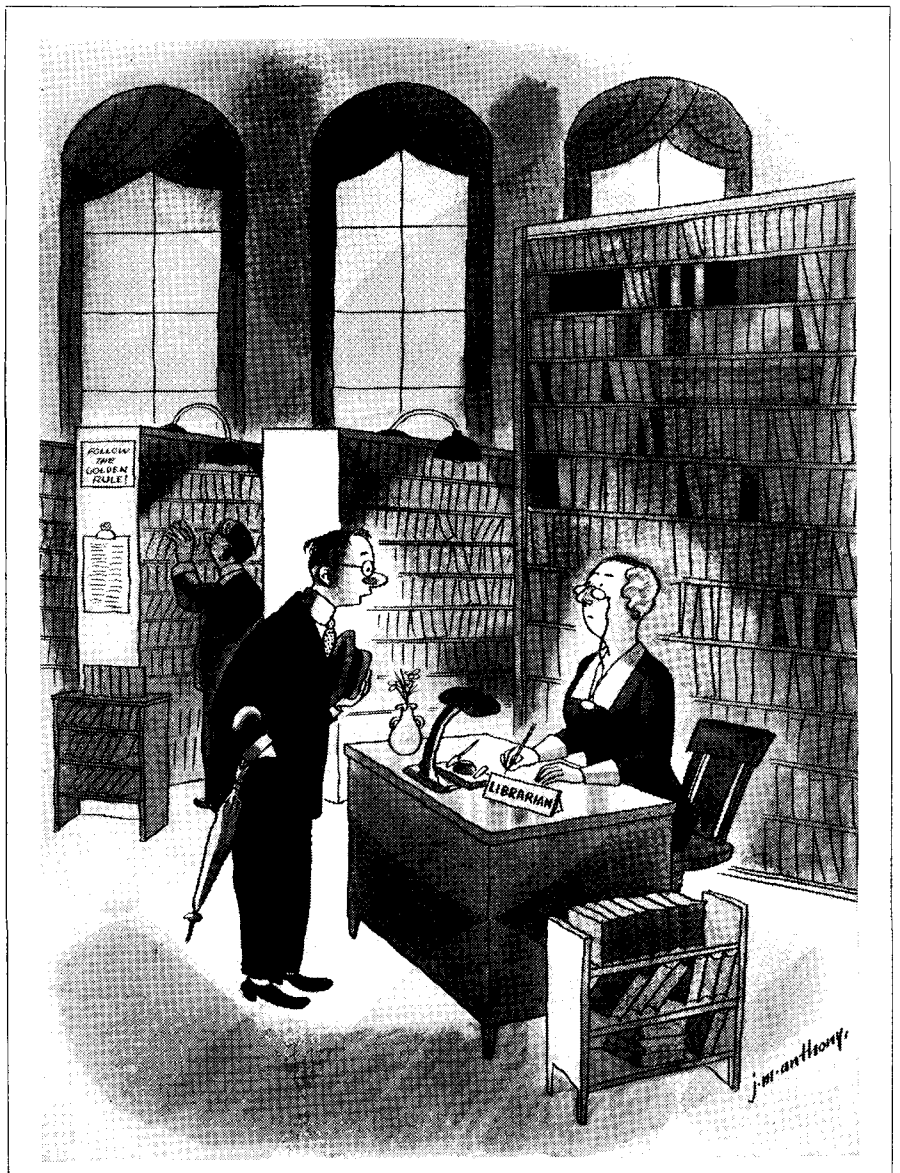
"No, sir, haven't been on a train since I went home to see my boy and his family in 1920. This is sure a lot different."

Those four husky, tanned ladies in gingham dresses, obviously farmers' wives returning to Iowa after wintering at Long Beach, ate long and loudly and had the time of their lives chatting and ordering second helpings which they consumed with great relish. These are the hungry people that formerly brought fried chicken and mince pie in the family lunch basket.

Swinging rather lonesomely on the rear end of the train are the two drab but neatly varnished tourist cars. Unlike their First-Class brethern, these cars run solid full to the roof, with all uppers sold.

We had to take one of the last two uppers left. The old and very tall Michigan farmer returning home after a winter in the Sunny South adhered to his lifelong habits and brought along his noisy alarm clock and tied it upright to the clothes hammock. The incessant ticktock of his timepiece sounded like a time bomb about to explode, and just as we had fought back this subconscious menace in the middle of our dreams, the darn' thing exploded like a fire alarm. It was 5:30 and after six other people awoke with a jerk, and yelled for him to shut that ——— thing off, he gently explained, after sticking his head out of the curtains, that he wanted to get up early and see the bad lands around Las Vegas!

Just then we heard the young traveling salesman, traveling with his wife in the tourist car on one expense account, titter loudly, and after some argument and more laughter, we could hear the lady start snoring gently. Later they explained they were a couple with no family, and he had to spend a lot of time traveling for his firm in Los Angeles and they allowed him first-class fare plus expenses. So by shutting off the apartment rent at home, and going Tourist, both of them could travel and get along almost as cheaply as having the wife live at home. They both had to eat anyway, no matter where they were.



"My wife would like to know if you found a brass paper knife in Little Women"

J. M. ANTHONY

Hostess to Hundreds

Naturally the most popular feature of the train is the stewardess service. Miss Welp says the girls have a rare experience in the peculiarities of human nature almost every trip. As she says, the stewardesses have to help mothers with babies, mix their formulas and watch feeding times. As many as fifty children have been on a single trip.

Strolling through one of the women's coaches one day, Miss Welp came across a young mother and her baby son, a bouncing lad with curly hair and large eyes, both in a corner of the dressing-room crying at the top of their voices! When both mother and babe cry it is most annoying, and the woman finally admitted through her tears that "those two old maids tried to tell me how to raise Bobby." And when mamma cried, Bobby joined the chorus to keep her company.

Miss Welp once had eight children traveling alone, placed in her care, and she had her hands full trying to keep the little rascals from squirting water out of the cooler and fighting in the aisles. The worst pests are the old men who suddenly develop strange maladies that require the attention of a nurse. However, a few pills from her kit and a few applications of her thermometer, and they become strangely well and strong again and are begging her for dates!

"You can't tell what some of those old fools will do," she says, "but we treat them all equally well and do what we can to make their journey pleasant.

"Generally, old ladies traveling alone are the most appreciative of our work," she says. "They are neglected, often, by grown-up children, and are shunted around the country to live with the children various times during a year. They seem to appreciate so much the little things we do for them that it seems a pity their children cannot see that what they need most is to be taken into the family and given a bit of loving attention. These old ladies write most of the fan mail and are loud in their praise of the whole railroad, just because of some trifling service we gave them."

The Fan Mail Is Terrific

According to Miss Welp, the train is a riot in the summertime, when teachers and students turn out in solid carloads. Then she becomes a sort of dating bureau to get bridge partners, dinner partners and ask Mr. So and So for his name and gently tell him that Miss X down the aisle would like to have somebody to talk to. Sometimes she gets into hot water trying to make everyone happy. Once she got a bridge partner for a man—a lady in a red dress and black turban. She then went back into the next coach and told the man to come forward and she would point out the lady he wanted to meet.

But when they got back, there were two seated together, and both with red dresses. She pointed to one, but when she turned around it was a gray-haired, homely old lady instead of that young schoolmarm!

And speaking of fan mail—what business firm could sell merchandise and get along without it? The idea of developing on a railroad a service that causes people voluntarily to write letters to the president and thank him for the unusual service given by the stewardesses, is a novel one. More than one hundred a week eventually get to Mr. Jeffers. Some are pitiful. One crippled man actually wrote he was making one of the stewardesses the beneficiary of his life insurance and wanted her name and address to put on the policy. Others express gratitude for the attention they received, some saying they could not have traveled if it were not for the stewardesses. Others swear they'll go no other way after this.

The whole idea of creating a new-type railroad service, luxury at low cost and high speeds, and then going out to merchandise this service, has been proved sound. People will travel on the railroads if they can get this service, and the railway companies can make a fat profit on this tourist-coach class of travel, where the first-class traveler is carried at an actual loss.

Mr. Jeffers' ideas about women in railroading have actually proved the smartest trick ever pulled. And many will copy him during 1936.

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4 out of every 5 miles you drive are "STOP-and-GO"

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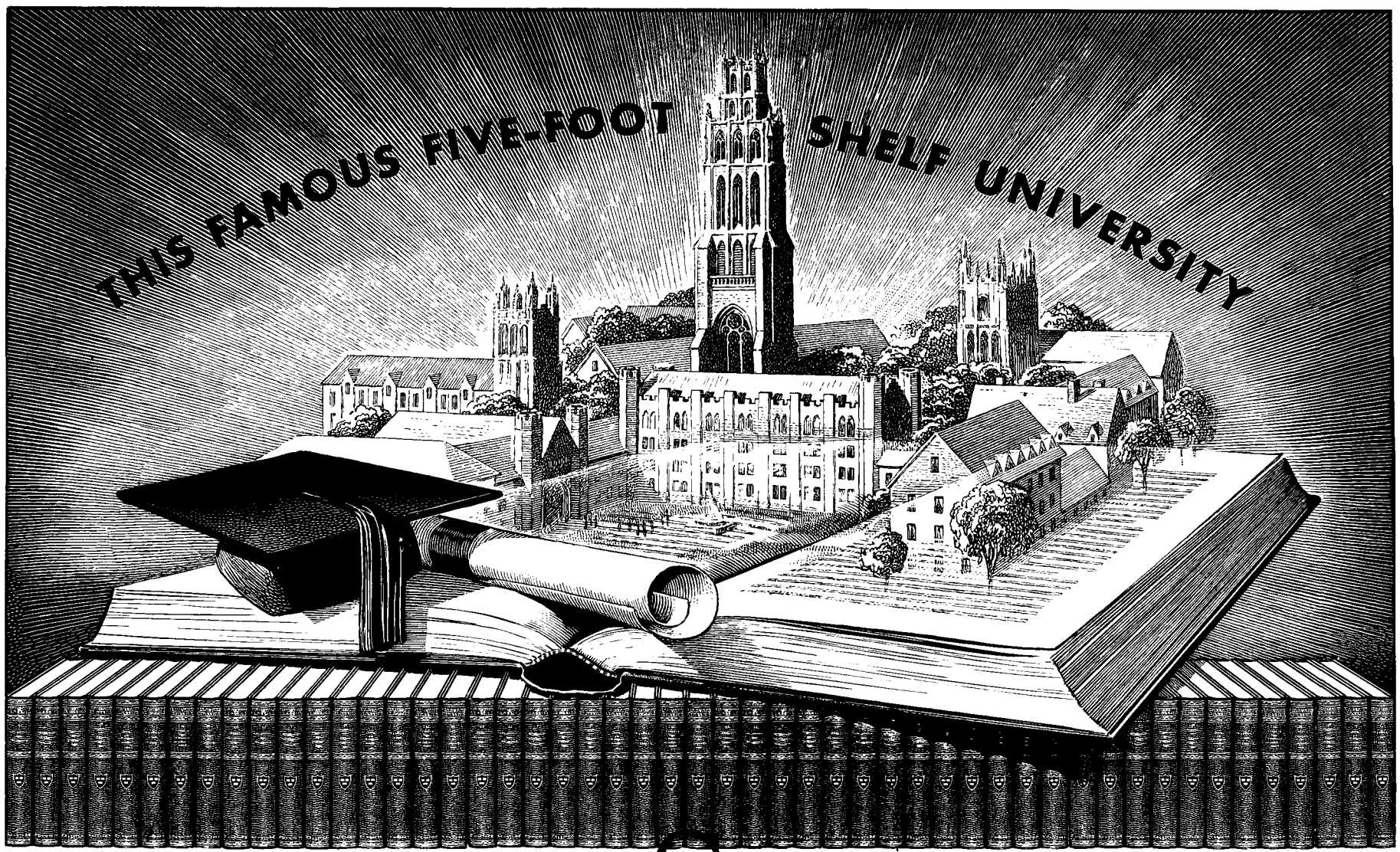

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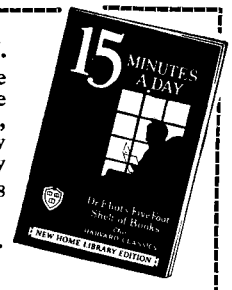

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS
(THE HARVARD CLASSICS)

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The Luck of the Bolgers

Continued from page 11

role, shorten the dances or eliminate the gags of Ray Bolger—things like that are likely to happen in the best musical comedy rehearsals—are invariably blocked by the vigilance of Mrs. Bolger. When On Your Toes opened in April on Broadway, Ray's part was at least as important as the original conception of a slightly daffy music teacher with an uncontrollable desire to dance. The audience cheered Bolger when the curtain fell, and Mrs. Bolger, waiting in the dressing-room, smiled very quietly. She is, in addition to being a tartar, a model wife. She has never disclosed to Ray that he actually bows beneath her will. He will continue to suppose, unless he happens to read these lines, that he crashed stardom entirely through his own efforts.

Ray Bolger is today the best eccentric dancer in the business. He is at least as good a tap dancer as Fred Astaire. He is more skilled than Fred in ballet. So the future is very bright. He is thirty-two years old and looks a lot younger than that. He is tall, gangling and loose-jointed, with the thin and wiry body of the professional dancer.

One of Ray's passionate interests in life is food. This is not so much in eating it, for he has to be as careful about his figure as a corset model. His interest lies in the purchase and preparation of the meats, vegetables and staples which arrive at his home. He argues about quality and is always a little appalled by prices.

Step by Step

All this is due to the fact that food was too much of a novelty during long stretches of his early years and was always too expensive. For the Irish luck of the O'Bolgers—the "O" was dropped from the name before the tribe emigrated toward Boston in the middle part of the 19th century—was sadly in eclipse by the fall of 1921. Bolger had been working in various jobs from time to time. But he had a crazy notion that he wanted to be a dancer and he spent his evenings making the rounds of the dance halls with one or two friends. More often than not the boys did not have money enough to get in, so they practiced their steps in the corridors, to the faint strains of the distant band. Seventeen-year-old Ray was doing this in the hallway of O'Brien's Dance Hall on Huntington Avenue, Boston, one evening.

At this point Senia Russakoff, the proprietor of the ballet school, came into the hallway. Something about Ray attracted him, possibly the boy's combination of naïveté and self-assurance. He invited him in and soon wormed out of him the fact that he had no home. He had been evicted from his rooming house a few days earlier and was roaming the streets. He had been eating, when fortunate, about one meal a day.

"You can sleep on a couch here in return for cleaning my studio," the kindly Russian offered.

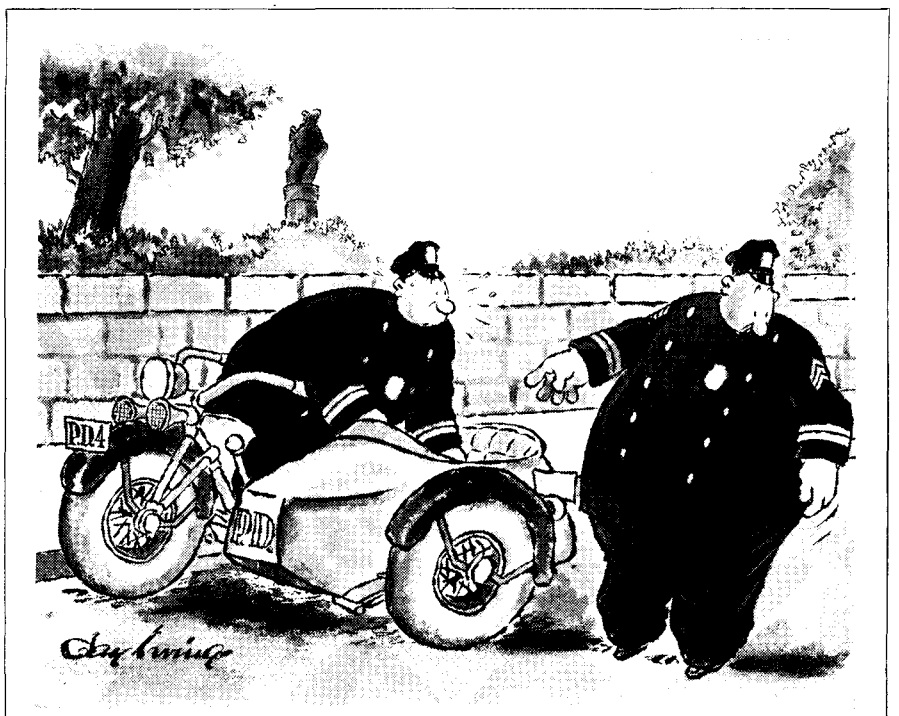
Bolger accepted, of course. He was not much of a handy man, however. He was fascinated by the dancing lessons which he saw daily. He pranced around and tried toe dancing while wielding his broom.

"Maybe you really are a dancer," observed Russakoff, not at all annoyed. "Come, I'll show you how."

After two or three lessons he was convinced that Ray had unusual talents. After two or three months the boy was competent enough to assist with the ballet classes. With enough to eat, his self-assurance returned. "When I get big—" he used to promise his Russian benefactor. When he got big, he would wow them on all the vaudeville platforms of the nation. For he did not intend to continue in ballet. Russakoff had been a broad-minded teacher. In addition to such classic specialties as The Dying Swan and other pretty high-brow solos, he taught Bolger tap and various humorous numbers. Occasionally an entertainer would be needed for some party. Then Bolger would go, do one of his eccentric routines and receive fifteen dollars.

The meeting with Russakoff was a great stroke of good fortune. The luck of the O'Bolgers had returned and it never deserted him again.

Its next visitation was in the person of Bob Ott, the owner and chief comedian of the Bob Ott Musical Repertory Company. He was also its coach, stage manager, treasurer and father confessor. In the late summer of 1922, while Ray Bolger was working for Russakoff, Ott chanced to rent rehearsal rooms in the same building. He was preparing for his winter season, in which he would tour New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Maryland and would put on six different musical comedies or farces in each town on his route. Russakoff knew Bob Ott slightly, although he considered his art far inferior to the ballet. But Ray, his very bright protégé, had a lamentable flare for the lower arts, too. Russakoff, always generous, wanted the boy to get ahead. He knew that Ray needed practical experience if he hoped to be a success in vaudeville, so he persuaded Bob Ott to give him a job. Bolger became a kind of swing man or utility actor.



"Mmm. . . . I guess it must still be a bit damp. My wife gave the kids a bath in it last night" JAY IRVING

The Bob Ott shows were pretty good and they brought a dollar top in such very small towns as Herkimer, New York, and Cambridge, Maryland. Some of the talent was pretty good, too. The late Marilyn Miller was an alumna of Bob's college and so are the Keating Sisters, now vaudeville headliners.

The Bob Ott company was playing a Maryland tank town in the 1922-23 season when a lamentable incident occurred. It constituted, however, another lucky break for Ray. An actor with a rather important part became inebriated on the morning of a performance. He was, to put it crudely, quite drunk.

Bolger's role in the comedy scheduled for that night was light. He would, in fact, have spent most of the evening taking tickets. So Ott ordered him to learn forty pages of dialog. Ray did so. He put on the heavy black beard which the part required. Bolger covered himself with glory.

"He always did well, no matter what job you gave him," Bob Ott now remembers. "He had plenty of nerve and would try anything. He was 'full of moxie'—that's a phrase we used to use. I don't know where it came from."

On but one occasion, it seems, was Bolger nervous. This was at Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania, where miners from the neighboring coal fields had packed the house. They were hanging, literally, from the rafters which held up the roof and they had been having a snort or two before the performance. Bolger had visions of ripe, very ripe, fruit flying in his direction.

"I thought they'd be tough," he says, "but they liked me. They kept yelling, 'Put the kid back on again.'"

Ray stayed with Ott for a second season and had his pay raised from $37.50 a week to $50. By the spring of 1924 he was so full of moxie, to use Bob Ott's phrase, that he decided to organize an act of his own. He selected Ralph Sanford, a member of the company, as his partner and they created a little thing called A Pair of Nifties, in which Sanford was the straight man and Ray the comedian. He danced, too, of course. It was at this time that he perfected that loose-jointed routine which gives the impression that an old suit of clothes, with nobody inside it, is cavorting about the stage. A Pair of Nifties was quite successful in the suburbs of Boston and in other parts of New England. Ambition still consumed Ray, however. He wanted to play in New York. Bolger applied for a job at the Rivoli Theater, New York, where the stage shows were run by Hugo Riesenfeld. He was taken on, very much to his surprise, and performed at the Rivoli, by himself, for six or seven weeks. At this point his story becomes a little monotonous. Gus Edwards organized a revue called Ritz-Carlton Nights and Ray, now billed as "Rubberlegs" and with his name in lights, became its star. He was certain of bookings wherever he wanted them, on Broadway or off. He appeared at all the vast cinema palaces as the feature of the stage show. He grew more than a little complacent, for he was making several hundred dollars a week. This, to his mind, was the ultimate heights, and ambition left him.

The luck of the O'Bolgers was still at his side, though. It started to work another of its wonders, although the process took three years this time, in the fall of 1926 in Los Angeles. Ray was playing at the Orpheum and Gwenn Rickard, then a school girl, was taken to a performance.

"I fell in love at first sight," she says, breathing heavily. "I met him backstage after the show and he fell, too."

In three years they were married, and in due time Ray discovered that the fragile flower who had become his bride was less fragile than he had supposed. She was far from satisfied with his standing as a vaudeville star. She wanted him in a Broadway musical production. This must be what the trade calls a "book show," which is one with a story as distinct from a revue. Gwenn was not at all hesitant about making her desires known and for a time agents and managers groaned when they ran into her. They said she was pretty and intelligent, but was insane on this subject of making a musical-comedy star out of her husband.

"Ray's a good boy and funny, too," one producer assured her. "But he's only a good split-dancer, after all."

A Delayed Discovery

In something less than a year, however, this identical producer was featuring Bolger in a show. He played in Heads Up for eight or nine months and then in George White's Scandals. He then was given an excellent part in Life Begins at 8:40. Mrs. Bolger, more or less behind all of this, was not contented yet.

"I'd like to do a full-length show for Ray some day," observed Lawrence Hart about two years ago. "I'd make him a sort of simple guy, on the Harold Lloyd pattern. I know he could do it."

"Of course he could," Gwenn answered. "I'll see that you write it."

Out of this conversation, more or less, grew On Your Toes. George Abbott wrote the original story. Hart revised it and wrote the lyrics, while his partner, Dick Rodgers, composed the music.

The movies started to bid for his services a year or more ago and he surrendered last fall. He went to Hollywood to make two pictures. But no one could agree on a story, so Bolger merely accepted the pleasant checks which arrived each week. Just as his contract ended, production was started on The Great Ziegfeld and Bolger, who had been worrying about being paid for doing nothing, agreed to do a skit for the film. He finished it and hurried to New York to begin rehearsals for On Your Toes. He was a degree astonished some weeks later when the long-distance telephone started to ring. The Great Ziegfeld had been previewed in Santa Barbara. Ray's brief scene had brought demands from the audience, requested to record its verdict on cards passed out for the purpose, for more Bolger. The movie barons then realized that they had not renewed his contract. Thus the telephone calls from California began. Thus a very attractive deal was made under which he will journey to Hollywood when his current production has folded and will be co-starred with Eleanor Powell.

But maybe it won't work out that way, either. He has to stay with the show until the run has ended. It is doing an excellent business. Both Ray and Eleanor may be so aged by the time it is over that they will have to do their tap dancing in wheel chairs.

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I am! But I thought of course you were safe with Helen. I've no one to blame but myself! Sanna," she added sharply, jerking herself up to a sitting position again, "you say you've broken your engagement? Well, you *haven't*. This can't go any further! I'll see Johnny right away."

"What to say, Mother?"

"A great deal!" Eva answered, with a trembling, angry laugh. "He can't get away with any nonsense like this! I've already written your Aunt Nona that you're to be married. It's sheer nonsense—I simply can't understand—why, it's unthinkable! Is a man calmly to say that he's tired—that he's gone back to an old love—a girl who married another man only a few years ago—"

"Listen, Mother darling. Calm down. There's no use making a fuss about something we can't help. Johnny's on board this ship; we'll see him every day for sixteen days. She's on board, too, in the cabin de luxe, of course. She's beautiful, she's rich, she's twenty-five, and she wants Johnny!"

"Why, but this is sheer nonsense, Sanna," her mother said, actually pale.

"He doesn't think so, and she doesn't think so, and if we have any pride at all we won't let them see that *we* think so."

"But you're not just going to give up! Johnny Wardell asked you to marry him fifty times, and you were engaged. Doesn't that mean anything?" Eva demanded pathetically. "I'm bewildered; I don't understand. What on earth happened?"

"Nothing sensational. She got here ten days ago! You weren't here, but the papers all spoke of the beautiful Mrs. Mallock, who was going to be so much entertained. I met her at a women's luncheon at Lil's. But I didn't know until Johnny told me that she was the Ethel Nye he'd been so much in love with five years ago. He said he wasn't even going to see her, that she'd made him too unhappy—said it was all over and no use raking in cold ashes."

"Go on!"

"WELL, of course he did meet her—at Hope's, I think. They had a housewarming; there were about thirty of us there. I saw Johnny talking to this Ethel Mallock in the garden for a few minutes, but then he came in again, and we danced; they had pencil games, and Johnny acted quite naturally. She kept away from him and he kept away from her; I didn't pay much attention. He told me, when he was taking me home, that she was divorced and that her husband's mother had the little girl, and that she was going to marry one of the richest railway men in America, Parsons or Pennant or some such name. He said dozens of men were after her."

"Ha! They always say that," Eva commented scornfully.

"Well, anyway, it was broiling hot this last week, and we'd all go out to the club in the mornings and loaf there all day, and she was always there. And last night, at Bernadine's, he said he wanted to talk to me, and we walked down the lawn to the tennis court and he said that he was sorry, but that Ethel and he had found each other again and he wanted to be free."

"I hope you said 'nonsense!'" Eva said, trembling.

"I couldn't. I told him I thought it was—" Susannah stopped short, frowning a little as if in pain.

"Was what?"

"Well—unexpected."

"And then he said he was going to be on this boat?"

"Yes, he said that she was coming back on this boat—I knew that anyway. And he said he had made arrangements to come along, too."

"But I thought he was going the other way, to meet his mother in Paris?"

Bread into Roses

Continued from page 9

"He was. That was the original arrangement. But quite suddenly—yesterday or the day before, he decided to come this way. He cabled his mother to meet him in New York."

Mrs. Farjeon considered the situation. She was still breathing fast, but her first burst of anger had died away; she was biting her lip and looking into space through narrowed eyelids.

"IS SHE pretty, Sanna?"

"Mrs. Mallock? Yes. Or, anyway, she's quite striking. Platinum, with very black eyes and white skin. And she has—well, *clothes!*" Sanna said eloquently. "You never saw such clothes! At the garden party on Sunday she had a gown as fine as an evening handkerchief, tumbling and dragging on the grass, and an old-fashioned frilled parasol to match. White—all white, but with a line of black and blue here and there. Paris."

"... and then last night, Doc, I had a dream in technicolor!"

TOM HOLLOWAY

Eva Farjeon brought her eyes back from far spaces. Her little fair face looked haggard and worn in the glaring, unbecoming afternoon light.

"What are we going to do?" she demanded forlornly.

"I don't see what we can do. Just grin and bear it, I suppose."

"That," Eva said definitely, almost viciously, "I *won't* do! Are we supposed quietly to sit back—dressing for dinner, and playing races and Bingo, and drinking soup up on deck at eleven o'clock, and let this sort of thing go on? Meet him, and chat with him, and the whole thing off? Why, I would have stayed in Shanghai first; I wouldn't have come home at all! It was only your Aunt Nona being so anxious to have you married in her house—and Johnny's parents being right there in Philadelphia—two hours away—"

She sat on, soliloquizing, an ineffectual little figure in her tumbled white gown, with her mussed, graying fair hair. Susannah, sending her mother an occasional sympathetic glance, noticed that her face looked blotched and pale. She herself said little; she lay listening, her expression very thoughtful.

"It's a horrible mess, and I don't see quite how we are going to go through with it," she admitted presently, in a puzzled tone. "Believe me, Mother, I don't like it one bit better than you do! But there seems to be no help for it."

"But Sanna, we can't just *take* it!"

"For the moment we can't very well do anything else. Once we're off the boat—in San Francisco—"

"Once we're off the boat in San Francisco we'll lose him completely!" Eva said despairingly.

"Well, and isn't that what we want to do?" Susannah asked simply.

"Well, no, of course not. I mean—after all, he owes—I mean, what on earth would we have left, Sanna? What could we *do?* Visit your Aunt Nona for a little while, perhaps. But there's Lola and Anita apt to come home with children any time; we couldn't *stay* there, even if Nona wanted us, which she wouldn't! I mean I think Johnny Wardell has acted like a perfect fool—and I think in some ways he *is* a perfect fool, but after all he's *something*. A great many marriages have queer beginnings, but people settle down, and forget that there ever was any nonsense like this!"

"You can't exactly call it nonsense, Mother, when a man of twenty-five tells you flatly that he's through!"

"I don't believe he did!" Eva said stubbornly. "And if he does come to his senses I beg of you—I *beg* of you—to forgive him. It's maddening, I can see that, but it's the best way out! And considering that at the last moment I changed to the first-class passage, all on his account—"

THE voice flowed on and on, Eva talking herself quiet after her outburst. Susannah listened in a sort of dream; after awhile she was hardly conscious of hearing anything at all, or seeing the cabin with the lights wheeling and slipping about on its white ceiling. Her thoughts were far away.

But it was a strange dream, and one from which she wished that she might awaken, even though Johnny's extraordinary conduct had not caused her, she had honestly to admit, the bitter hurt of rejected love. She did not love him, not as he loved her; he had said a hundred times he did not care whether she did or not, he would do the loving. But even without heartbreak involved the situation was bad enough.

Susannah and Johnny had planned an autumn wedding in her aunt's handsome Park Avenue apartment in New York. Her friends had seen her off from Shanghai today with barely veiled allusions to the engagement that was still supposedly a profound secret; they had made her goodby presents that were tacit tributes to the beauty and cleverness of the girl who was about to make a brilliant match. Her future had been based upon marriage to Johnny; there was no other future. And there was the almost insufferable present, when she must be incessantly in Johnny's neighborhood, watching as a discarded sweetheart the triumph of the pretty, younger, more audacious woman who would certainly permit none of the savor of the situation to escape her.

Outrageous of him, insolent of him, to engage passage on the very ship that was taking the interloping Ethel back to America! But there was no use in abusing Johnny; whether he'd been within his rights or outside them was not really the question. The question was how to meet the problem now—tonight and tomorrow—when she would have to dress and go down to dinner, drift into the big lounge after dinner and listen to the music, take her share in the life of the ship.

A GREAT weariness came over her; and she felt discouraged, unequal to the demand of this hot sticky afternoon hour of glare and gentle motion, and of all the hours to come.

"Look here, we've had a swell run for our money, and you're not in love with me and I'm not with you!" Johnny had said laughingly, in Bernardine's garden last night. Bernardine lived out near the golf club; it had been cool and moon-washed out there in the black night; music had been sounding faintly from the house. Johnny had had cocktails and wine and one or two brandies; he had been carried on to a sort of false courage by the stimulation of food and drink, moonlight and dancing; he had taken a chummy sort of attitude toward Susannah, a sort of "let's-be-sensible-and-admit-it" position. "Listen," he had said, "I was cracked about Ethel Nye five years ago, and I'm just as cracked about her now."

"Does she know we're engaged?" Susannah had asked, too dazed to know why it had seemed to matter, or indeed what she was saying at all.

"No, she doesn't. She knows I like you a lot better than any other girl out here; I told her so. But I didn't say anything about being engaged."

"Didn't?"

"Nope. Because—look here, everything's changed, see? I mean I think everything ought to be changed, because look—it wouldn't be fair to her, nor to me, nor to you either, to go on with this while we all feel—"

Thus Johnny, flushed and laughing, and not quite sure that the whole thing was not a good joke on them, all three. Susannah, after the first unbelievable minute, had listened almost without comment. Fair! Somewhere deep down in her soul she had been laughing at his earnest use of that word. When they were going to be flagrantly, brutally selfish, how men did love to talk of being fair!

"Ethel is one wonderful little sport," Johnny had presently been saying seriously. "She doesn't know you and I were engaged, but she knows that you and I've meant a lot to each other, and her one worry is that you'll get the small end of it, see? She says she doesn't want to cut anyone out; she was regularly mad

(*Continued on page* 38)

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TODAY, millions of men, women and children are following the Squibb Plan for the prevention of tooth decay—a scientific plan to avoid pain, ill health and expense, later in life, that result from neglect of teeth and gums.

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

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IT IS WISE TO USE ONLY THOSE PRODUCTS RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL AND DENTAL PROFESSIONS

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Bread into Roses

Continued from page 36

about it. So that's why I'm clearing the whole thing up this way, and that's why I'm sailing for America sooner than I expected to. See? It all works out."

It had not worked out at all, in Susannah's mind. But there had been nothing appropriate to say. She had had to let him go last night after a while, without comment or reproach; she had lain awake through the short summer night wondering what to do, wondering if there were anything she could do.

That night she had slept at Hope's house; her mother had come down from Peking the next morning, but before Susannah even joined her at the modest apartment where they were to pack their trunks and say goodby to the friends who kept coming and going, Eva had heard that Johnny Wardell was to sail with them on the Queen Augusta, and had changed her second-cabin tickets for first-cabin reservations. Susannah had had no opportunity to explain that everything was changed, that what Johnny did didn't concern them now.

She had found her mother in a constantly changing group of women friends. Presently they had all gone over to the "Cathay" for luncheon, and had chatted and smiled with more friends. No chance for confidences! It had been indeed a typical Shanghai day, with a general excitement of parties, races, boating and love affairs stirring in the air, and smart frocks and uniforms on exhibition in the big airy upstairs hotel dining-room high above the crowded Bund and the lazily moving, muddy Whangpoo. Visiting girls, newcomers to the Orient, always found luncheon at the Cathay a thrilling experience; the food was novel and delicious, and everyone in town who was anybody at all came through the dining-rooms, sooner or later.

BUT Susannah no longer thought it exciting. She had been an eager little girl of fourteen with a mane of fair hair falling on her shoulders when she and Mother and Dad had lunched here first; Dad had come out to his post in Peking; everything had amused and pleased and delighted them then; just to be in China had been a wonderful thing! Honolulu had been lovely, Japan a great adventure, but to be actually house-hunting in Peking, after visits in Shanghai, this was to live on heights quite unbelievable to a little girl who had to remember the background of only a dull Army post or two by way of contrast.

Susannah had been at the diary-writing age; she hated the look of those battered little old leather "Line-a-Day" books now. The oldest of them was a dreadful thirteen years old; thirteen years, and they seemed not more than so many months!

In those first books Susannah had recorded enthusiastically the descriptions of the walled houses in Peking, the Legation teas, the races at Pao-Machang. Always a lamentable speller, she had boasted of her "poney" who did not "bight"; of the other girls being "peeked" because he had won the race, of the mafoo who almost "dyed" of joy.

Those were years in which Eva had enjoyed a real social position in diplomatic circles, and when she and Susannah had made occasional trips to the United States only for pleasure, or for the daughter's education. Susannah had had three half-terms in a California boarding school, had returned to the Orient to take her place beside her mother in society.

After that, where had the years slipped to? They had vanished like mist; eighteen, twenty-one, twenty-three had rushed upon Susannah with bewildering speed, or rather with no consciousness on her part that there was time at all, or that it was passing.

But at twenty-three had come a change and an awakening; in the bad winter when everyone was ill and when so many died, Captain Lynn Lorimer Farjeon had gotten a chill, and within three days the bewildered widow and the stunned girl had had to face life without him.

THIS had been the Friendship Dynasty, Susannah said long after, looking back at those days. For the popularity of Lynn Farjeon had been a very real thing; his charm, his hospitality, his humor and affection and generosities had combined to leave to his womenfolk a legacy of devotion and sympathy. In their dark hour somebody's little house had been empty, and at their command; somebody else had undertaken to sell at top prices the club memberships, the ponies, the old crystals and tapestries. When the two women, in their fresh black, had presently decided to go home, for a while anyway, they had found that their passage was paid, their stateroom filled with flowers. Everyone had been only too kind—too kind—too kind.

"McKinley was a President for you. I could get a petticoat then for 39 cents"

REAMER KELLER

Susannah had been having love affairs for some years at this point. They had been the brief love affairs of this exciting world, carried on at races, dances, receptions, regimental band concerts, picnics, theatricals. They had usually ended with mutual promises and heartaches when the visitor departed for home, wherever home was, or when the officer was removed to some other station. Men coming to China fell in love with Susannah at first sight; possibly because she was different, in her sober, sensible, amused fashion, from the other women they met there. Susannah did not drink, she did not smoke, she did not gossip. She liked books and horses, charades and games and picnics, dogs and cooking. Her feeling for her father was the one love of her life; for the rest, she laughed at the men who flattered her and courted her, enjoyed dancing with them, and was always rather embarrassed when they carried the friendship on into deeper waters.

At twenty she had been engaged to Pat Lilienthal; her father had persuaded her to break the engagement. Looking back, Susannah had never been able to recall quite why she had fancied herself in love with the fascinating "Irish Jew" whose charms had taken all Peking society by storm, or why she had fancied herself not in love with him. Many a girl had married with much less affection, she knew, than that which she had felt for Pat; a man as rich, as handsome, as affectionate and gay and likable usually had no trouble in finding a wife.

It had been springtime when Pat came to Peking; everyone had been in white; meals had been out of doors; the dreaming old Chinese city had supplied an incomparably romantic background for their romance, as for a score of others that had been going on at that particular moment. The fragrance of roses, the deep shade of the trees about the old building at the Ministries, the sound of regimental bands came back to her when she remembered that time. Everyone had been in and out of everyone else's house; everywhere had been tea cups, platters of cold ham, iced glasses, voices, laughter. And always she herself in thin white ruffles had been laughing up at handsome Pat—

"You don't love him, Missy," her father had said.

"I'm mad about him!"

"That's just talk, Sanna. Examine into your own soul and heart. You don't love Pat. Remember what you told me about Captain Rodgers, three years ago?"

"DAD, that was my first crush. That—waked me up. Every girl has a first crush that shows her—proves to her how she *can* feel. Don't remind me of Noel Rodgers! I used to lie awake nights hoping his wife would die a swift and painless death. I writhed over it for hours whenever I heard him call her 'Sweet.'"

"Exactly. Don't you think you ought to feel at least as much for Pat?"

"And what makes you think I don't, Cap?" But even as she had said it she had known that her father was right, that she was taking complete adoration from Pat, and returning a good deal less.

So when Pat went away Susannah had had an honest talk with him. Dad had stipulated for a year's trial of their devotion; they would write; they wouldn't consider the break final at all, but they must wait and see just what a twelvemonth would do to their feelings. And long before that twelvemonth was ended Pat, in Minneapolis, and Susannah, in Peking, had been deep into new loves, and off with the old forever.

After her father's death everything had been very different. Eva's financial resources were slender indeed; she and Susannah had become almost professional visitors. They had gone to America and visited the Randalls at the Presidio, when Marie-Thérèse and Susannah had renewed their little-girl friendship; they had gone to New York and stayed with Aunt Nona, and Susannah had been bridesmaid at Lola's marriage to Jere Pope. In Honolulu they had always found some old Army friend to entertain them; in Chicago they always had lunched or dined or stayed overnight with the Pritchetts. They had gone back to Shanghai in the season when low traveling rates were available, and everyone there had duly welcomed them. They had visited, and Susannah had gone with beaux to lunch at the Cathay and had smiled and nodded at friends all up and down the room. The big smooth-faced headwaiter had remembered her, of course, and had asked, "Scrambled eggs with finnan haddie for Miss Farjeon?" and Susannah had laughed joyously and said, "Now imagine that!"

BUT still these later China days had not had quite the savor of the old days. Well past twenty-six, and traveling with an almost penniless, gay, little pretentious Mother, had not been the same thing at all as arriving eager and enthusiastic and fourteen with a dad who had legitimate reasons for living in China, and who made friends as soon as he smiled. Susannah had not ever felt herself exactly unwelcome or superfluous, but she had felt ages older than the new crop of laughing, dancing, smartly dressed girls who came out on every steamer, and she had rather wished herself married and off the market. Simple enough in sound, the plan for a woman who was beautiful and young, this plan of marriage, but not quite so simple to accomplish. The nicest men, as usual, were married. They paid her the most extravagant compliments; their wives warned her that she would be poisoned in a tea cup one of these days, but that didn't, after all, get one very far.

Susannah and Eva had been home again, had come back again, had been rather aimlessly drifting about Shanghai three months before this hot afternoon when she was lying in her stateroom on the Queen Augusta thinking the situation over, when two important events had changed the current of their lives. Eva had had an offer of a free trip all the way to New York, and five hundred dollars to boot, in return for discharging a real favor to the Palmers. It was rather a tiresome favor, this accompanying a broken, irritable old man all the way from Peking to the home of a daughter in Pennsylvania, but somebody had had to do it, and the only other members of the family were a husband and a son, both of whom were held to their duties in the American Consulate.

Eva had departed upon this friendly service, and Susannah had gone to a tea at the German minister's, to encounter Johnny Wardell. The rest was history; the usual history of a beautiful, amused and flattered woman, a completely captivated man a few years younger, a watchful and appreciative group of friends. Everyone had loyally played Susannah's game; she had found herself carried

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again to the peak of popularity and success, for Johnny was very rich, altogether eligible in every other discernible way, and quite the ideal match for poor darling Susannah. Eva, returning two months later, had found the affair practically settled, Shanghai's smartest set only waiting the announcement to overwhelm both principals with congratulations; in short, had returned to find her fondest dream for her daughter only a few months short of realization.

Johnny must meet his mother in Paris and take her back to Philadelphia for his wedding. Well, of course! He was an only son; his mother and grandmother and married sister would naturally want to have a share in his marriage plans. Susannah had a New York aunt and cousins who would perhaps want to give her her entire trousseau, Eva had said, holding up her side of the situation with what had seemed to Susannah a rather pathetic pride. They would all go home; Johnny by way of Suez; Susannah and Eva the quicker way, meeting him in New York when his ship docked there in October.

This had been the position until ten days earlier. It had been only then that Johnny had mentioned Ethel Mallock, the fascinating little blonde who had broken his heart five years ago. Ethel was arriving in Shanghai on the Hoover.

"You'll like her," Johnny had predicted with a grin.

"She sounds fascinating."

"She's a tramp. God, she's a devil. She's always had her own way; she's always had too much money. She's rough, I mean to say the girl's *rough*," Johnny had said, over a deep interior chuckle.

"She sounds kind of cute just the same," Susannah had said, over a jab at the heart.

"She's cute all right!" Johnny had fallen to musing, and when they had spoken again it had not been of Ethel Nye Mallock.

THE heat burned on and on over the flat water meadows, and the forts that had been bombed in many wars. The ship plowed gallantly through the last of the river waters and reached the sea, and still there was no air to breathe, and the odors of oil and cooking lingered in the long passages. It was twilight, and the bell gong rang up and down the stairways and halls; the decks were deserted now; their long clean stretches empty under floods of light.

Eva Farjeon was talking earnestly with one of the ship's officers in the Palm Bar. Susannah joined them; the officer, immediately brightening, began to take an interest in the conversation.

"Sanna, Dr. Fretz," said Eva, who was always scrupulous at getting names. "My big daughter, Doctor."

"Dr. Fretz and I met at the races yesterday," Susannah said, with her slow, considering smile.

"Of course we did," said Arnold Fretz. "You gave me a good tip. I got twenty-two dollars for my two."

"It's too bad my mother has had to consult you so soon, Doctor. Will she live through the night?"

"Well," said the doctor, narrowing his eyes. "With care, yes. But we must keep up the nourishment."

"Doctor, who's sitting at your table tonight?" Susannah could presently ask, with her friendly smile. Before he could answer in words she read his politely regretful expression, and wished that she could take the question back. But it was too late. Ah, his table was full, some friends of friends of his had come through from Europe; he didn't know them at all—they seemed extremely nice people—

Susannah and her mother went down alone to the dining-room at a quarter before eight, and had a small table to themselves.

They had coffee in the lounge. Just as they reached it a cheerful party arose from a table upon which cocktail glasses were scattered, and started down for the dining-room. Ethel Mallock and party. Susannah saw a stout old bald man who was laughing heartily, a thin dark younger man, a red-headed woman, middle-aged and stout and overdressed, especially for sailing night, with great diamonds on her hands and an emerald brooch at her breast, and Johnny and Ethel. Ethel still wore her hat and the checked silk and smart white coat she had worn all day; she looked like a person much too busy and happy to bother about dress. She did not see Susannah. Her small arms hooked on either side into an arm of Johnny and of the dark young man, she was progressing by little jumps, her head bent and her eyes on the carpet.

"Come on, let's eat, I'm starved!" Susannah heard her say. And in answer to some remark from a man, "Ah, is there a picture? But we don't have to go to it, do we?"

JOHNNY, laughing, looked away and saw Susannah, and nodded his handsome head. If he was embarrassed he showed nothing of it; he and the others disappeared, and Susannah and her mother had their coffee. Afterward they went to see the picture, which was not very good, partly because the music was much too loudly reproduced, and partly because the night was so airless. It was good to get out on the deck at about half past ten, and walk about under the lights, and breathe as much of sea coolness as an unusually humid night permitted. The deck steward, sweating in his white duck, asked if they would like chairs.

"I don't think we do, do you, Mother? We never use them. I'm going up to the boat deck and take a turn around. Want to go?"

"No. I'm going to bed."

Susannah mounted the stairs, and stepped out into the darkness and quiet of the boat deck.

She went to the rail just below the bridge and leaned on it, and looked down at the water that was churning away in a great fan, milky with phosphorus.

"Hello!" a voice said at her elbow. She came to her full sense with a shock. It was Johnny of course, facing her, close beside her. The light was in her eyes as she half turned; she made herself smile. "I knew you'd be out here somewhere," he said, carrying off the situation determinedly, gayly. "I wanted to see how you were!"

Susannah seemed to find nothing to say. She withdrew a little into the shadow, one elbow resting on the high rail. Her bright eyes never faltered from his.

"Sanna," he said, "are you angry at me?"

"Angry?" she echoed in a whisper. "No. No, of course not."

"I mean—everything came in such a rush," Johnny said, on a note of apology. "Come on, talk to me!"

He was a tall, loosely built young man, with wildly waving fair hair, a big nose, a big hard jaw, big hard hands. As always, his clothes indicated Bond Street, his accent New York, his manner all the country clubs, the race courses, the roulette tables, the yachts and hunts and golf courses that had helped to make him the elegant young idler he was. He was rich, Johnny, and he was nice, too. He always wanted everyone to be happy. He had come up here to the boat deck to find her tonight because he had been afraid she was unhappy.

He looked at her, expectant and smiling, and Susannah had to speak.

"It's a rather sudden change of plan for me," was all she could think to say. Her words sounded stiff.

(*Continued on page* 40)

Be fair to your HAIR

...protect it from that double-drubbing by SUN and WATER

YOU'D think men didn't care a hang for their hair—they neglect it so in the summer! They meekly allow a blistering sun to dry out natural oils, bake the vitality and even the color out of hair. Then, to cap the climax, a plunge or a shower soaks away what's left of these important oils, leaving the hair as lifeless and unruly as a rope-end.

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Next, comb your hair. There isn't a snarl—and your hair stays exactly as you want it. It has a handsome lustre, but not the slightest suggestion of "patent-leather" shine. Loose dandruff? *That's* disappeared!

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● 50 SECONDS to rub—circulation is aroused—your scalp wakes up—your hair has a chance to grow and be healthy.

● 10 SECONDS to comb—hair has a handsome, subdued lustre—but there isn't the slightest suggestion of "patent-leather."

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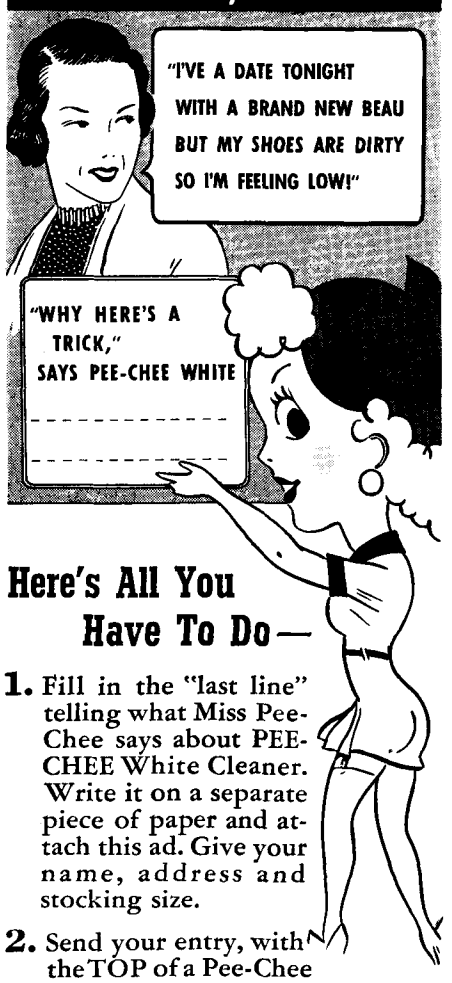

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2. Send your entry, with the TOP of a Pee-Chee box or facsimile thereof, to "Pee-Chee White, Box 6206, Cleveland, Ohio."

It's fun and easy—There are so many things to say about this marvelous White Shoe Cleaner. SAFELY cleans ALL White Shoes RIGHT.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST CLOSES at midnight Wednesday August 5th. Awards will be made for the best "last lines," in the opinion of the judges, whose decisions will be final. Duplicate awards in case of ties. Entries become the property of Pee-Chee Cleaner Mfg. Co. Winners will promptly receive prizes by mail.

PEE-CHEE CLEANER MFG. CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

PEE-CHEE
CLEANS WHITE SHOES RIGHT

(Continued from page 39)

"Yes, I know. And what I want you to know is that I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world," Johnny said. "You're one of the great sports of the world—Ethel thinks so, too—and you and I are always going to be friends. Why, Sanna, if you ever were in trouble and didn't come to me I'd be terribly hurt—no kidding, I would! Get me?"

His arm had been so recently about her, that big hard jaw of his had so recently been pressed against her own, that she felt a little confused by this rush of generous promise; she could not adjust the relationship that had been theirs with this new relationship of loyal friendship; she felt chilled, bewildered.

"You know what a fool I am!" Johnny went on. "If I do a rotten thing I'm the one that knows it! I think perhaps it was kind of rotten to change this whole thing around, and then ship on this same boat. I mean I didn't *mean* it rotten, but it was. I mean, you might think it was! But you understand how it was, don't you? I was cracked about Ethel, and when she showed up—*sorry*—why it just knocked me over. For five days I've just been spinning around like a top, not knowing what it was all about! However, if you're not mad at me—?"

He stopped on an interrogative note, and Susannah said lifelessly:

"No, I'm not mad at you, Johnny."

"Well, then everything's swell! Give my love to your mother, and if I've been stupid forgive me, you know what a fool I am! I'll see you both tomorrow. I was cut out of a fivesome, and I've got to go down again. You're swell, Sanna."

His arms were about her for a second and he kissed her lightly on her hair. Then he was gone. Susannah stood motionless where he had left her, for a long time, looking up at the stars, and the faintly moving outline of the lifeboats and ropes and davits against them.

When she went down the cabin was insufferably stuffy. Eva, quite nude under the thin stretch of the sheet, was sound asleep. The electric fan hummed and whirred; an empty dress-hanger clicked against the wall, was silent, clicked again. Susannah began to undress, going through motions slowly, but with meticulous care. She rubbed cold cream on her face; brushed her thick silky mop; put the trees into her shoes. She looked at her dress critically; could it be worn again with pressing, or must it be cleaned? The stewardess had reminded her that electric irons were not permitted in the cabins, but had added that she would gladly press anything the ladies needed. That meant a larger tip; no help for it. Money would be short from now on. There was no haven of a brilliant marriage at the end of the trip; Mother owed money; she had borrowed on her pension in a lavish fashion that would cripple her for months to come.

CARMEL. The Miss Farjeon who had lived in China, and had tried to open a children's school, and who now was working in the Giftie Shoppe, or was it the Devonshire Tea Potte? Devoted to her mother. The father had been an Army man, or a Navy man, or something. Nice people. Miss Farjeon had played Prossy in Candide at the Community Theater, and had really been awfully good.

But perhaps a garden, with roses and delphinium in it, and always for comfort the sand dunes and the glorious sea. And no longer the cruel watching eyes at races and clubs, at the Cathay for luncheon. No longer the little complacent rouged women saying, "She must be getting on for thirty, isn't she, Marian?" and the men feeling free to be carelessly affectionate with her, because, after all, Sanna Farjeon was not quite a girl any longer.

"I'll have a dog," Susannah said half aloud, stretching her young smooth body against the cool linen, looking patiently at the port through which no air seemed to come, and the blurred fan that seemed to have nothing to stir. And suddenly she began to laugh, and then to cry. Johnny was upstairs, doubling five diamonds, leaning to the man nearest him with an aside, "I'll high-spade you for five bucks," muttering "You crook!" when Ethel put down a strong dummy against him. Spoiled, bold, lawless, there was something dashing about Johnny, something that all women liked. Susannah missed him; for two months now he had been openly her slave, following her about, paying her ricksha man, buying her tickets for the races, escorting her from one box to another, from teas to cocktail parties, and on to dinners and dances.

"Ah, you don't love me at all, you iceberg!" he had told her more than once. Susannah had only looked at him with her serious, cryptic smile when he said it. It suited her to have him give more than she did in the matter of love. But tonight, in her loneliness and hurt, she told herself that she did love him; she had built a plan of life upon the thought of marrying him; she felt jarred and shamed that it should be torn asunder.

The night life of the big ship went on. After awhile the faint far throbbing of the orchestra stopped; voices and laughter and the sound of elaborately hushed good nights in the passages died away. The creaking of wood continued; once the great horn, caught in a moment's summer fog, belched forth a hoarse protest; always the idle slap of satin waters sounded against the ship's side.

Susannah had silenced the ticking dress-hanger; she got up to silence jingling trunk keys. One o'clock. Lying on her back, feeling the endless gentle sway and twist of the ship beneath her, she stared wide-eyed into the darkness. She felt as if she never would sleep again.

"I'M NOT immoral; I'm not even unmoral," said Ethel. "I'm amoral. That's awful, isn't it? I tell you it's true. I have no character!"

"I don't know the distinctions between them," Susannah said amiably. "No, no more tea, but bring me some hot water, please," she said to the lounge steward.

The steward bent attentively.

"Hot water!" he murmured, as one discovering a lode of pure gold. He was off; Ethel said languidly that she would like a Bacardi cocktail, if he ever came back.

"You shan't have it," said Johnny. "You walk your mile, ride the gee-gee in the gym, take a salt plunge, and then you spoil it all with Bacardi cocktails at five o'clock! It's nonsense."

"How did you acquire your character, Sanna? I seem to feel that you have character," Ethel said.

"The poor always have character. It's the rich who are always short on morals," Susannah answered, nodding at the steward in acknowledgment.

"Sanna's unique. Charlie Larkin told me, the night he met her, that she only had one serious fault—she was straight," Johnny said.

It was the eighth day out; the voyage was halfway done. Long before this Sanna had encountered Ethel a score of times; Ethel had given a dinner in a private dining-room and Susannah had been a guest; they had had tea with the Captain in his quarters next the bridge. Now they were Ethel and Sanna to each other, warily, with an occasional touch of triumph on Ethel's side, and an occasional impulse of sheer hate on Susannah's. She had moments of hating herself as heartily as she hated Ethel; it did not matter, the wretched experience would be over in sixteen days, much better keep it meanwhile as outwardly serene as one might and show as little hurt as was possible.

She and Eva breakfasted in bed; they were in for a big tip to the stewardess anyway; they might as well let her earn it. After an hour or two of idling and reading they dressed, and came up on deck just as the fragrant hot bouillon was being wheeled about. Susannah would be in the pink of morning freshness and beauty now, greeting a new friend or two, watching deck tennis or shuffleboard, walking about the deck with the English officer or the young Danish diplomat. If she encountered Johnny and Ethel it was simplest, it was easiest all 'round to stop and chat, to discuss the weather and who won the pool, to wander with them into the bar for the hour before luncheon. Eva by this time was usually playing bridge fast and furiously; sometimes Susannah went in and sat on the arm of her chair to watch a few hands, when Eva always said abstractedly, "That's right, ducky, bring me good luck!"

AFTER luncheon there were Bingo and races and tea, and after tea the bad hour, the grim hour of hot airless twilight, when the cabin on Deck D was stuffy, when there semed to be no particular object in living. Just to dress, presently, and descend to say indifferently, "I think I'll have the iced bouillon, Miller, and the usual cold chicken and salad," somehow lacked thrill. Sometimes she and Eva were asked to cocktail parties, which only meant that dinner was inordinately delayed and they were late for the movie, and twice they went up to have tea with the Captain. Captain Broderick was a fine stalwart Britisher of sixty; a widower for eighteen years, he would gladly have accepted a little encouragement from the beautiful Miss Farjeon, but Susannah, during the sixteen days of the voyage, was never for one single second aware of his existence.

It was after dinner on the third or fourth night when her mother was well started at a bridge game, that Susannah felt suddenly that she must get away from the voices and the lights and the music; somehow the smooth procedure of the evening's social program was nothing short of unendurable. She couldn't stand it!

She walked through the salty warm airs of the hallways, went through the library. The librarian was there between eight and nine; several women were earnestly discussing with him the merits of novels bound in brown and red. Their first sea trip evidently. Older passengers knew that ship's novels were only those that happened to be left in the cabins, abandoned as worthless by their original owners. Well, perhaps these ladies would like them, at that!

Bored, Susannah went on to the brightly lighted deck. Couples hung on the rail in rapt contemplation of stars and sea, or rather, rapt in the absorbing business of developing ship's friendships, and permitting the stars and sea to form the background. It was all so usual, so absurd, somehow, so futile!

She stood undecided at a companionway. She could mount, of course, to the boat deck; that was always comparatively deserted, because always dark, at night. Or she could go down to the deck of the second cabin, to find complete solitude.

The boat deck—the second cabin deck? Susannah saw some women her mother knew approaching, and made a hasty decision. She opened the little rope gate that was marked "Tourist Only," and descended steep iron stairs. It should be the second cabin.

And as she made her choice her Fate leaned forward to touch her with an approving hand.

(To be continued next week)

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Say You Love Me

Continued from page 16

"I couldn't put it on till you came," she said.

He watched her making salad dressing. He noticed that all the materials—the tin of olive oil, the lemons, the salt, the paprika and the garlic came out of fresh packages. He thought it was a long time since Maggie had cooked a meal in that kitchen.

The telephone rang. Maggie looked startled and ran to answer it.

"You have the wrong number," Maggie said and hung up.

She pointed out a folding card table and asked Dick to set it up. The telephone rang again. Maggie jumped for it.

"You have the wrong number," Maggie said firmly, and hung up.

Dick set up the card table and Maggie spread a cloth and brought in the steak.

"There," she said.

THEY sat down and the telephone rang again. Maggie picked it up.

"No," she said, "you have the wrong number." Maggie came back to her chair. "You'd think that after getting the wrong place three or four times the man would check up on the number he wants."

Dick cut slices of the steak. It looked like a grand steak. But they had not tasted it when the doorbell rang.

"I think I'll just let it ring," she said.

But the bell kept on ringing. In desperation Maggie got up and pressed the button that released the latch of the hall door downstairs. She stood in the doorway waiting. Dick heard the voice of a weary colored boy saying, "Here's 'at suit you wanted tonight." The suit was plainly a man's suit. Maggie hung it in a closet. Dick waited for her to explain. She didn't explain. She sat and ate steak.

"The steak is good," she said.

The steak was good. The steak was better than the one she had cooked in the flat over her shop in Minnewaska, the one they had eaten sitting side by side at the kitchen table. But there were no kisses and the talk died. Dick couldn't talk. He was too busy trying to figure it out.

He didn't believe Maggie was married. She would have told him so if she were. She wasn't living with a man, either. That suit the colored boy had delivered belonged to some other woman's husband.

Maggie sat in the sofa and he sat in the easy chair over coffee and cigarettes. He asked questions and got Maggie to talk about her work. But she wasn't expansive about it. She was holding back.

"You don't want to talk about your job," he said.

"Oh," she said, "I love to talk about my work."

He could guess what the trouble was. If she talked freely she would have to talk of her triumphs and she was too tactful to talk of them to him.

"Do you remember the time you asked me to the Psi Chi formal when you had already asked Alicia Frazer?" Maggie asked.

"You knew all the time that I had asked Alicia."

"Yes," she said.

"You were so cool about my taking Alicia," Dick said. "You didn't care a bit."

"Oh, didn't I!" Maggie said. "If you want to know—I cried. I couldn't go to sleep for thinking of you dancing with Alicia."

"That was a grand spring," Dick said. "While it lasted."

"Yes," she said, "while it lasted."

That just about finished that subject. It was all a long time ago and too many things had happened since. It was plain that Maggie dated her life from the day when she arrived in New York.

Dick stood up. "It's after ten," he said. "I think I'd better go."

Maggie stood up too. "I think you'd better," she said.

He was startled. He wasn't surprised that she thought that. But he was surprised and angry that she'd say it.

"I don't know why you put on this act," he said.

"What act?" Maggie said.

"The whole thing," he said. "You don't live in this place. You're only pretending to. You live somewhere else."

"I—I—I haven't been living here lately," Maggie said. "I—I—I—"

He waited for her to go on. She stood there looking at him without speaking.

"Why not tell the truth?" he asked.

"I am telling the truth," she said. "This is the first apartment I ever had in New York. I have a lease on it that won't be up till October. But this summer some rich friends of mine who were going to Europe loaned me their apartment. It's a penthouse in Forty-ninth Street and very grand. And all I had to do was take care of two kittens. So I went up there and I loaned this place to a young couple who were broke."

Her voice broke and she paused to recover herself.

"That's why the telephone kept ringing—I—I had to tell the man he had the wrong number because I couldn't say Joe Redmond wasn't here with you listening. That—that was his suit the colored boy brought. I—I only borrowed the place back for this evening."

"But why, Maggie," Dick said. "What for?"

He saw that there were tears in Maggie's eyes. A tear ran down her cheek. She dabbed at it and shook her head resolutely.

"I won't tell you," she said. "You have no right to ask me."

SHE was dabbing hard at the tears now. The sight of Maggie crying was too much. He had never seen Maggie cry before. He had to comfort her. He put his arms around her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I have no right to ask you except that I love you. I don't care what you've done. I love you."

"You're such a sap," Maggie said. "You're such a sap that I'll have to tell you now."

"You don't have to tell me," he said.

"I'll have to tell you," she said. "When you say you love me I have to tell you. I did it because you were so—so stand-offish. When we had dinner the other night you talked about nothing but how successful I was and—and you made such a point of your getting only thirty-five dollars a week when you know you'll be making ever so much more any day that I thought maybe it would be different if I let you see I was just the same girl I was in Minnewaska.

"I thought—I thought if I cooked a steak the way I did that time you might snap out of it. I thought if you loved me at all you'd say so. But it didn't work."

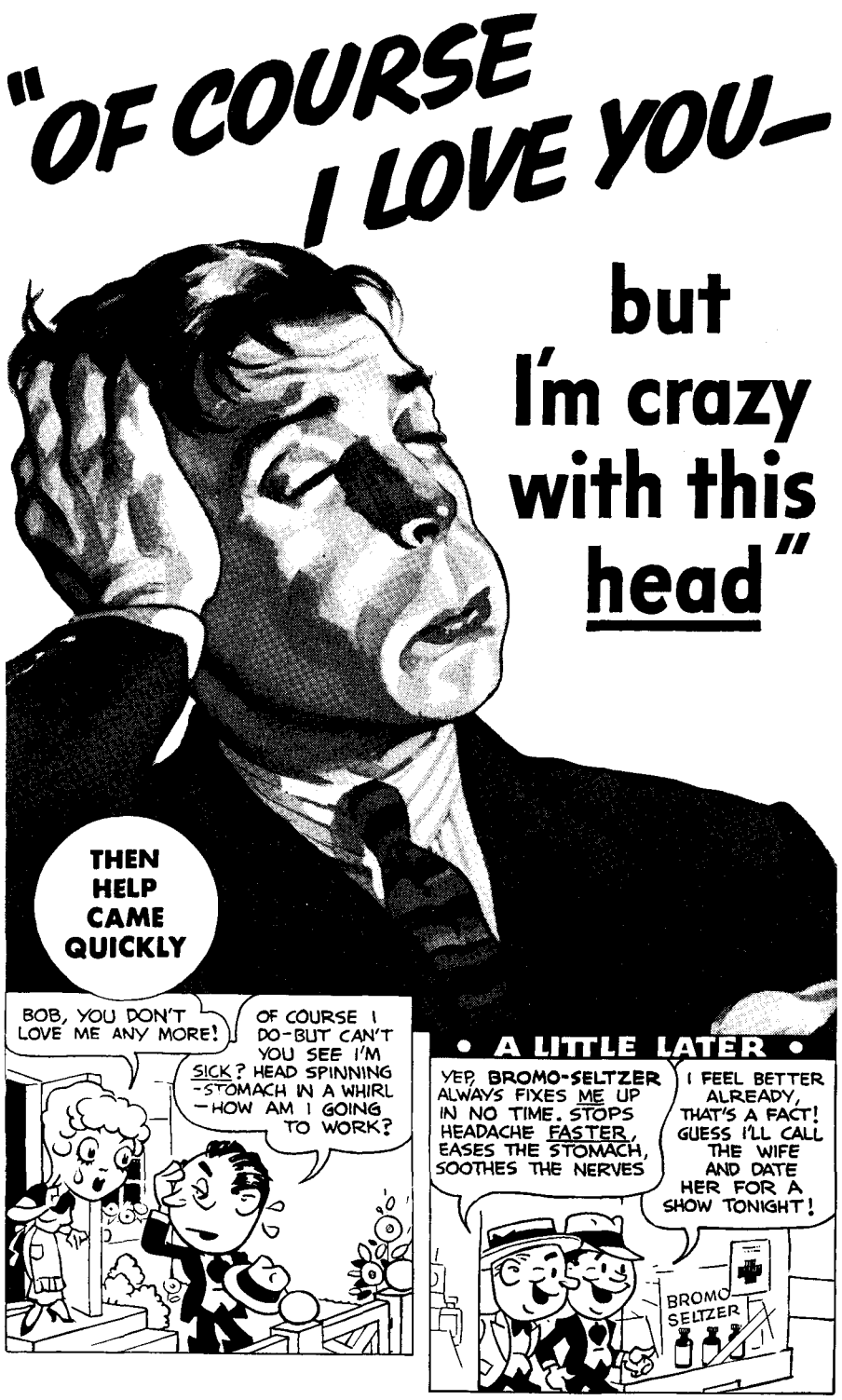
"Didn't it?" Dick said, looking down into her eyes.

He kissed her then.

"I suppose," she said, "I suppose—even now—you won't marry me until you're making as much money as I am."

"I'm going to take a chance on that," Dick said.

"Then," Maggie said, "you aren't a sap after all."


"OF COURSE I LOVE YOU— but I'm crazy with this head"
THEN HELP CAME QUICKLY
BOB, YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANY MORE!
OF COURSE I DO-BUT CAN'T YOU SEE I'M SICK? HEAD SPINNING -STOMACH IN A WHIRL -HOW AM I GOING TO WORK?
• A LITTLE LATER •
YEP, BROMO-SELTZER ALWAYS FIXES ME UP IN NO TIME. STOPS HEADACHE FASTER, EASES THE STOMACH, SOOTHES THE NERVES
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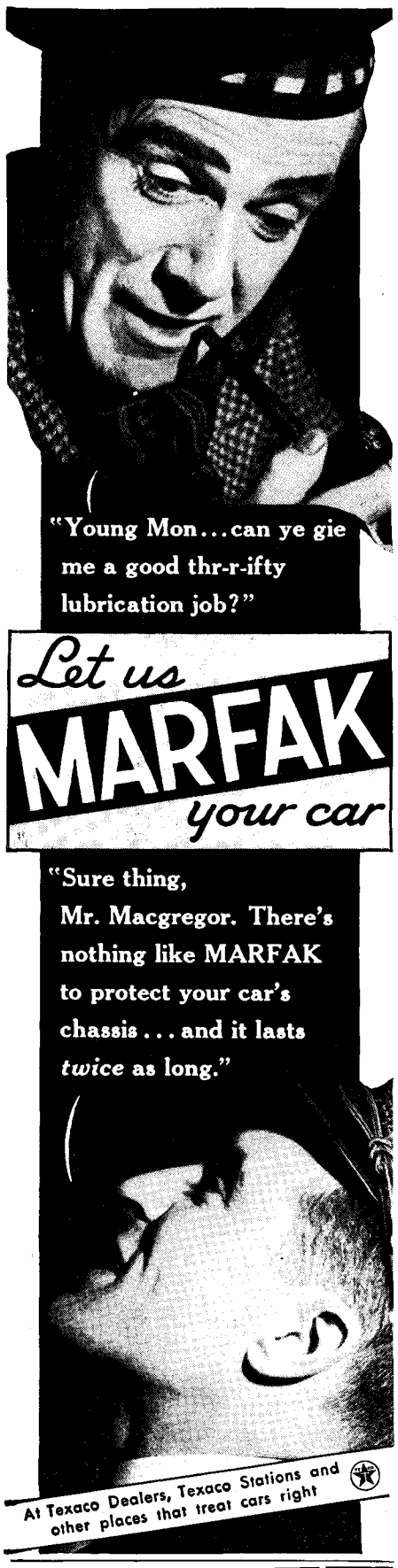
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Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 21

A long, low surge of talk rolled through the saloon. The Tennessean staggered out of the background, his heavy voice rising: "You from Kentucky?"

Brett stopped, he whipped his slim body about. The Tennessean saw him do that and began to claw his thigh, to catch the gun hanging there. Brett jerked his own revolver out of its holster, lifted and aimed it and fired once. The Tennessean's long howl beat against the tent wall, ending in a wild and broken scream; when he hit the floor he was dead, his crash shaking all the chairs and tables in the place.

"That's the end of one nuisance," said Brett, and walked on to Campeaux's office.

Overmile shook his shoulders. "You cut it kind of fine, Frank."

PEACE watched the door close on Brett and Cordray. He threw back his chair. He said, "Let's go," and started for Campeaux's office. Floormen were lifting the dead Tennessean.

Overmile said, "What do you want, Frank?"

"I want him to fight," growled Peace. A gun ripped its hard echoes down Bryan's street; and the noise of the growing crowd out there was like a mob howl. A man ran in through the tent's doorway, but a long axe handle cut a swift circle through that doorway and whacked him across the head; he dropped without a sound. Peace rammed his way directly across the dance floor, making a pathway that Overmile followed silently. The fragile Rose wheeled in front of Peace and lifted her shadowed glance. "Mr. Peace—" He shook his head, pushing her gently aside. At Campeaux's closed door he lifted his foot and smashed it against the knob, breaking its latch. He went on through; Overmile made that opening in one long jump, pushing the door behind him.

Brett and Cordray both whirled and laid their stiffening shapes against the far wall of the office. Campeaux sat with his huge, soft bulk overflowing the chair—the freckled, full-moon area of his face intractably set. Roy Lovelace stood in the center of the place, stone-calm. Slow fury boiled inside Peace—and yet his mind was clear enough to receive an indelible impression then of Lovelace's proud, gentlemanly bearing, of a look reflecting sadness and ruin in a way he could not understand. Afterwards Peace put his glance on Brett, and his voice sliced and pounded and stabbed at Brett.

"What're you afraid of? Where's your guts now, Al? I'm right here in front of you. That's what you've been howling for the last year. Come on—come on! Do you always have to catch a man in the dark—or beat him over the head behind a counter? Come on, Al—here's your chance."

Al Brett said from a long, cool distance: "I'll pick my time."

"Go up to Faro Evans' and put on a nightgown," said Peace contemptuously.

"I'll pick my time," repeated Brett.

"Campeaux," called Peace, "both your hound dogs are yellow."

Silence came on, strained and uneasy, and filled this room until the air was hard to breathe. Cordray was a skeleton shape against the wall. Al Brett stood motionless, encased by a steely indifference. Only once had the attentive Overmile seen Peace's words break that aloof calm and bring a yellow flash from Brett's narrowed eyes; but instantly Brett had pulled himself behind that protective stillness again. Campeaux eased his body in the chair. Neither surprise nor anger got through the gray veil always covering his features. "You're pretty proud right now, Frank," he observed softly.

Peace said: "What do you want with Lovelace?"

"Lot Withers said he saw Roy listening in at my door a little while back," murmured Campeaux. "I'm kind of interested. What'd you hear, Roy?"

Lovelace said: "Whatever I heard, Sid, I kept it to myself."

"Always trusted you," remarked Campeaux regretfully. "But you're Bucko's good friend."

It disturbed Lovelace. He looked directly at Peace. "Did I carry any information to you, Frank?"

"Nothing but a warning to watch out for myself."

"That's all it was, Sid," said Lovelace carefully. "I don't care what you do to me—but I wouldn't like to have you think I was a blabber."

"Let it go," suggested Campeaux and laced his soft white hands across his stomach. Lovelace shook his head, saying no more. He walked out of the room.

Campeaux laid a sly glance on Peace. "What do you want, Frank?"

"Nothing I can get here," retorted Peace. "But listen to me, Sid. If Lovelace is touched I'll be back—to see you."

"Very proud," said Campeaux in a dreaming tone. "Don't worry. You'll get what you want in due time."

Peace said, "Come on, Leach—the air's pretty foul here," and walked back into the saloon hall.

Campeaux turned on his two motionless henchmen. He said. "Why?"

Brett broke his long maintained position; a dammed violence whirled him around the room. Pallor turned his florid skin the color of wax. He stopped in front of Campeaux. "Never brace a killer when he's primed. He's a killer, Sid. I didn't know that before. He's been crowdin' me for an hour."

"Afraid of him?"

"I'll pick my own time," growled Brett. "But it won't be when he's running on his luck."

"Faugh!" snorted Campeaux. His head swung around and he listened to the rising roar in the alley. The crowd was smashing down the boards of somebody's store. Campeaux nodded. "Ring's brought his tie crews in. The town's open. Let Peace try to stop that."

"What about Lovelace?"

"I'll handle that."

Brett swung toward the door on the alley side. But he thought of something and turned back. "You keep that money locked up, Sid. Jack and me will be back for our share."

PEACE went straight across a saloon floor that had been deserted in favor of the wild tumult outside. Overmile said, "What now, Frank?"

"I want Brett to make a fight."

"You sure have tried."

A weltering, savage confusion slapped at them when they stepped from the Club. Irishman fought Irishman all along the street.

Rose, the dance hall girl, ran out of Campeaux's and tried to catch Peace by the arm. But he was plowing through the melee and she missed him—and turned and lifted a pale face to Overmile, whispering something to him. One of Casement's men saw her and laughed and lifted her without effort, carrying her into the Club. "Ye'll keep out of this, darlin', if ye don't want a busted mug. In your business such a sad thing would help you none."

Peace beat his way through the shouldering conflict.

They broke through the storming edges of the mob, reaching the smashed doorway of Haley and Leisure's store. A handful of Casement's paddies held back the attack here but inside, Peace saw a group of men breaking open stacked whisky cases and passing bottles out through the wide gaps in the store wall. Overmile shot past Peace and began swinging his gun barrel in wide, scythe-like strokes. Steel cracked on bone. White faces wheeled and dropped and men's lips stretched wide apart as they fell. Peace caught a man at the store counter and bent him over it, banging his head up and down. A bullet spat across the surface of the counter, scratching a white track deep in the pine; and the raiders in this room rushed out through a side door.

Archie Millard's curt order cut through the racket. "Straight through," and he ran in the back entrance, his troopers behind him. Peace said, "Good boy, Archie." The troopers crowded the small room and crossed it and passed out of the front doorway, spreading against the crowd. Out there Millard said calmly, "Take aim. Fire!"

THAT volley sailed above the crowd, its long and beating report falling like a hot breath down into all those swinging faces. "Take aim," repeated Millard, in an unstirred voice.

Men were cursing in a high, screaming tone—turning and kicking and clawing. The tide rolled back toward Bryan's main street furiously. One of Casement's Irishmen, hard used in his defense of Haley and Leisure's store, said, "Bedad, soldier boys, you can have it," and sat down on the walk, altogether exhausted. Millard said, "Clear this alley." The troopers stepped across the walk, spreading against the sullen, withdrawing edges of the mob. A man appeared in a second-story window of Sailor Dick Shugrue's dive, intent on some trouble of his own invention. Peace, following the troopers, pulled up his gun and threw a shot that way, driving the man back.

The crowd recoiled into the main street; it turned there, facing that silent, thin troopers' line. Casement's loyal Irish were pulling together, outside the range of the carbines. The tie-camp men and the graders rolled reluctantly toward the railroad tracks. A violent, smoky half-silence brushed Bryan. Millard stepped into the middle of the street, square and tall and undisturbed. "Gentlemen," he said succinctly, "Get on your wagons and leave Bryan. I am closing the town for tonight."

Peace, watching that mob closely, saw Duke Ring slowly slide backward into the shadows and disappear. A grader stepped forward from the group, his lank cheeks glittering with sweat, to speak for all of them. "The hell we will."

If they got their backs up, Peace thought instantly, they would make a slaughterhouse of Bryan. The spokesman's taunt rippled a mass rage along the close-packed ranks; it pulled those bitter men together. He walked around the troopers, suddenly knowing what he had to do; and came before the spokesman, who stood dismally still. The man's eyes narrowly watched. "Bucko," he murmured, "I'll kill you!" But his arms came up too late: Peace cracked him under the chin with one swift drive of his fist, and dropped him to the dust.

Somebody in that group said in a dead, groaning voice. "Other times comin', Bucko," and walked toward the

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wagons. Hatred flowed like a stream of acid around Peace; but he stood there and saw the graders break—and move on to the wagons.

RING came into Campeaux's office. His flat lips were crushed and blood dripped along a fresh cut in his forehead. A bright, animal glitter disturbed his muddy pupils. "I can't buck soldiers, Sid."

Campeaux drawled, "That's all right, Ring. I saw the play."

"Listen," said Ring, "if Bucko ever gets away from the end of track the tie hands will kill him for what he's done tonight."

"Ring," said Campeaux, "fade from town. Get yourself a job in one of the tie camps."

Ring murmured, "They'll kill him," and went out of Campeaux's back door. He stood in the alley, rubbing the blood from his forehead. Millard's troopers still stood in the middle of the street; the graders and tie cutters were pulling away from Bryan, and Casement's faithful Irish roamed back toward their quarters beyond the tracks. Ring saw Peace talking with Millard and a wildness clawed through the squat, senseless fighter and turned him loose from his reason for a little while. He started up the alley toward Peace. But afterwards he dropped back, disappearing.

Peace said to Millard: "Thanks, Archie."

Millard shook his head. "Who started this?"

"Campeaux, I think."

"You've got the graders all stirred up."

Peace said: "I'll see Reed about the vacation you want."

"I won't leave with things like they are. That can wait. Something rotten here."

"Sure," agreed Peace. He looked around him. His manner changed. "Where's Overmile?"

"Didn't see him."

Peace looked through the diminishing crowd of construction hands, and wheeled back down the alley.

Millard hitched his belt more exactly into place, turning to the troopers. "Quarters," he said, and went over into the shadows of the depot. Somewhere along the side of Casement's vast warehouse he saw a stooped and familiar shape coming up from the open desert beyond Bryan.

"Charley," said Millard.

Mormon Charley stopped. "Whar's the fightin'?"

"All over."

Mormon Charley scented the cold night wind. "Used to be a man could smell the smoke of a Injun camp five miles off. Moccasin tracks on the ground meant somethin'. Waren't no noises except buffler travelin'. Now the mountains are full of engine smell and the hootin' and tootin' of fools, and a man's sleep is sp'iled by tincan towns like this." He grunted in the manner of an Indian, to show his complete disgust. Afterwards he said: "Cherry's in the lodge. I got to take a train to Sanders to see General Gibbon." He went off, making no sound with his moccasined feet.

THE lodge was a quarter-mile out in the desert, a pale wedge in the moonlight. He saw Cherry standing by the door flap; and he caught her in his big arms and kissed her in an awkward, hungry way. Her head slid down against his coat; her voice was very quiet: "Here I am, Archie."

"I thought you were at FortBridger."

"Bridger's a long way—and you didn't come."

"I had planned to start in the morning."

She drew him inside the tent; and pulled him down to the blanketed bed, sitting in front of him with her two hands holding his arms. "We can travel back together."

"Peace is in trouble. I'll have to stay here for a while."

"What trouble?" said Cherry.

"The toughs are on his trail."

She said: "His trail is your trail, Archie?"

"He's my friend, Cherry. To me that means something."

"To me it means something also," she murmured. And her glance dropped away from him. Her lips were heavy with what she was thinking at the moment; her face was stolid with the wild, cruel hatred she conjured up against Frank Peace.

Millard said unhappily: "I don't like to see you sitting here this way. You belong in a house that has chairs and furniture. You ought to have a proper woman's dress—not this buckskin."

She murmured obediently, "What shall I do?"

"Go back to Fort Bridger. I'll come when I can."

She kept her glance on her hands; her round breasts stirred from a long, swift breathing. "You will never come," she murmured.

"Cherry—Cherry!" he groaned.

"No," she said in that low, sweet, relentless voice, "you will never come. This is what I see, Archie. You are a soldier and you are a white man. I can't take you away from that."

"Listen to me, Cherry. I have an order in my pocket transferring me to New York. I—"

She cut into his talk, her tone almost guttural. "Who did that?"

"That's the Army way, Cherry."

But she was thinking of Peace, who represented all that she feared, who seemed to be taking from her the hope of her life. Millard said: "I have made up my mind. I shall resign within two months." He had spoken so quietly, so drearily. Her glance went out to him, reading him through and through. She saw the misery and the struggle and the doubt there; and a light in her mind flickered out and left it dark.

"I am here, Archie."

He said irritably: "Don't let your voice sound that way—singsong and harsh."

She held his hands tightly. She crept toward him until her shoulders were against him. "You see?" she murmured. "You see?"

His big arms took hold of her and cradled her as though she were a child. The warmth and softness and the wild, willing sweetness of this girl swept like fire through him. "Cherry," he groaned, "whatever it costs me, I love you."

Her lips came against his and stopped his talk.

PEACE stopped at Nan's restaurant. He said to the colored girl, "Overmile been here?" The shake of her head sent him on. He turned down the nearest alley and came by Bardee Oliver's store. He could hear Eileen's choked crying tremble out from the rear room; standing there on the boardwalk, he could hear it—and feel it. He leaned against the door casing a moment and considered going in to comfort her. Yet there wasn't any comfort in him and he could think of nothing to say. Paused like that, ashamed of his reluctance, he remembered how she had turned to Ben Latimer for support.

Latimer walked out of the inner room, softly closing the door. He saw Peace and came over.

"Overmile been here?" asked Peace.

Latimer shook his head. He dug his hands into his pockets. "Mr. Peace," he said, "I don't understand. She was in there, wantin' a man's help, a man's

(Continued on page 44)

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(Continued from page 43)

arm. And you went away just then, forgettin' her, riskin' your life in a street brawl."

"Let it go, Ben," said Peace softly.

Ben Latimer was quick with his stout answer. "No, sir, I can't. No fight in the world could draw me away from Eileen if she wanted me. You use her hard, Mr. Peace. Well, you use all things and all people hard. Maybe it's right. I don't propose to intrude my advice. Only I want you should know how I stand. Bardee took me as a partner last week. Tonight Eileen said she hoped I'd run the business. And so I will because there's nothin' she asks I won't do till I drop. And I reckon it's fair I should tell you I'll press my own case with her. Because I can't help it."

PEACE continued down the alley, his boots striking into the stillness of a town emotionally exhausted. Ben Latimen's talk stirred a low, raveling irritation around his head, and left him depressed. The lights in Faro Evans' joint were going out one by one; a girl came down the stairs, recognized Peace, and dropped back into the shadows. He remembered Al Brett's sudden, surprised stare across the poker table and Al Brett's wondering remark, "You've turned killer." Well, Latimer was right and Brett was right.

The sharp rap of his boots on the boardwalk pulled him up. He turned at the end of the alley and skirted a building and entered the adjoining alley. Moonlight laid a frost-silver glow along the rippled dust. Somewhere a man in a lodging-house room drew a low, melancholy tune out of a fiddle. Into this alley's absolute emptiness—into its velvet silence arrived the sharp urgence of Overmile's voice.

"Frank—get back!"

Peace was in the middle of the dust, the glow of the moonlight revealing him. He couldn't see Overmile, he couldn't see anybody. But he swung, his leg muscles cutting the dust, and slammed against the nearest building. A gun pumped swift, shocking echoes into the alley's dead calm; a bullet bombed up a round ball of dust where he had been a moment before, and this continuing lead lifted and followed him as he retreated, crushing through the building wall in little rapping sounds, like the flick of a thumb on a sheet of paper. His striding legs backed him into the black strip of a between-building corridor; he rolled around and slapped up his gun. He dug his knees and chest against the wall, feeling little gusts of air roll at his face as the bullets passed by. There were two of them targeting this spot in the alley; two men farther up the street, their angling fire not quite reaching him. Overmile called sharply out of his covert across the alley, "All right, Frank?"

Peace hooked his head around the building corner and saw the foot-long flash of a gun leap out of a black spot near the back of Campeaux's big tent. He drove a shot at that darkness. At the same time Overmile opened up. Four guns were going at once, beating the dreary calm out of Bryan, slamming at the walls and windows of all the flimsy structures along the alley. But it didn't last long. The bullets quit fanning past Peace, and Al Brett's insolent call sailed out from the dark niche near Campeaux's—"I'll pick my time, Peace."

They were both rushing back through the rabbit warrens of Bryan—Brett and the other man—who probably was Cordray. Overmile came into the moonlight. "Frank." Peace listened to the fugitive sounds run out. Afterwards he walked over to Overmile. "Follow?" grunted the Texan.

Peace said, "No."

"Glad to hear it," sighed Overmile. "The night's been kinda on the ramp." Then he cocked his shrewd glance on Peace. "What a hell of a time we're goin' to have from now on."

The two of them went wearily out of the alley, bound for the commissary building. Looking behind him, Peace saw Nan Normandy at the doorway of her restaurant. Her eyes were on him.

Late in September, with premonition of early winter in the wind, Casement's terriers left the unsavory dust of Bryan behind and pushed up the foot-slopes of the Uinta range. Bryan with its "man for breakfast" each morning for five straight days, with its graveyard holding fifteen men and three women violently dead, became only a memory, only a yellow station house sitting alone beside the empty ruts of the main street.

Coming back from end of steel at seven o'clock of a quick gray night, Peace stepped into a half gale that rattled Casement's tin-roofed warehouses and bellied in Bear River Town's tent sides. Casement and Casement's faithful Irish were up the line, driving toward Evanston. Reed was there, and Millard and Overmile were there. He stood here alone, returned because he wanted to see Eileen.

He crossed over near Campeaux's tent. Wind drove his heavy overcoat against his knees and bit into his solid face. A pair of men went by, staring at him in a swift, sidelong way. Nan Normandy's little restaurant cabin adjoined Haley and Leisure's store, its heat-fogged windows showing a pleasant light. Bill Haley came from the store, and saw Peace. He said: "Just the man I want to see. Duke Ring came into town, drunk as a lord and raisin' hell. The vigilantes got together and locked him in an empty cabin."

"Proper," said Peace.

Haley shook his head. "Ain't so sure. The tie hands are actin' funny tonight. You'll be around?"

"Till the next train west."

"I got the boys ready, if anything should happen. This is a wild camp, Frank."

Peace trudged through the wind to the end of the street and went into the Oliver-Latimer store. And for a moment he stood very still, the making of an illusion before him. Latimer was behind the counter, looking up at Peace with a shrewd, dry expression. It was as Bardee Oliver had looked; and Bardee's personality seemed to shine out of Latimer's eyes. Ben said, scrupulously even: "She's in the back room."

TIME did all things. Frank Peace walked on and knocked at Eileen's door, remembering past days that had seen him cross Bardee Oliver's threshold so impatiently, so eagerly. He heard her call in the same quiet, crystal-chiming voice; and went in. Eileen sat before a high, nickel-ornamented parlor stove, with a basket of sewing in her lap.

She murmured: "How are you, Frank?"

He unbuttoned his overcoat and sat down, spreading out his long legs. Heavy hair lay ruffled and unruly across his forehead.

Eileen said: "You never change. Last night I thought of how you sat in that chair, of how many times you had stretched out like that—and scowled because of so many things in your mind I never could understand. And here you are, doing it."

"I'm not hard to understand, Eileen."

"That's not true, Frank. You've done things to me I can't explain. There are ways about you that are so dear to me. And some I hate. I can't help it." She looked at him, faintly smiling. "You haven't kissed me yet."

He rose promptly and went over, his rare white smile appearing. He pulled her up and kissed her; and his heavy fingers deliberately disarranged the even swirl of her hair. She caught his arm. "Once that would have made me furious."

He said: "I wonder where your heart is, Eileen?"

She stared at him. She whispered, "Why should you wonder?"

He said carefully: "It was to Ben you turned the night your father was shot. Not to me."

"He stood beside me. You were a stranger that night, Frank. You had death on your face."

"I suppose," he drawled, and sat down again. They talked on without much effort. There was a thing in his mind he wanted to bring up and failed to find the words for. Never since that wild night had she mentioned the interrupted marriage; nor had he—though it was something that lay mutely between them. He felt that. Long after he looked at his watch.

"Train time," he said, and felt relieved.

"You'll come again?"

"Tomorrow night." He got up and buttoned up his coat.

IN THE street again, he sought for his pipe and packed it. The wind blew out his matches and finally he stepped into the irregular joining of two buildings and tried again, the smell of coffee drifting across his nostrils. He drew smoke heavily into his lungs, one shoulder point propped against the wall of Nan's place, his mind hard and keen with the memory of her voice and her laughter and the wild, gay sweetness of her personality. A few men stumbled over the tracks, coming from the black area by the station house. Somebody near him wheeled and ran back into a building. And then he saw a whole line of shifting bodies emerge from the station house's side and move deliberately upon Bear River Town's single row of buildings. A voice in that group said, "There's Peace. There's the—"

The man didn't finish. One single shot ripped out of a store near Peace and somebody in the oncoming group stumbled and fell. And afterwards the group broke into a maddened charge and the windy night was burst apart by the slash and roar of rifles letting go. A pure, cold sliver of pain drove its way all through Peace and shocked and astonished him. Of a sudden he made a small gesture with his arm and fell full-length on the boardwalk.

Vaguely he heard the metallic boiling of that gunfire all around him. Long after he heard a woman's voice in his ear—a voice that called his name between gusts of crying. He remembered he had dropped directly in front of Nan's restaurant, and then he floated out on an ebb tide into blackness that had no relieving light.

Through the fogged windows of the restaurant, Nan saw him fall and was in the street at once, crouched on her knees beside him. The graders were wheeling out of the dark; they were charging the log shack beyond Haley and Leisure's store, where Duke Ring had been jailed by the vigilantes. They were firing at the store—and being met by a solid sheet of flame and lead from the vigilantes barricaded inside.

She was scarcely conscious of all this as she got her arms around Frank Peace's shoulders and lifted him and called his name. She was crying—crying bitterly. For this proud, stormy man, in whom life was so vital and hungry and demanding a thing, had no answer for her. It was like the drop of sun from the sky to see him so lifeless there, the fiery greatness of his personality extinguished utterly. He was, she thought, dead—or close to the gray border of death. "My dear," she whispered brokenly. "My dear!"

(To be continued next week)

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Oil Will Find a Way

Continued from page 13

smell the cologne on the ladies. We're a-drilling in your friend's front yard like. Over there, so close to the drilling I could lean over and wipe the baby's nose, there's another family sitting on the back porch, watching. Nice, respectable people all washed up with soap for company."

And it was just like that. While Swede's crew were hauling up their drill, feeling pretty thankful that they hadn't lost the bit somewhere down in the shales and limestone, we took a look at Oklahoma City's prettiest residence district. The house where we were a guest was one of twelve built around a city block. Inside this rectangle of houses was a common back yard wherein Swede was doing his drilling. It just happened that all twelve of these homeowners had agreed with the oil operator on the lease price of the drilling site. And they had all agreed to divide equally among them the one-eighth royalty the operator had offered. That is the customary royalty—one eighth of the oil extracted from the well belongs to the landowners. Therefore each of the twelve owners of that common back yard gets one ninety-sixth of the total output of the well. That, plus one twelfth of the lease price the operator paid for the privilege of drilling.

However, under the Oklahoma law, it would have been necessary for the operator to have had the permission of only seven—a majority—of the owners of that common back yard. Had five of the twelve homeowners refused to sign up, Swede and his boys would have been there anyway, grinding, pulling, hauling and crowding for oil. And the five recalcitrants would have had to be satisfied merely with their share of the land lease money, enjoying no royalty.

But there had been no holdouts in our block, although James, the bridegroom on the corner, hadn't been graceful about it. James, the sentimentalist, had been pretty refractory. No, sir, he would be thoroughly thus-and-soed if he was going to have the delphinium and geranium garden of their love nest turned into a reeking slush pit. Maybe he was just a little fellow with a haberdashery business, but no oil corporation—no sir, no matter how big it was—was going to move in on him. The hell with Wall Street. But the little woman at his side—the sweet young girl who looked like all the June ads in a magazine—lovely, tremulous child that she is, told James that while she hadn't forgotten a single syllable of her marriage vows she still thought that there was nobody funnier than a sucker. So he signed up, too, and by the time we got there he was as loud as anybody at estimating profits.

Pumping Is Expensive

Perhaps we had better give you more of the picture before we return to Swede and his lads. Some months ago when the out-of-town wells near Oklahoma City ceased to flush, and became settled, the big oil companies began to poke around for new sites. When a well comes in—when you first strike oil—it may be a gusher or it may merely flush. If there are lots of gas and plenty of oil the thing gushes geyser-like and you bridle the crazy business as best you can. After it has ceased to gush it may settle down to a nice even, effortless flusher—the crude rising of its own volition to the top to be carried off in pipe lines. Or if the gas pressure is modest it may be a flusher from the start. But when it no longer flushes and you have to pump, it becomes an increasingly expensive proposition. And when it becomes more expensive to pump than to drill, the big companies move on.

Well, when the out-of-town fields began to get tired, the operators looked to their geologists and geophysicists for advice. These gentlemen said that while there was nothing they could do about it, there was an elegant oil pool under the corporate limits of Oklahoma City. This made the oil operators quite indignant.

"Who says there is nothing we can do about it?" they demanded.

"The municipality of Oklahoma City has a law about drilling holes, especially oil wells, in the streets," was the reply.

"Oh," said the oil operators, "is that all? Listen: After this you rock-knockers stick to finding oil pools and we'll show you what can be done about it. Where's City Hall?"

And in virtually no time they had the derricks down, loaded and moving townward. There was a lot of argument at City Hall—all about zoning laws and the like—but as Swede told us afterward a fellow can't be too careful in that part of the country. If he isn't careful somebody is apt to pull the chair right out from under him and start drilling.

Enter Swede and His Boys

"I helped bring 'em in at Ranger on old John McClesky's farm," said Swede. "I punked for the drillers in the Woodbine sand in East Texas. I wildcatted for Mister Columbus Marion Joiner—Old Man Joiner. Hell, man, I drilled smack through a Baptist parsonage, sunk a thirty-eight-hundred-foot hole right where the parson thought up his Sunday sermon."

Oklahoma City's Council did considerable chin-stroking about it. There was a law, you see, to the effect that if you wanted to dig oil wells or otherwise bruise the immediate landscape in any particular neighborhood there would have to be a referendum. The people would have to say yes or no.

The people of Oklahoma City are a practical as a hammer. Therefore when it was put up to them whether oil wells should be drilled in their yards, front and back, they got out their pencils, their deeds, mortgages, bank statements, family budget and balance sheets and plunged headlong into arithmetic. Lincoln Terrace, the town's tiled swimming pool sector, shuddered so loudly that doctors came running. The less glossy residential development wherein we met Swede is immediately adjacent to Lincoln Terrace, and if that twelve-houses-to-the-block community were to welcome the derricks, Lincoln Terrace property values would consequently suffer. Very much like a row of unpainted hot-dog stands on Mr. Rockefeller's lawn.

But when the small folks at the foot of Lincoln Terrace had finished their arithmetic, Lincoln Terrace got out its pencils, too. The little fellows in their $5,000 nests voted vehemently for the derricks. And Lincoln Terrace decided that anybody in that lovely development who had so little local pride as to surrender could go ahead and surrender and hurry up about it before he got run over by his neighbors.

Whereupon Swede and his boys, Dunphy Meagher and the shale quartette, Zoop Carney, the Ardmore sand hog, Wop Pelluco (poosh-em-up Woppo), Gentleman Coxe and a hundred more drillers settled in; and overnight Oklahoma City's residence districts broke out in a raucous rash of derricks and slush pits, tanks and separators, genera-

(*Continued on page 46*)

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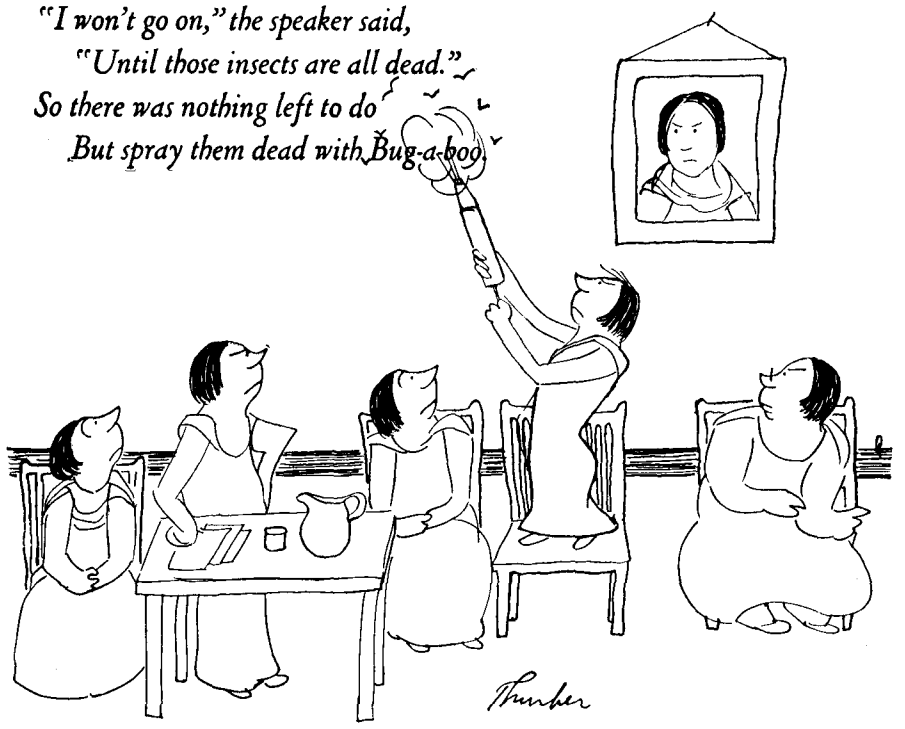

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WORTH LOOKING FOR

(Continued from page 45)

tors and Diesels, donkey engines and tool shacks. To say nothing of mountains of iron pipes and steel drill shafts. And in no time they were punching holes in the lawn, moving the rain barrel to the other side of the house, chopping down the ailanthus tree, folding up the baby's play pen, bending croquet wickets all out of shape, knocking dents in the garbage can and doing all sorts of queer things to pansy beds. (We forgot to tell you that McCord was wearing a pansy in his hair when we saw him.) Progress had the place by the neck and industry was crooning the children to sleep because the drilling was going on twenty-four hours a day. The general excitement was quite high, several residents falling in step by getting pretty drunk. But the best was yet to come.

Just across the street lay the State Capitol Park. The governor of Oklahome, the Honorable Ernest Whitworth Marland, sixty-two years old and himself an old oil hand, was engaged at the time in trying to make sense out of Oklahoma's budget. He was, oddly enough, having some trouble, finding it difficult to concentrate, too, because of the harsh and somehow vaguely familiar noise just outside his window. Determined to do something about the din, Mr. Marland went to the window and, to his surprise, saw that the British-American Oil Producing Company was determinedly digging just across the street—off state land of course but not more than a step off.

Then it all came back to Mr. Marland because, as we have said, he is an old oil hand. In fact he used to control the Marland Oil Company until his debts got out in front and a set of New York bankers took him in charge. So it was all instantly clear to Mr. Marland, who forthwith went into action.

As Swede, Mr. Marland or even a geophysicist can tell you, oil sand lies in large basins or pools underground. Dig deep enough, puncture this sand and you have oil. The pool or basin may run in any one of several, or all, directions from the bottom of your well. All this was well known to Mr. Marland, who has forgotten nothing that oil taught him. As we gathered it from Swede and various other petroleum chasers, being in oil is something like having only one leg; it is something you don't get over.

Oiling Up the Budget

Anyway Mr. Marland, the balky budget still in mind, felt that the State of Oklahoma should benefit from some of the oil which the British-American retrievers were after, the same pool doubtless lying beneath the sod on which the capitol stood. At a dollar and a quarter a barrel it might take a bit of pain out of the budget. Moreover, Mr. Marland, although toying with the idea of promoting himself to the United States Senate, knew that the voters might not view the prospect with enthusiasm and might keep him at home. In that event he would have two years more of governing the state, which was disconcertably translatable into two years more of budget lessons.

So he called to his side a large, gray, muscular old oil hand named Garvin—the Honorable Knox Garvin, state senator from Duncan, Oklahoma. It was in the oil fields, from slush-pit punk to owner, that Mr. Garvin learned how to be purposeful and determined.

Mr. Marland bade Mr. Garvin to proceed forthwith to drill deep holes into state land adjoining the capitol and do so as expeditiously as possible lest the private oil companies get into the pool before him. And Mr. Garvin, picking up a few rigs and a couple of gangs of healthy helpers, fell to work. The first thing they struck was trouble—and you cannot get a dollar and a quarter a barrel for that.

The oil operators and the private landowners from whom they had leased drilling sites protested. They claimed that the state was entering into competition with private business, a most un-American thing to do. The landowners, feeling that every barrel the state drew out of that pool was money out of their pockets, appealed to the city and its zoning laws. The city council, being a trifle sensitive to the lamentations of so many voters, told Mr. Garvin to desist. Mr. Garvin told them to see Mr. Marland and went right on digging. Mr. Marland told the city to try minding its own business, that it could not zone state property. Then just to be quite sure that the city would mind its own business he called out a carefully selected platoon of the National Guard and, wanting to be sure that they would be adequately directed in any vigorous displays they might be called upon to make, he created Mr. Garvin top sergeant

And that was all there was to it. Presently the militiamen began to show signs of getting too fat, getting no exercise and eating four or five banquets a day; and rather than buy them new uniforms Mr. Marland sent them back home. The war was over.

Dilettante Drilling

Politically, therefore, the scene was one of uninterrupted bliss as we sat on the porch watching Swede, McCord and the boys hauling a mile and a quarter of drill out of what used to be dahlias. We might have sat almost anywhere and seen the same operation.

We don't know how long we would have sat there watching Swede, McCord and the boys, if suddenly from a rig six blocks away there hadn't come a mingle of roars and screams. We, seeing and hearing it for the first time, stood up with the others but didn't understand. But they did. Down the street they had struck oil and the people on that block were announcing. A well had come in. We ran with the rest of them. Pretty soon the street was choked with us and drillers were pushing us back. We climbed on somebody's porch roof.

But it left us pretty flat. Watching and listening to McCord and Swede had been much better. We had expected to see a gusher, a geyser. We expected an overwhelming roaring, a mighty show of nature released. But no. It had come in gently, just as if Swede had spoken to it as he had to his boys and had told it to remember that this wasn't Burk-Burnett, Ranger, Gunsight, Desdemona, Hoggtown, Necessity or Jakehamon. So we were bitterly disappointed. Not even a few hearty burps. The big sissy had come in with great circumspection, complete decorum. And before it had had a chance to show off it had been capped and piped and left to its own soft devices. Nevertheless there it was—good for five thousand barrels a day, at a dollar and a quarter a barrel. You may figure it up for yourself. We were much too disgusted to. A nasty anticlimax. And yet we might have known it. Swede had warned us.

"If this keeps up," said Swede, looking around at the pretty porch parties, "I would not be surprised like if they had us rigged out in full dress suits on the night shift. Down in Caddo, now, when a well come in, it hit the sky and made so much noise that you couldn't hear a feller shoot his landlord if he used a battleship. But drilling right here like this, with tulip flowers, rose bushes, talcum powder and bay rum rising up around you, I wouldn't be surprised if it didn't smell like oil when we get it. It's right hard. Two of my boys take it particular hard. They ain't spoke to me for two weeks."

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"Hello!" Pinky called up, shaking her head free of water. "I'm tired. May I come aboard?"

Just a Little Kiss

Continued from page 10

"Oh!" said Pinky, exasperated. "You mug! You . . . you . . . you mug!"

"Only on moonlight nights," smiled Skipe. "Sit down, shrimp, while they're shifting scenes."

He divested himself of his beach shirt, lay down on the sand, and gave his hard young body to the warmth of the sun. Under a shading brown hand he looked up at her.

"I just got here this afternoon. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"No. And what's more, you have a gift for intrusion that's positively and definitely disgusting. Go home! Shoo! How'd you know where I was?"

"WELL, I stopped around at your house and your mother was wearing that distressed look she sometimes wears. Then, at the drugstore, they told me you'd ordered a soda and left it untouched. 'The Batchelder lass is in one of her moods,' says I. 'And where does she go when the mood to brood is upon her? Why, out to the headlands where the rest of the seagulls brood.' "

Pinky turned indignantly and stared out beyond the point.

"What is it this summer, Pinky?" asked Skipe indulgently. "A new surfman at Peaked Hill Bars Station? Or have they given the mailman a brand-new uniform?"

Pinky shook her bright head, tumbling the locks of her golden bob.

She said: "I wish you would go home. I want to be alone."

"I'd go," said Skipe, "except that I know your reactions. By the time I'd crossed the first dune, you'd be wanting me back."

"I would *not!*"

"Well, anyway, forget it and listen to me for a minute. Here's why I wasn't able to get here last Saturday night for that dance."

"Who cares?"

"You do, my playmate. Do you remember the catboat I spoke of? The one I wanted to buy?"

Off went Ricci Alvaro into the limbo of Pinky's temporarily forgotten things. The catboat! When Skipe had told her last winter he thought he could buy it this summer, Pinky's heart had turned right over. No other girl at the shore—of Pinky's own age, at least—could boast a boy friend mastering craft like a catboat.

She turned to him. Her eyes were quite, quite alive. For the first time she smiled and kicked up the amperage.

"Oh, Skipe," she said, in an excited little voice. "You've bought it, haven't you? I just *know* you have."

Skipe shook his head.

"No," he said.

"But you're going to? You've picked it out?"

Again a negative shake of his head.

"Skipe Albro! Don't be so aggravating! Tell me what about it."

"Well, it's this way, Pinky. There's a yawl over at Donnerty's dock in Wellfleet. Deep water craft, and swell. Sleeps four, eats eight. Full—"

"Skipe! Your family would never let you spend that much money!"

"They would if I earned it. Listen, will you? I'm going to make a cleanup this coming week. I've sunk the bank roll in a deal that'll double it."

"You? Make money?" Pinky laughed. "You still owe me a dollar that I gave you to get your tails pressed when I was down at New Haven."

"DO YOU remember Stebby Faxon?" asked Skipe, ignoring this slur upon his economics.

"Yes. Your roommate. The knuckly lad who got his finger stuck in his collar between encores and, when all else failed, discoursed on cinemaphotography, and strained a tonsil each time he said it, and—"

"And a very swell lad," Skipe interrupted, "who is now on his way here with portable projection and sound equipment, and who is a partner of mine in this enterprise."

"This enterprise! What enterprise?"

"This: he contributes his time and his equipment. I put up the dough. For the next seven nights in Orleans, we show this Ricci Alvaro guy in a review release of Door to Desire, right while he's here on the Cape in person!"

Pinky was on her feet in a flash, her black eyes glowing with fury.

"Do you mean to sit there and tell me," she demanded, "that you are the cheap . . . the mercenary . . . the vulgar promoter of this thing? Are you the one who plastered the Cape with ads about Door to Desire?"

"Why, sure," said Skipe patiently. "That's what I've been doing, advance publicity. That's why I was so long in getting here. As for being cheap, what's cheap about it? We'll pull in dollars like Portuguese pull in cod."

"Oh!" said Pinky. "Oh! Of all the crude, bungling dumbbells . . . Don't you realize that Ricci Alvaro is an artist? That he will resent this cheap exploitation of his presence here? When he consents to appear in the summer playhouse to be met with a—"

"What the heck has he got to do with it?" Skipe was sitting up now. "He just acted in it. He doesn't own it, does he? I rented it from an exchange in Boston. I can't see that he has anything to say about it."

"I hope it's a flop," cried Pinky. "I hope not one single person pays a nickel to see that picture."

(Continued on page 50)

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The ACTIVE MARKET

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The Active Market

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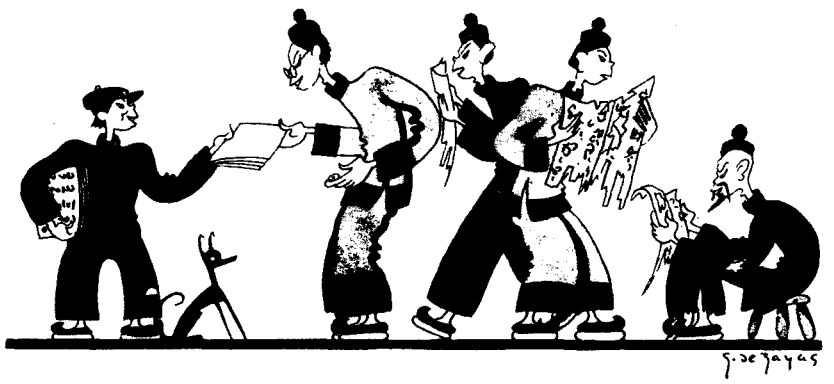

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

China is believed to be the only country in the world in which newspapers are sold by one reader to another so many times that they are often worn to shreds and are not worth another sale, even for as little as one fiftieth of the original price.

Of the 50,000-odd books and booklets that have been written for and published by the United States government, the most popular one is a little pamphlet, "Infant Care," the sale of which has reached more than 1,500,000 copies.

Although the figure of the cross was used as an emblem by nearly all pre-Christian religions and further sacred significance was added to it by the Crucifixion, it did not become the acknowledged symbol of Christianity until the early part of the fourth century.

Earthquakes, as well as wars, land purchases and treaties, have been known to increase considerably the size of a country. In 1822 an earthquake in Chile permanently raised its coast and added more than 100,000 square miles to its land area.—*By Mrs. Marrian Talley, Chicago, Illinois.*

Between 1866, when a patent on the Roberts Torpedo, a device for shooting oil wells, was granted, and 1880, when its legality was upheld by the United States Supreme Court, infringements were so widespread that they resulted in the filing of 16,000 suits and countersuits. And Roberts won every one that was brought to a decision.—*By James Calhoun, Denver, Colorado.*

The brightest and most spectacular comet on record appeared in 1843. It was plainly visible while the sun was shining, and its tail, which was more than 200,000,000 miles in length, swept across the sky from horizon to horizon.

France has had 100 governments —premiers and their cabinets—or an average of one every eight months since becoming a republic for the third time in 1871. Not one has served a full term of four years because each has been forced to resign the first time that one of its bills was voted down by the National Assembly, an act which is indicative of a lack of confidence in the cabinet.—*By Festus W. Smith, Ridgeley, West Virginia.*

The mechanism that sends sap, water and other fluids to the top of trees is unknown. One theory—that of the pumping action of live cells—has been proved erroneous by an experiment in which a dead 70-foot oak tree became completely saturated by both a yellow acid and a red dye, after standing in each liquid for several days.

Among man's greatest triumphs over physical disability are the "addresses" made by deaf, dumb and blind individuals to audiences of deaf, dumb or blind persons. On such occasions the "speaker" transmits his message by the pressure of his hand to an interpreter who, using the sign language, conveys it to the deaf-mutes in the audience and they in turn translate it through hand pressure to their blind neighbors beside them.

In Japan brokers buy and sell telephone numbers, basing the prices on the meanings and influences of the numerals. Lucky numbers bring high prices. Others which portend evil cannot be sold at any figure. One number—3742, which means "all die"—is considered to be so dangerous that the telephone department of the government has never allowed anyone to have it.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Just a Little Kiss

Continued from page 47

"*You* will," said Skipe with assurance. "Every time the darn' thing has been shown in the last two years, you've made me take you to see it. Three times, I think it was. I want a little dough back on my investment. Matter of fact, you were playing a scene from it, weren't you, when I came along?"

"I was *not.* And another thing: you've taken the money you were going to buy a catboat with. By the time you get through with this crazy idea, you'll do well if you're able to rent a kayak on Sunday afternoons."

"Nuts!" Skipe got up then, and strained his eyes beyond the Wood End bar.

"There," he announced, with a note of triumph in his voice, "comes the Hollywood phony himself. And is he going to make me dough!"

Pinky peered seaward, too. Sure enough, out beyond the harbor waters, where the tide turned a boiling blue, were two false funnels of an instanding craft.

"Oh!" breathed Pinky; and, "Oh!" Skipe, in substance, was still beside her; but in her momentary world he was miles away. Or, rather, she was. She was out on the yacht with Ricci Alvaro, standing with him at the rail. His inspiration, his comfort, his constant and ardent companion.

"Skipe," she said, turning, "did you drive out or walk?"

"Car's parked on the highway, just over the dunes."

"Oh, take me to town, Skipe, will you? And let's hurry. Do!"

Skipe picked up his shirt and shot her a knowing glance.

"So that's it!" he said. "I might have known. Pinky, you're in again. When you're out of breath—holler!"

"JUST another autograph hound," Skipe accused as they skimmed the little hills of Truro and spun out along the highway bordering the harbor shore. "Has it occurred to you that there'll be a hundred other gals pestering this lad when he comes ashore?"

Pinky had her eyes fastened on the yacht, now riding at anchor in mid-harbor.

"I shall see him," she announced, with conviction, "if only to apologize for the cheap stunt that you, as one of my so-called friends, have perpetrated upon him."

Skipe whistled.

"Gonna say all that at once? Listen, Pinky, my pal, you can't, as the English say, even approach him."

"Is that a dare?" asked Pinky, half dreamily, half challenging.

"If you like."

"Stop the car, then."

Skipe glanced at her, then pulled to the side of the road.

"What's up?" he asked, as Pinky hit the macadam.

Amazed, he watched her disrobe until she stood in her swimming togs. She threw her beach robe and sandals upon the seat beside him.

"I hope your show is a washout," she cried, scrambling over the breakwater stones toward the sand.

"Hey, Pinky! Pinky! Where the heck are you going?"

"To take up your dare," called Pinky, as she raced toward the spraying surf.

"Pinky!" it came to her ears faintly as she leaped, and cut a breaker like a playful, sleek young seal.

Once beyond the combers, she beat off toward Alvaro's craft, her round arms rising and falling in a strong and speedy crawl.

Pinky knew her entrances: even that of entering from the sea. By the time she was within a hundred feet she found what she wanted. It wasn't Alvaro, but it wasn't one of the crew, either. Pinky knew that much by the way in which the chap was dressed. He leaned casually on the rail clad in slacks and a terry cloth beach shirt. Nice-looking too, from a distance. Thirty, perhaps, she decided as she beat down for underwater.

SHE watched for the sparkle of the sun on the barnacles of the hull; then came up from the depths with a rush and a shower of sun-glittered foam on her shoulders. She laughed, and the young man looked down.

"Hi!" he said, showing a cordial and wide-open smile.

"Hello!" Pinky called up, shaking her head free of water. "I'm tired. May I come aboard?"

"Glad to have you. Courtesy of the sea. Here, swim down this way." He turned. "Give the lady a hand," he called.

Pinky arrived, dripping, on the deck.

"Steward," said the young man, "a robe and some sandals for the lady;" and, "uh . . . just a minute"—he turned to Pinky. "Mind if I get personal?" he asked.

"Why, no," said Pinky; somehow she didn't seem to mind anything he did. She thought him exceedingly nice.

"Well . . . how old are you, then?"

"Nineteen," lied Pinky and, for the moment, looked it. She could when she had to.

"And cocktails for two, steward."

He led Pinky aft to a veranda deck, where they sat in lounge chairs looking east to the town. Pinky could see moving dots of color on the dock. A crowd had gathered. She was certain of that.

"It must be wonderful," she said, "to have people like you that way," she pointed shoreward; then turned to her *new-found acquaintance.* "Is he aboard?" she asked, in almost reverent tones.

"Who?" asked the young man.

"Ricci Alvaro."

"Yes. I am he."

"You!" said Pinky, sitting up straight. "Why, you can't be serious! You're joking."

"Not at all," he told her as the cocktails arrived. "Only it isn't Ricci Alvaro. That's a phony. It's really Richard Alvin, Princeton '31. A Yankee with a Latin cut to his mug under the right kind of lights and make-up."

Pinky stared.

"I see you don't believe me," he said. "Very well: look!"

He twisted an imaginary mustache and positively leered at her with a quizzical lift of one brow. Pinky gasped. She got it at once.

"Why, it is!" she said. "You are!"

"Yeah," he said sadly, "I am. As for that," nodding toward the dock, "nuts! is the word, I believe. I won't last long. Costume romance is petering out. But I've pulled out enough money to lead the kind of life I like in another year."

Pinky still sat enraptured.

He smiled. "Takes all the romance out of it, doesn't it?" he said. "I was born in Danbury, Connecticut, too, not Cadiz, as publicity has it." He put down his glass and leaned forward.

"I like you," he said. "You haven't asked me for my autograph, nor whether I thought you'd be good in pictures. There are too few like you around. Tell me, why did you come aboard?"

"I . . . I was tired," said Pinky.

"Hooey!" he said. "I was watching

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you, and you were as fresh as a sprinter."

Pinky leaned forward, also. Her eyes were most serious.

"Mr. Alvaro—" she began.

"Alvin," he corrected, "or better still —Dick, Miss . . ."

"Batchelder. Pinky Batchelder."

"Pinky! Nice name. Fits you. As you were saying . . ."

"There is a certain young man in this town who, unfortunately, is a friend of mine. When you go ashore you will see a lot of advertising. He has had the nerve to rent an old picture of yours, Door to Desire, and show it this week in Orleans. It opens tonight. And I feel that I should apologize to you."

"Apologize? Why?"

"For this cheap . . . this mercenary—"

"I think he's pretty smart," said Dick Alvin. "That picture made lots of money. Who is he? The lad of your heart?"

Pinky went red under her smooth, brown skin.

"No," she denied hotly.

"I'm afraid," said Dick Alvin, "that you're giving yourself away. There's no reason why you should get wrought up on my behalf."

"But there is," Pinky insisted, "there positively and definitely is. You see" —her voice was a little uncertain—"I adore your work, Mr. Alvin. Especially in Door to Desire. I even know Mirilla's lines by heart; especially in the scene in the chapel. I saw it eight times, you see."

He looked at her.

"*Did* you?" he said, not untouched. "Well, come now. My, my! Say, where is he showing the picture?"

"Orleans. Three towns away."

"Can you get a car tonight?"

"A car? Why, yes."

"Good, we'll go and see it together. As a matter of fact I never did get to see all of that picture, except in projection room rushes. Might get a laugh. I was taking myself seriously that first year."

Pinky was in a spin.

"You," she said, "go with me to Orleans!"

"Why not?"

Dazed, she said: "Meecham's drugstore at eight."

THE sultry promise of the afternoon was fulfilled in the late twilight hours. Black clouds rode up from the western horizon and faint flickers of lightning limned them in brief and threatening profile.

Nothing could darken the light in Pinky's eyes, however, nor depress her quickened heart, as she piloted the family car around the corner to Meecham's pharmacy.

There he was! Waiting for her. He was dressed like any casual summer man, standing idly in the shadows, smoking. She leaned out.

"Dick!"

"Oh, hello!" He threw his cigarette away and got in. "I'm not Ricci, tonight, then?"

Pinky blushed as she slipped the gears forward.

"That would be very presumptuous of me," she said, "calling you—"

"Forget it," he said good-naturedly.

Pinky stepped up the speed. They were on the narrow but open highway.

"Listen, Dick," she said, "I really didn't get through apologizing for Skipe this afternoon. Before we get there, I want to say again—"

He interrupted, but not rudely, "Skipe, eh? He's the enterprising showman? Seems to bob up in your conversation fairly often. Which reminds me: I'm sending you passes for the first night of Blood and Roses. Hope you'll bring him along. I'd like to meet him. Party on the yacht afterwards. Do the thing right, huh?"

"Oh, thank you!" said Pinky. "Though I'm not sure I'll bring him."

They had passed Truro now and were well on the way to Wellfleet. They whirred through the little town just as the first drops of rain splashed big on the windshield. Thunder pealed above the purr of the motor. Pinky put up the window on her side and suddenly had a profound sense of seclusion with the man beside her.

She wondered if he . . . but no . . . he didn't, even when she gave him a high-powered glance that she used in special moments. Not that Pinky really wanted anything much to happen. But he was Ricci Alvaro, wasn't he? The world's greatest lover. And she was Pinky Batchelder, whose boy friend was as romantic as malted milk. She stepped the car up to forty-five.

IT WAS coming down plenty when they reached the hall at Orleans. They were late and were greeted at the ticket window by a grinning, exulting Skipe.

"Couldn't stay away, huh? I thought you'd be here to see Alvaro swoon in the moonlight. House is sold out—" Then he spied Pinky's companion.

"Oh! Sorry!" he said. "How many?"

"Two, please," said Dick.

"You'll have to stand—and it's halfway through. Mind?" asked Skipe.

"Not at all."

Pinky could tell that Skipe had no idea whom he spoke to. She could tell by the slight "Now, who can *this* be?" look in his eyes. Well, let him wonder, she thought, as Dick Alvin led her within. Later on, if Skipe was nice—real nice, that was—she'd overwhelm him with news of who had sat in the audience. And the passes. And the party on Ricci Alvaro's yacht.

They found an unoccupied space along the railing in back of the seats. The scene that was playing showed the sequestered Mirilla pensively gazing at the outside world, lighted by a love-laden moon.

Pinky breathed in deeply and audibly.

"Sorry to disillusion you," Dick whispered, "but the last time I saw Mirilla she was doing an impromptu bit—truckin', I believe—at the Brown Derby. Kind of free and easy style, too."

"Sh-h-h-!" said Pinky, refusing this blow at her dream world.

But the flight and pursuit were on. Horses thundered through rain-drenched glades before them. Don Angelo, with a daredevil smile on his face, held the frail Mirilla against him; ever and anon to look back and laugh at the following horde.

The storm raged on the screen and raged outside the hall. Thunder through the speakers was echoed by thunder over the bay. The flashes of lightning played on the screen were answered by blinding flares outside.

Then suddenly the lightning outside made its climactic gesture. There was a crack like a field gun and the lights in the house went out. The images on the screen faded and the sound died with a squawk.

There was a minute of utter silence. Then the thunder rolled more gently. Someone in the audience stirred. Someone else coughed.

"Oh!" said Pinky. "Poor Skipe!"

"What's the matter?" asked Dick. "They'll get the power back on in a minute, won't they?"

"No," said Pinky sadly. "When it blows down here it stays blown. And his week will be a flop. Poor Skipe! Poor Skipe! They'll tell it all over the Cape."

At that moment poor Skipe appeared. In his hand was a flashlight.

"Gee," he said softly, "what'll I do? All I can think of to say is 'Just a minute, please!' But what'll I say after that? Gee!"

(*Continued on page* 52)

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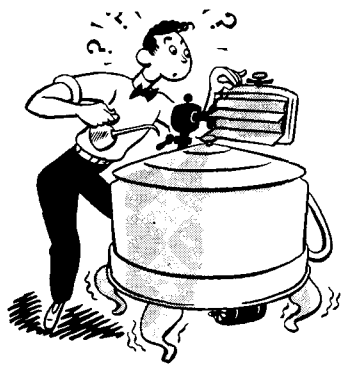

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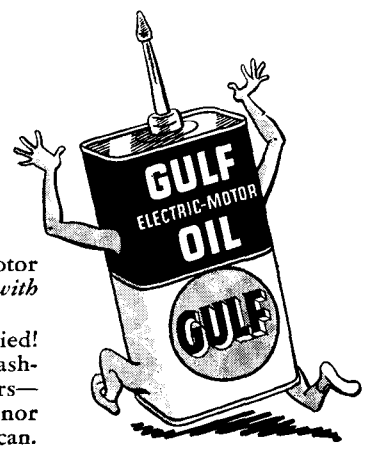

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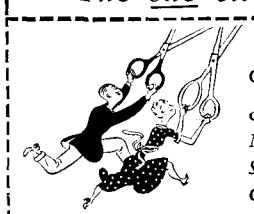

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(Continued from page 51)

Dick turned to him. Even in the darkness Pinky could feel a driving force in his whispered voice.

"How quickly can you think, brother?" he said. "All right, think quicker. Get the man down from the projection booth in a hurry. Meet us backstage, quick as you can."

Then he took the flashlight from Skipe and grasped Pinky's arm. Hurrying her, he started down mid-aisle, saying, "Please, ladies and gentlemen, keep your seats. The final scene of this picture will be played in just a moment. Just a moment."

His voice had a high, authoritative note and was sharp with confidence. In a flicker of lightning Pinky saw that people were sitting down again. They reached the stage. Ricci handed her up, then vaulted up himself. On their heels were Skipe and Stebby.

Ricci pulled them backstage.

"You," he said to Stebby, "are props. Drop that curtain and raise it when I poke you. And drop it again when your pal here says 'Bless you, my children!' " Then to Skipe. "You're Master of Ceremonies first, and Father Miguel afterwards. Take that table and place it center stage. Got some string? Good. . . . There, this flashlight tied to the leg and pointing upwards suggests a candle. When we enter, the lady and I, the wind blows it out. You're at the table, writing. You can kick the button down with your foot. Hurry now. That's right. Now, Skipe, get out there and make an announcement. Make it good. Build up the lady here. Tell them the scene will be played. Let's go. Ready?"

"Hey," said Skipe, "who *are* you?"

"Oh, I forgot," said Richard Alvin. "I'm Ricci Alvaro of Hollywood. Surprise feature. Personal appearance. Work it all in your announcement. Get out there, damn it!"

Skipe hesitated.

He said: "But they'll know it's a phony!"

A swift little toe struck his calf and a voice, freighted with impatience, hissed close to his ear: "Get out there, you mug, or you're broke for the summer."

Skipe got out. He walked center stage and down. By the time he reached the apron he seemed in good form and confident.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "as a special and added attraction, we are pleased to announce . . ."

"And as for you," said Dick to Pinky, as Skipe continued out front, "are you sure you know your Mirilla? Can you say those lines, do you think?"

PINKY'S head was spinning and her nerves were all out of true, but she said: "Yes, I can do it. I'll try."

He reached, then, and swept her up into powerful supporting arms. "I carry you in; remember? Then I stand you on the floor and go back to close the door behind us. The wind, before I can close it, blows out the candle. I return through the darkness and take you again in my—"

"I know. I know," said Pinky.

"Good!"

Skipe had returned.

"Sit center stage," said Dick. "Nothing excites you. Don't look up when we enter. Just remember to douse that flashlight as I go back to close the door. "You"—to Stebby—"get ready."

The house was utterly still and unbelieving. Up went the curtain slowly. Richard Alvin took one step forward and paused.

"You're going to be kissed, you know. Will you mind that, Pinky?"

Pinky trembled. She drew a deep breath for reassurance. Then she looked up through the darkness bravely.

"No, I shan't mind," she told him.

"Good. Action. Camera!"

An hour later Pinky sat alone on the steps of the Orleans Hall. The storm had passed and the sky was clear. But Pinky's heart was in an uncertain turmoil. That kiss! The definite thrill of it still held her. She had gone through the shower of congratulations with Richard Alvin, following the surprise—and successful—performance. It had clicked like a castanet. By tomorrow the whole Cape would know it. She sighed. Skipe would have a good run, and his yawl, anyway.

The happy and excited throng had departed. Friends had pounced upon Richard Alvin and borne him away in triumph.

He had said: "I'd like you to come, really. But I think perhaps you don't want to."

Strange, that . . . after the kiss in the dark.

She looked at the sky, strewn with the soft summer stars of the sea. She shrugged. But fear touched on her heart, and a feeling akin to guilt.

AT LAST Skipe came out. He and Stebby, the roommate.

"Pinky!" he cried, when he saw her. "Pinky, you're a pal! A pal, isn't she, Stebby?"

Stebby agreed, with halting but profound confirmation.

"Of course you remember Stebby?" asked Skipe.

"Yes," said Pinky, "and I'm glad to have seen you again. Skipe, you come with me. He'll be back in a minute," to Stebby.

She led him to the side of the hall, deep in the silent shadows. Once there, she faced him.

"Skipe," she began; faltered and tried once more: "Skipe, oh, gosh! . . . oh, golly!" A tear rolled down Pinky's cheek.

"Why, what is it, Pinky?" he asked.

"Oh, Skipe. Listen: you and I have always been pretty hard-boiled with each other, but somehow I always thought that you and I . . . well . . . oh, dear!"

The tears were rolling fast now, and Pinky sniffed.

"Good Lord!" said Skipe. "What is it? Get it off your chest, Pinky."

"Well, Skipe, look: I don't know how it happened, but when I was kissed on the stage tonight . . . oh, dear . . . oh, dear—"

"Oh, dear what?" said Skipe.

"Oh, dear," wailed Pinky. "I liked it."

Skipe laughed very lightly.

"For heaven's sake," he said. "What's wrong with that? Very healthy sign."

"But Skipe . . . don't you see? . . . I always thought, well, I've always sort of saved that kind of thing . . . well . . . just for you. You . . . you mug, you. And now it's all spoiled. Oh, dear." She was off in a fresh burst of crying.

Suddenly she felt a hand go under her downcast chin and lift it. An arm encircled her and held her close. Pinky gasped. Two lips, very tender, descended. For a long moment the spell of the caress held her; then suddenly she tore herself away.

"Skipe Albro!" she said aloud. "It was *you* who kissed me tonight. I'd know that kiss again anywhere. You boob, you— Just how did you—"

Skipe took her then and drew her back in his arms. He didn't tell her that Ricci Alvaro had taken his arm after the light had gone out and thrust him forward in his place. Nor how afterwards, when Skipe was a little dizzy with emotion, he'd piloted him back to his place at the table.

Skipe simply said: "That's beside the point, Pinky. The point itself is this: Did you like it?"

Pinky came just a little bit closer; right where she felt she really belonged.

"Yes, yes," she whispered. "Oh, yes, yes!"

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With Dignity

Continued from page 17

done it, freezing curious stares. It seemed no time at all to the cigar store.

She stood by the door, and he walked up to the counter. The clerk said, servilely: "Your specials, Mr. Eberhardt?"

"Yes. Six of them, please." Mr. Eberhardt tossed a five-dollar bill on the counter, and put the six cigars into his pin-seal case.

When he got back to the door, the girl said: "Can I do anything else for you, Mr. Eberhardt?"

He listened, but there was no pity in her voice. And no amusement. He said, regally: "Yes, my dear, if you would call me a cab?"

SHE halted a cab at the curb, and came back to open the door. Mr. Eberhardt marched out and across the pavement quickly. He stepped into the cab, and hoisted himself to the seat with his cane. The girl was waiting.

"May I drop you someplace?" he asked. "I'm going east."

She stepped in. When she was seated, Mr. Eberhardt told her Luigi's address in a low voice; she gave it to the driver, and the cab started off. Mr. Eberhardt fumbled a bill in his hand, and pressed it into the girl's.

She said: "Oh, no, Mr. Eberhardt." He knew she meant it, too. He apologized, then added: "If you would have dinner with me? My companion is—er, ill; his dinner will just be wasted."

"Why—I'd love to." He wondered if she was hungry; if she was out of work, and in show business, he could get her a job.

He asked her. She said: "No. I'm a governess for a family uptown. This is my evening off. I was to meet—a friend. I guess he didn't come." Her voice sounded sad.

"To stand up so pretty a girl!" Mr. Eberhardt made a clucking sound with his tongue.

"It's not that. He's broke and ashamed to see me, I guess. He's a newspaperman."

"Yes." For some strange reason, Mr. Eberhardt said: "This place we are going to; I eat there every night. In a private dining-room. You do not mind eating in a private dining-room?"

She said just the right thing: "Not with a gentleman, like you, Mr. Eberhardt." What a wonderful girl.

Over the table, she seemed even smaller. Her face was lovely; it was like the picture of the Madonna his mother had had, in his home, before he was sent away to the Village Where Everything is Small.

They talked about things; movies, books. Then, suddenly, he was doing what he had never done before. He was telling this girl—she said her name was Sally Laland—about his life. About the Village Where Everything is Small, where they send the little people in Germany, to be brought up and educated from the fund that graduates send back. "Every year I send them a thousand dollars." About the theatrical training there; dancing, singing, languages. How he had come to America.

"I have never worked with a circus. Sally," he said seriously. "I am a performer, an actor, not a curiosity. When they want me in a play or a show, the manager does not send for me; I am invited up to dinner at the home of the producer himself, and we discuss terms. I call every manager on Broadway by his first name, but they call me Mr. Eberhardt. I am unique, you see; they cannot get along without me, but I do not need them."

The waiter came in with the demitasses and the liqueurs. Sally said something to him, but he hardly heard her; he was feasting his eyes on her lovely hands, her lovely face, her tender eyes.

She said: "It must be wonderful to have attained everything you wanted, Mr. Eberhardt."

"You may call me Wolfgang," he said. "No one in America calls me Wolfgang." He reached across the table, and took her hand; she did not take it away. He said: "You think I have been boasting? Perhaps; but there is a reason. Would you—Sally, would you like to be my companion? To travel with me? I am very lonely. I—you would not have to marry me if you did not want to; but I would give you furs, jewelry, anything you wanted. I would leave Mrs. Petty's and build a little house; when I worked you could drive me to work in a car, any car you want. You are not happy in this job, Sally; I can tell."

She turned her hand over, under his, and squeezed for a moment, and hope rose in his breast. Then, slowly, she withdrew her hand. "No, Wolfgang," she said, tenderly. "No, but thank you. I—you see, I love Joe Weller. The—the newspaperman I was telling you about. I have to wait for him."

Sally got up, and slipped into her threadbare cloth coat. She said: "Goodby, Wolfgang. And thank you very much." Then she was gone.

Mr. Eberhardt sipped his brandy but it did not warm him. He pressed the button. When the waiter came, Mr. Eberhardt said: "Another brandy."

"Yes, Mr. Eberhardt. And—Mr. Reynders is downstairs."

Mr. Eberhardt sighed. "Never mind the brandy. Tell Reynders to come up." Somehow or other, he wasn't in the mood to scold Reynders; Mr. Eberhardt merely said: "Call Mr. Leuman, and tell him we are coming to call." Leuman owned most of the theaters on Broadway, and produced the shows in half of them. He did not look at Reynders; somehow, Reynders' crude face was unbearable just now.

OVER a brandy in Leuman's library, Mr. Eberhardt said: "George, I wish a favor."

George Leuman said: "You know you only have to ask, Mr. Eberhardt."

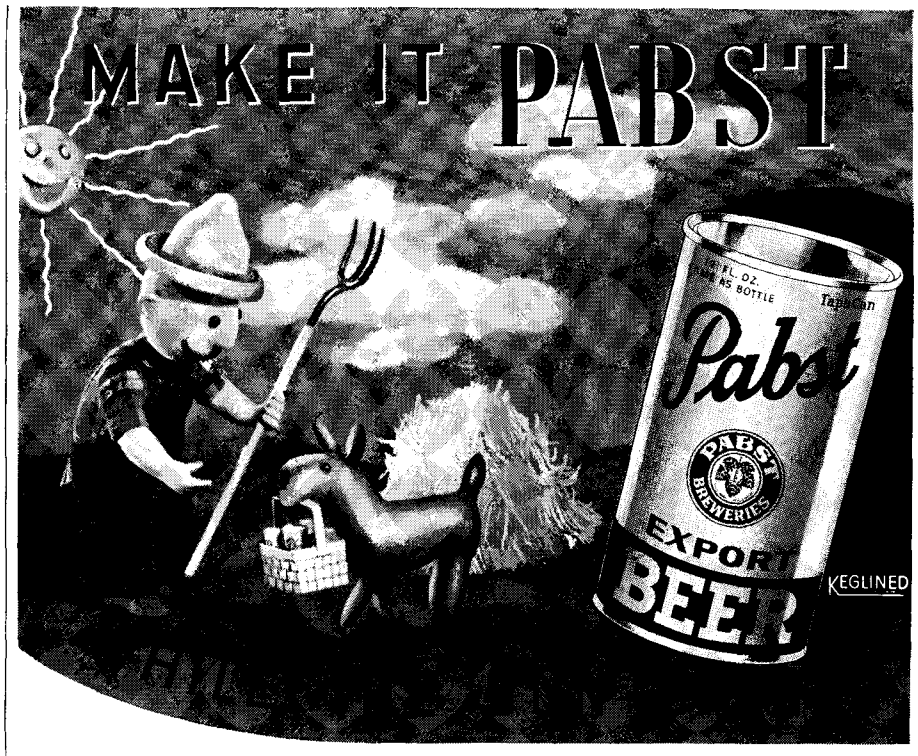
"Good. There is a reporter named Joe Weller. You will find him registered at the place where unemployed journalists register, I suppose. I want you to find a place for him."

"Sure, Mr. Eberhardt. He can go out as press agent with the number two company of Gorgeous Lady. Say, as long as I've done you a favor, look, you won't get mad if I offer you a job? I know it isn't the kind you usually take, but it'll make a wow out of a new musical that's liable to flop. You won't get mad if I just tell you about it, Mr. Eberhardt?"

"Of course not, George," Mr. Eberhardt said, graciously.

"Well, see, there's this scene, and it won't hang together. We've spent thousands on scenery and the whole chorus is in it. The girls are all dressed in white, see, and the men in toppers. And it won't come together. Now I thought—please don't get mad, Mr. Eberhardt—if you'd come on and do that ballet number you did in Dixie Romance—only, well, with not so many clothes and a bow and arrow, like—"

"That's all right, George," Mr. Eberhardt said. "I'll take it. I don't mind, George. I don't mind playing Cupid." He sipped his brandy. "It is a role with dignity," he added, firmly.



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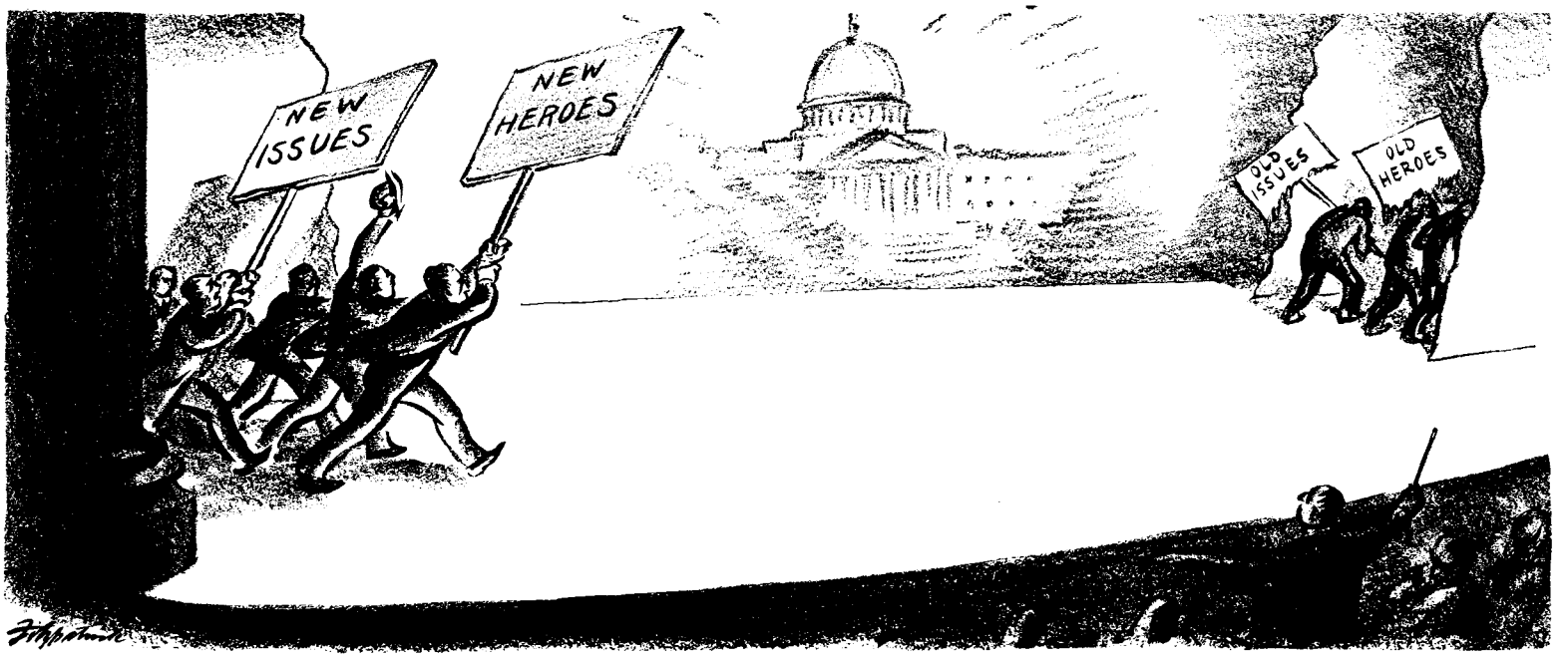

New Battle Cries

WE HEAR new voices and see new faces this summer. Most of the old familiar figures have disappeared from the stage. The 1936 presidential campaign has little connection with past performances.

Four years is a brief space in the history of any people. Only once before have such amazing changes been brought about within so short a time in our national development. The years between 1860 and 1864 were equally destructive of issues and heroes. Barring that period of Civil War, there are no years in American experience to compare with the term now approaching completion.

Recall the famous names of 1932 or 1928 or any of the recent presidential campaigns. How few remain! Chiefly the reporters of other men's words and actions seem to have lingered.

Three Democratic presidential candidates of the campaigns before Roosevelt survive. Only one of them is a participant in the present struggle. Alfred E. Smith, once sponsor of Franklin D. Roosevelt, is now a spokesman of the conservative opposition to the present Administration. Much water has flowed over the dam since Franklin D. Roosevelt was nominating "Al" Smith for the Presidency, the Happy Warrior of 1924 and 1928.

James M. Cox, Democratic candidate in 1920, and John W. Davis, nominee four years later, are occupying spectator seats in this summer's show. Do you recall the names of the vice-presidential candidates of those years? Franklin Delano Roosevelt is the name of one and Charles W. Bryan was the other. Remember the brother of the famous William Jennings Bryan?

On the Republican side death removed two ex-Presidents, Harding and Coolidge. Only Herbert C. Hoover of the Republican dynasty is left. He was not accounted a pre-convention advocate of Governor Landon.

The dominating figures of the Republican party of recent years have vanished or moved into obscurity not less surely than their Democratic contemporaries. The senators and bosses who composed the Republican "Old Guard" died or lost authority during the tumult of recent years. Boies Penrose, the hard-boiled senator from Pennsylvania, left no successor to rule conventions. Those who remained could merely say "yes" to issues and candidates this summer when younger men and women of another school assumed command.

James A. Farley, the Democratic manager, was a small-town contractor and politician a few years ago. His first "big time" experience came when Governor Alfred E. Smith made him chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, which supervises the prize-fight business. Jim Farley is not yet fifty years old.

John Daniel Miller Hamilton, the red-headed Topeka lawyer, who is the Republican national chairman, is younger still. John Hamilton, now forty-four years old, was graduated from Northwestern University law school just twenty years ago. Like his candidate, Governor Landon, Hamilton is strictly a Middle-Western product. A Topeka lawyer, he learned his politics in the Kansas legislature.

Outside the main contest the names are also new. Huey Long, Louisiana's dictator, who fought President Roosevelt on the Democratic side, is no more. A revivalist, the Rev. Gerald Smith, is attempting to carry on where the late Senator Long left off.

The Southern Protestant and the Rev. Charles Coughlin, the Detroit priest, are the chief ecclesiastical figures in the current campaign. Both Gerald Smith and Father Coughlin are products of the unrest of recent years. Each, after his fashion, has gone back to the Populists of the eighteen eighties and nineties for his inspiration.

The radio is the one modern note in the political technique of these churchmen. The microphone has created new opportunities for orators, ecclesiastical and other. Radio reputations can be quickly made and lost.

William Lemke, North Dakota congressman, who is the spearhead of the Coughlin-Smith agitation, is a veteran of the Non-Partisan League wars. Congressman Lemke is a Yale University trained lawyer who cast his lot with the radical farmer program of the Northwest. For the first time, however, Lemke is a figure in the national arena.

Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for the Presidency, is, of course, a familiar figure, having tried his luck before. The Socialist campaign is merely a sideshow to the main circus. While not quite all in fun, not even the supporters of this radical ticket have any expectations of success.

William E. Borah, the lone wolf of Idaho, is almost the only link among the major party figures with the historic past. Borah is an always-the-bridesmaid-but-never-the-bride type, the true spinster of politics. His role is to prevent other men from doing things which he opposes. But Borah's ideas were crystallized as a protest against issues which were news when "Uncle Joe" Cannon ruled Congress and Woodrow Wilson occupied the White House.

The important struggle centers around other issues and newer principles. Dr. Townsend, too, is an old man but he was no public figure until lean years made men and women clutch at the promise of fabulously generous old-age pensions.

We are midstream in an interesting campaign. Beneath the shouting and the tumult great forces are in conflict. New leaders have new battle cries. Old ties have been broken. New loyalties have been established.

Estimate the human worth of these new men as accurately as you can. At any time and in any party, character, ability and courage are the qualities upon which we must rely. Get a just picture of a man and it is easier to decide issues. No administration and no government can be better or wiser than the men who hold office in it.

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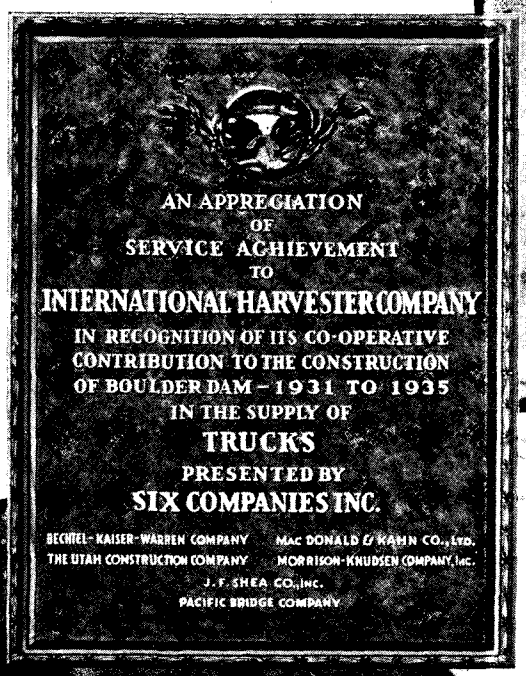

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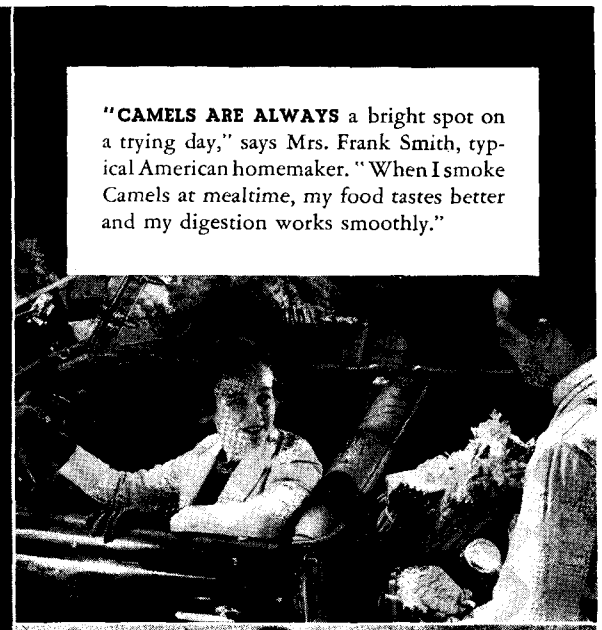

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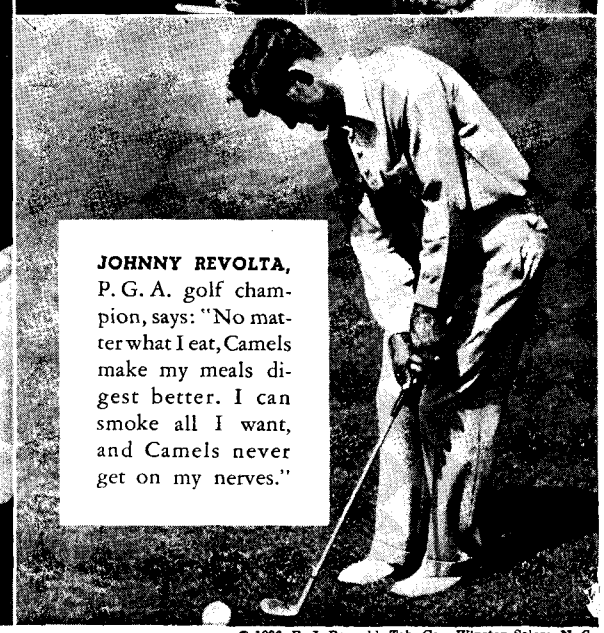

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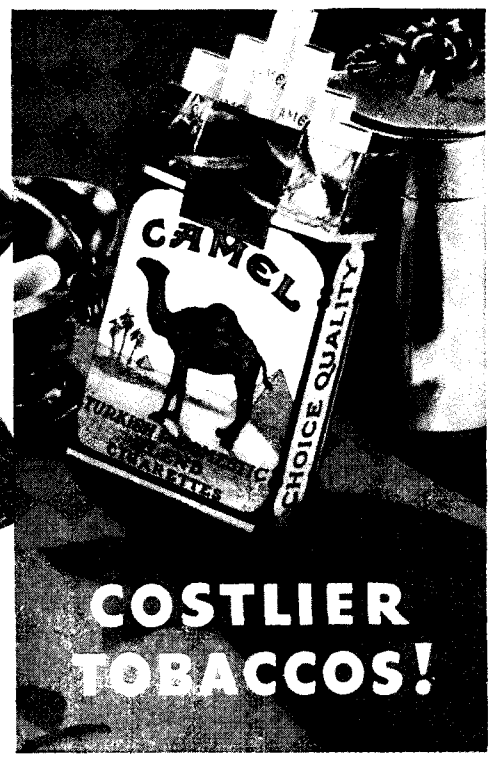

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